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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5 00, 5 30, 5.45, 6.00, 6 30, 6 45, 7 00, 7.30 A M. and every 30 minutes until 10 30 P M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5 20, 5.50, 6 05, 6 20, 6,50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5 40, 6.10, 6.25, 6 40, 7 10, 7 25, 7.40, 8 10 A M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6 45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8 00, 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6 50, 7.05, 7 20, 7.50, 8 05, 8 20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11 50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6 40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6 30, 7 30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6 50, 7 50, 8.20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect December 16, 1907

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55 †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23 †10.21, †10.53, §11.01, †11.38 a. m., §12.05, †12.59 †2.00, §2.00, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.26, †5.02 †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL.—†6.24, †8.22, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, † §5.26, †6.42, §9.27, §11.02, †10.59, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26 †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, Pas. Traf. Mgr. C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Ag

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works. North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

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AUCTIONEER.
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"Alias the Plumber."

By Olive Roberts Barton.

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My Dear Mr. Van Norton—Perhaps my inexperience will account for the fact that I do not know how much—or how little—to expect of my fiance. I have been here at my aunt's for three days, as I informed you in my letter before I left home, and you have not given the slightest sign of my existence.

It may be that I expect too much of the man whom I have promised to marry, but if such is the case I am satisfied that my unreasonable demands on your time and attention would make us both miserable.

I beg to return your ring, with many thanks for the honor; also your letters, the scarab and the set of coral you sent me from Naples. Very cordially yours,
NINA DORRINGTON.

Nina threw down her pen and walked to the window of the darkening room. The library was frigid, and the girl shivered as she pulled aside the curtain. It was snowing hard, and the wind had piled the feathery stuff in huge mounds, obliterating steps and curbstones. A small boy headed his way through the storm, looking in vain for the numbers on the houses.

Nina opened the door herself and called him. Then, giving him careful directions about the package and letter, she paid him handsomely and watched the tot in blue uniform trudge down the avenue with the remnants of her happiness under his arm.

She stood an instant in the hallway. Then, realizing that her chill was mostly physical, she rang for lights and went upstairs. The door of her aunt's room was partly open, and the ruddy glow of the log fire tempted her to enter. The mound of shawls and rugs on the couch in the corner indicated that the worthy lady had not wakened from her afternoon nap.

Nina sat down on a hassock and gazed into the fire. Now that she had taken such a radical step, doubts began to torment her. Had she been impatient? Should she have waited a little longer? Indignation gradually gave way to self pity, and tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Nina, is that you? What is the matter, dear? Are you sick?"

She jumped up quickly and dashed the tears from her eyes, but the room was dark, and her aunt could not see her face.

"No, indeed. Not sick, only cold, dear. The house is like ice, and it looked so warm and cozy in here I came in to dream for a few minutes before dressing for dinner."

"Oh, dear, it must be the new furnace, Nina! It has not worked properly since your uncle had it put in. Would you mind calling them up now before you dress? There's a dear. Leave word for them to send some one the first thing in the morning?"

"What is the name of the firm?"

"Let me see. Van Norton & Hemphill, I believe. Yes, that is it, I am sure."

"Why, that is Howard's firm," said Nina unsteadily.

"Is that so? Mercy, child, that draft is unbearable! Please hurry and close the door."

"Hello."

"Hello. Is that Van Norton & Hemphill's?"

"Yes."

Her heart leaped. The voice was Howard's, she was sure. So she had been right, after all. He was back. His only possible excuse was nil. But he would find her note and package when he got home.

"This is the residence of Mr. J. Lambert Brown, Fiftieth street."

"Very well. I have it, thank you."

Yes, it was Howard. She could scarcely speak.

"The house—that is—the furnace is—that is to say—oh!" She shivered and started determinedly all over again. "Hello. Is that Van Norton & Hemphill's?"

"Yes, this is the same place," in an amused tone. "Is there anything I can do for you, madam?"

"The house is freezing. The new furnace is not working right at all. Please send a man the first thing in the morning to fix it. I—we—I am so cold now I can hardly talk."

Hearing a subdued laugh, she snapped up the receiver. The idea! Then it occurred to her that he likely would not dream it was she. There were so many Browns in town; besides, she thought bitterly, he had evidently forgotten all about the address she had sent him.

The small lace handkerchief refused to absorb any more moisture, and a great stamping in the vestibule announced the arrival of her uncle. Nina flew to the icy solitude of her room and after doctoring her tear stained features with cold water and talcum managed to get into some evening clothes plus a warm opera cloak in time for dinner.

That night she slept very little. One minute she blamed herself for being so precipitate; the next she reproached him for his seeming indifference. She had been so sure he would hurry to her the minute he got her letter, but his boat had been in three days and still no sign from him.

At last she fell asleep. It seemed to her that she had been dozing just a minute when she was awakened by a violent hammering in her room. She sat up in bed and shivered. The window pane above the shutters was still black. She reached out and switched on the electric light. It was not 6 o'clock.

Again that awful hammering, then a raucous scraping in the direction of the register. She made a face and covered her ears. Then all was quiet for awhile, and Nina snuggled under the covers. All at once a metallic voice came up through the tube from the cellar.

"Now, you see, O'Brien, it will all have to come out. The underfeed is not right." Nina sat bolt upright again, her eyes staring wildly in the darkness. It was Howard's voice. Then followed a few orders about valves, drafts and gauges, which she did not understand in the least, but it was a voice she could listen to forever. She forgot about the cold.

"Now, O'Brien, you go and get the tools and bring Mason along with you. I am going to stay here a minute and look things over. It has to be done right this time. This is a nice condition to find things in the very day I get home. First thing I heard when I got to the office. How many more jobs like this are there?"

Nina did not listen to the explanation that followed. Her heart was in her throat, and she scarcely breathed. His words rang in her ears. Howard just home yesterday! What could it mean? Oh, it was only too plain what it meant. He had come on a later boat, and she had wronged him. She had allowed her petty spite to drive away the person she loved best in the world.

There was no more talking now, only an occasional scraping as though some one was sliding the dampers. Howard was evidently there alone.

Suddenly a flush dyed her cheeks. Her eyes grew very bright, and a little smile hovered around her lips. Her heart was beating fast now, but her lips tightened. She sprang out of bed and threw on a dressing gown. She ran quickly to the wall and stooped, with her lips close to the wrought iron cover.

"Hello!" she called.

"Hello!"

"Is that the man from Van Norton & Hemphill's?"

"Yes, madam."

"Are you fixing the furnace?"

"Yes; it is in pretty bad shape."

"Is there any heat in it at all?"

"No; I am standing inside."

"Can any one hear us?"

"I have closed all the dampers but this one."

"Are you cold?"

"Very. This cellar is like Greenland."

"Why don't you go to the kitchen and get warm?"

"I am happier here."

"That is a very odd place to be happy, inside a furnace, 6 o'clock in the morning, dark, thermometer down to zero. You must feel quite hilarious."

"I am more hilarious and less cold than I was at 6 last night."

"Why last night, may I ask?"

"The cause of the fall in temperature was a letter which registered about 50 degrees below zero F."

"Did—did you think so?"

"Didn't you mean it so?"

"Are you quite sure you know who I am?"

"Are you sure you know who I am?"

"Oh, Howard, can you ever forgive me? I am so miserable. I heard your voice, and I couldn't let you go without at least saying 'goodby.' Did you know I was here?"

"Yes, Nina; the addresses were the same. How soon can you be down here and get this ring of yours?"

"Darling, do you forgive me and do you really love me still?"

"Love you, darling? I counted the minutes all the way home. I had just reached the office when you called me up."

"Then you knew it was I?"

"No, dear, but I do now. I was so happy to hear a voice like yours that I fairly laughed out loud. Darling, do hurry down. If I can't see your dear face in two minutes I'll climb up this pipe."

"What did you think of my terrible note, Howard, tell me?"

"What! The sassy little letter you wrote yesterday? Didn't pay any attention to it, saucebox! Are you coming down or are you not? I am going to turn on all the dampers, and every one can hear what you say. Now, will you come?"

"Just one little word more, Howard. What did you come out here so early for?"

"To see you, of course, silly. What else?"

"And all that noise"—

"Did it on purpose to wake you up. You didn't think I was going to wait any longer, did you?" shamelessly.

"Howard, I cried all night."

"You deserved to," severely.

"And, Howard"—

A warning rattle of the dampers interrupted her. She laughed happily.

"All right, dear, in two minutes." And something that sounded suspiciously like a kiss wended its lonely way through the crooked tin pipe.

Joking With Handel.

A musical joke of a stupendous nature was played upon Handel when he was the manager of the king's theater in the Haymarket, says the London Telegraph. It was a constant maxim of the great composer, whose sensitive ear abominated the tunings up of an orchestra, that all the instruments should be placed ready tuned at the music stands and that the members of the orchestra should enter like a troop of soldiers, take up their instruments like one man and at the stroke of the baton begin. One evening a practical joker contrived to have Handel engaged in conversation for some minutes behind the scenes while he himself entered the orchestra and quietly altered the tunings of all the instruments. Nobody was a bit the wiser till the baton was raised, and then the crash came—a crash of utter and supreme discord! Handel was exasperated to frenzy. It is on record that he seized his wig and flung it at the leader of the band, kicked the double bass viols to splinters and demolished the kettledrums, with many more amenities of the same description.

The Martian Sky.

The clearness of the Martian sky comes in to abet the greater transmission of its air. From dawn till dusk day after day in the summer season and largely in winter the sun shines out of a heaven innocent of cloud. No shield of the sort and only a little screen of air tempers its beams to the soil held up to it. Such an exposure far exceeds anything we have on earth, for with us, even in the tropics, clouds gather as soon as the heating grows excessive and cool the air by plumps of rain.—Percival Lowell in Century.

Heard at the Drama.

Mrs. Ryetop—John, how much time elapses between the second and third acts? Mr. Ryetop—The programme says six months, Maria. Mrs. Ryetop (aghast)—Six months, John? Lands, we can't wait! Why, them buckwheat cakes I left to riz will have gone clear through the roof by that time!—Chicago News.

BURNED FOR CENTURIES.

Curious Stories of the Wonderful Lamps of the Ancients.

When the tomb of Palls, son of Evander, who is mentioned by Virgil, was discovered about the twelfth century by a countryman digging near Rome, it is said that a lamp was still burning over his head, which must have been lighted more than 2,000 years before.

Baptista Porta in his treatise on natural magic relates that about 1550 a marble sepulcher of the Roman period was discovered in an island near Naples. On opening the room was found a vial containing a burning lamp. The lamp became extinct on breaking the vial and exposing the lamp to the open air. It was supposed that it had been concealed before the Christian era, and those who saw it reported that the lamp emitted a splendid flame.

In 1550 a remarkable lamp was found near Atestes, Padau, by a rustic, who unearthed a terra cotta urn containing another urn in which was a lamp placed between two cylindrical vessels, one of gold and the other of silver. Each was full of a very pure liquid by whose virtue the lamp had been kept shining upward of 1,500 years.

This curious lamp was not meant to scare away evil spirits from a tomb, but was an attempt to perpetuate the profound knowledge of Maximus Olybius, who effected this wonder by his skill in the chemical art.

THE DOWAGERS.

Titled Widows Go to the Rear In the Social Procession.

Little sympathy is bestowed on titled widows after the first few days of their bereavement. Of course when an earl dies his widow remains a countess, but with the unwelcome addition "dowager," which often is misleading as far as her age is concerned. Thackeray, although he professed good breeding, looked on dowager duchesses as fair targets for sarcasm. So did Du Maurier, though the only offense of the poor women was that they had lost their husbands. It is a double blow to a woman of title when her husband dies, for if grief leaves her time for reflection she realizes that, no matter how young she may be, she is relegated to the rear in the social procession. The new duchess or marchioness or countess steps into the limelight, and the dowager is lucky to find a place in the last row of the chorus, for the very term implies old womanhood, and in most cases she only wastes time if she combats the impression.

Ordinary widows may have better chances for matrimony than debutantes, though that's doubtful. Dowagers seldom contract new marriages, for few men have courage to lead them to the altar. So in all the affairs of society they make the best of the custom that dictates they shall follow meekly in the wakes of their flattered daughters-in-law.—New York Press.

The Notary In France.

The notary is a most important person in all small country towns in France. Everybody consults him, from the big landowner when he has discussions with his neighbor over right of way to the peasant who buys a few meters of land as soon as he has any surplus funds. We were constantly having rows with one of our neighbors over a little strip of wood that ran up into ours. Whenever he was angry with us, which happened quite often (we never knew why), he had a deep, ugly ditch made just across the road which we always took when we were riding around the property. The woods were so thick and low, with plenty of thorns, that we could not get along by keeping on one side and were obliged to go back and make quite a long detour. The notary did his best to buy it for us, but the man would never sell—rather enjoyed, I think, having the power to annoy us.—Mme. Waddington in Scribner's.

The Way of Heather.

Where Sonnerbo township touches the boundaries of Halland there is a sandy heath which is so farreaching that he who stands upon one edge of it cannot look across to the other. Nothing except heather grows on the heath, and it wouldn't be easy to coax other growths to thrive there. To start with, one would have to uproot the heather, for it is thus with heather: Although it has only a little shrunken root, small shrunken branches and dry, shrunken leaves, it fancies that it's a tree. Therefore it acts just like real trees—spreads itself out in forest fashion over wide areas, holds together faithfully and causes all foreign growths that wish to crowd in upon its territory to die out.—"Adventures of Nils," Translated From the Swedish of Selma Lagerlof by Velma Swanston Howard.

Protecting Her Cake.

The woman who had charge of a certain village postoffice was strongly suspected of tampering with parcels intrusted to her care. One day a rosy cheeked youngster, dressed in his best clothes, entered the postoffice and carefully laid a huge slice of iced cake on the counter.

"With my sister the bride's compliments, and will you please eat as much as you can?" he said.

The postmistress smiled delightedly.

"How very kind of the bride to remember me!" she cried. "Did she know of my weakness for wedding cake?"

"She did," answered the youngster coldly, "and she thought she'd send yer a bit of it this afternoon, just to take the edge off yer appetite before she posted any boxes off to her friends!"—Exchange.

The Artful Passenger.

"Here, you," said the conductor angrily, "you rang up a fare. Do that again and I'll put you off."

The small man standing jammed in the middle of the car promptly rang up another fare. Thereupon the conductor projected him through the crowd and to the edge of the platform.

"Thanks," said the little man. "I didn't see any other way to get out. Here's your dime." — Philadelphia Ledger.

GETS PLENTY OF LIGHT.

One Hotel Guest Who Travels Prepared For Emergencies.

"I called on a friend at one of the New York hotels the other day," said a man, "and found him in a room that was far, far away from daylight. There was one electric light, which did not make the apartment lustrous. We had some papers to look over, and I instinctively moved over near the air shaft window.

"'I can do better than that,' he said, going to his satchel and taking out an electric bulb. 'I carry this around with me for just such occasions,' he laughed. 'That one does well enough for transient guests who are not in their rooms except to sleep, but sometimes I need more than sixteen candlepower, and I carry a thirty-two.'

"He unscrewed the sixteen, and in a jiffy had on his thirty-two. The current was there, all right, and we had no more trouble about too little light. Later he showed me a large gas tip which he carried along for hotels that used gas instead of electric light. This needed a pair of pliers in addition, but he had them in his small box, and he told me it was a mighty poor quality of gas and a powerful low pressure that wouldn't respond with the goods when he put on his accommodation tip. There is nothing grafty about that little scheme possibly, but just the same he is getting something the landlord is paying for."—New York Press.

ST. PETERSBURG.

The Terrors of Its Climate In the Spring and Autumn.

"There is something repulsive in the climate of St. Petersburg in the early spring and autumn," says a writer, "when the thermometer often falls 30 degrees in a few hours, when the roads are ankle deep in snow broth or mud, when the winds blow raw and cold from every quarter of the compass and the quick moving droskies shower the abominations of the roads impartially upon noble and peasant. It is no consolation to the visitor to know that the Neva is sealed by ice early in November or late in October. Long indeed before the frost king has stalked down to the latitude of St. Petersburg the lordly river is completely blocked. Great ice sheets from stormy Ladoga float down the current. They crash against the mighty buttresses of the bridges, cling to the banks and gradually accumulate until the whole length of the river, which unites the greatest lake in Europe with the gulf of Finland, is completely choked. The ice is reared higgledy piggledy at every conceivable angle. It is a strange sight, this broad stretch of water, impassable and icebound while the temperature of the surrounding country is often many degrees above freezing point."

PELICAN ISLAND.

Home of All the Pelicans of the East Coast of Florida.

In that long, narrow lagoon on the east coast of Florida known as Indian river there is a muddy islet three or four acres in extent. Originally it doubtless did not differ from hundreds of similar neighboring islets, but, for some reason past finding out, this islet, and this alone, forms the nesting resort, the home, of all the pelicans of the Indian river, if not, indeed, of the east coast of Florida. The brown pelican, unlike its white cousin, nests normally in low trees and bushes, and there is evidence that when the original pelican colonists landed on the islet which now bears their name it was well grown with black and red mangroves, in which the birds placed their scaffolding of sticks. Exceptionally low temperature and high water—perhaps also excessive use by the birds, which sometimes build as many as seven nests in a single mangrove—have killed tree after tree, until at present only three serviceable trees remain. Still the birds come back, the impelling motive which prompts them to return to this particular spot being evidently stronger than that which induced them to nest in trees.—Frank M. Chapman in Century.

Two Kinds of Ambition.

Men have two kinds of ambition, one for dollor making, the other for life making. Some turn all their ability, education, health and energy toward the first of these, dollar making, and call the result success. Others turn them toward the second—into character, usefulness, helpfulness—life making, and the world sometimes calls them failures, but history calls them successes. No price is too great to pay for an untarnished name.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

His Usury.

"Now, Willie," said the boy's mother, "before you go to sleep you must try to recall any little sin you committed during the day and be truly sorry for it." "Yes, ma'am," replied Willie. "I guess I was guilty of usury, for one thing." "Usury?" "Yes'm; I found a nickel and used it." — Philadelphia Press.

Non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla

If you think you need a tonic, ask your doctor. If you think you need something for your blood, ask your doctor. If you think you would like to try Ayer's non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor. Consult him often. Keep in close touch with him.

Ayer's We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

Ask your doctor to name some of the results of constipation. His long list will begin with sick-headache, biliousness, dyspepsia, thin blood, bad skin. Then ask him if he would recommend your using Ayer's Pills.
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

The Obstinacy Of the Princess.

By Troy Allison.

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The princess stamped her foot as energetically as any ordinary person would have done. "There's no earthly use being born a princess," she said. "I want my own way occasionally, and I never get it."

The minister raised both eyebrows. "But, your highness, I was sent to reason with you."

"There's no reason in it," she flashed back. "There's anything but reason in my being trotted out like a horse to be inspected by this conceited person merely because he's decided to marry!"

"To think of the son of so powerful a throne being called a person!" The minister's eyes shone through his glasses, blankly dismayed.

The princess shrugged her shoulders in a noncommittal way; then she seized the minister by both lapels and continued her argument. "O minister who is not plenipotentiary, if you feel too badly about not being able to reason with me remember even Napoleon failed once, and maybe you two will go down into history together. As for reason"— The princess snapped her slender fingers disrespectfully close to the minister's nose and left the room and the man.

The sudden indisposition of the princess was an unexpected detail in the preparations for receiving the royal visitor, who arrived the next day.

She awoke when the first sunrise crept over the sky, yawning from the weariness of having spent twenty-four hours trying to be still. The gilt clock showed that there were at least two hours before the palace would awake.

She crept out of bed and dressed stealthily, threw a light wrap over her shoulders and went through the door that led from her apartments to the rose garden. She went swiftly toward the summer house that was her favorite retreat. She stopped on the threshold and stared at the young man complacently smoking a cigar on her own pet bench.

He hurriedly threw away the cigar and bowed low before her. "Good morning," he said, and the princess noticed the charm of his voice. "I scarcely expected any one else to be awake so early in the day. I hope I'm not trespassing."

The princess was startled, but determined at the expense of veracity to keep the household from learning that the condition of her throat was not so serious as the physician had vouched for.

"I didn't—er—expect to find any one here myself," hedging for time to create ideas. "The fact is I have been awake almost all night attending the—er—princess, and when she at last slept I slipped into the rose garden to be refreshed by the early morning air."

She looked charmingly confused, and the man, evidently a most polite young fellow, declared his intention to leave her in undisputed possession of the rose garden. But the princess was fond enough of an adventure to sweep away a few conventionalities in order to experience the unusual.

"No, no; by all means remain seated, sir," she said, seating herself on a neighboring bench. "I am not so selfish nor, indeed, so unsociable. I judge, sir, that you are connected with our royal visitor's retinue?"

The man hesitated, then smiled genially.

"Yes, you are right. I generally—always, in fact—accompany the prince in his travels."

"Then tell me about him," she broke in eagerly. "I shall not be able to get a glimpse of him while he is here, and I must own to a certain amount of curiosity concerning him."

"Upon one condition"—he leaned toward her, evidently struck with an idea—"that you tell me about the Princess Constancia."

"A bargain!" she cried, and her eyes smiled again. "You take first turn. You are a visitor, you know."

He puckered his forehead in a thoughtful frown. "He's rather a good natured chap," he said at last doubtfully.

"Pooh! Of course he is—always has his own way and is never crossed in it, I haven't a doubt," she scoffed.

"There's where you are wrong," he said energetically. "The king has as strong a will as—er—as the prince has, and they are eternally clashing."

She traded her first bit of information with every indication of pride in it.

"Strong will! The combined powers of both your king and your prince couldn't equal that of our princess. And temper! You never saw any one with such a fiendish temper," she whispered confidentially.

"So bad as that?" feebly. "I—we heard that she was quite charming."

"Oh, I don't deny that she is rather nice to look at, but she—she has boxed my ears several times," beginning to take a delight in her creative imagination.

He leaned forward and grasped the arms of the bench, tense with indignation.

"And you have to submit to it! You poor little thing!" his eyes full of commiseration and admiration.

The princess put on the first meekly submissive air mortal man had ever seen her wear.

"What could I do?" plaintively. "There are times when she is really nice to me."

"There's one thing certain," he broke in vehemently, "such a vixen would not make a desirable wife for the prince."

"I don't know that he's too good for her," she said defensively. "I don't care much for the prince. He's too conceited."

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "I never heard— How on earth could you get such an idea into your head?" he demanded.

"Doesn't he go from one country to another, expecting all girls of suitable age and birth to be trotted out for his inspection, just like selecting a necktie!" indignantly. "If I were a prince I would positively enjoy having him ask me to marry him!"

He could not take his gaze from the flushed, piquant face.

"If I were a prince I should be broken hearted if you treated my proposal with such scorn," he said fervently.

The princess rose hurriedly.

"I think I must see if the princess needs me."

"Won't you tell me your name," he asked, standing with his head uncovered, "and that I am to have the pleasure of seeing you later in the day?"

"I am afraid—I must not," she faltered, "and please, please do not mention that you have met any one here. I want to be free to come here again," she added innocently.

His face suddenly lost its doleful look.

"Would I be much in the way if I happened to be smoking my cigar here when you come?" he suggested boyishly.

"Not in the least—if you can get away from the prince," she said as she started down the path.

On the last day of the prince's visit she came into the rose garden a trifle earlier, but he was there, just as she had found him for the last three mornings.

"You are leaving this afternoon, I hear," she said in greeting.

"And I am to leave without knowing your name?" he asked gloomily.

The princess' eyes were wistful.

"It's best to let it remain simply—an episode," she answered, with a reflection of his despondency.

"But I must know—I will know!" He seized both her hands and held them firmly.

"I can't tell you—now," she gasped, "but if the prince is to be at the regatta next month, perhaps I'll be able to see you then. I know our princess is going."

The gloominess lifted from his face.

"I'll see you—I'll find you—I'll defy all the powers that be—for you!" And he suddenly took her in his arms and kissed her.

For a moment the princess did not stir; then she gave a startled exclamation and slipped from his embrace.

Two days after the departure of the prince and his retinue she found herself well enough to go to the room that the minister considered his own special den. Her curiosity could no longer be restrained, and the minister, having always proved wax in her hands, could surely be induced to tell all he knew about the late visitors.

While talking her glance fell upon a small photograph lying on the table before her. Her eyes widened and her breath came faster.

"Who's that?" she demanded eagerly, stopping the minister in the middle of what he considered a well chosen remark.

"Don't you know?" he asked in astonishment. "I believe it is, though, the first photograph taken with a full beard. It's the prince, your highness, and he graciously put his signature on it for me."

The princess took the picture in her hand, looked at it intently, then gave way to a peal of hysterical laughter which caused the old man to lean over her anxiously.

"Shall I ring for one of the maids, your highness?" he asked her perplexedly.

The princess sat up and wiped her eyes on a dainty lace handkerchief.

"No, no! Don't ring! I never felt better in my life. I have an inspiration. I don't want to have a marriage arranged for me. There is no romance in such procedure. If you will only leave me free until after the regatta I promise to arrange for myself a marriage that will please every soul in the country. Give me freedom for one little month," she coaxed, standing before him and placing an eloquently persuasive hand on each shoulder.

He looked into her eyes helplessly.

"I shall never be able to understand the feminine mind," he said dolefully.

Shooting Stars.

Shooting stars are not real stars at all, but are small bodies which the earth runs into and which are made so hot by friction in the atmosphere that they are burned up. The real stars, as those of the Dipper, are very, very far away, so far that no one knows the distance. They are bright bodies like our sun, but seem like points of light because they are so far off. As the earth moves about the sun it frequently meets little bodies. It is moving so fast that when it strikes them the friction in the air is very great, and usually they are burned up. They seem like moving stars, but are really only a few miles above us in our atmosphere. Sometimes one is so large that it comes through the air without being wholly burned up and falls on the ground.—St. Nicholas.

Olive Oil and Long Life.

Many have wondered at the great age men attained in Biblical times. An age of 120 years was not at all unusual in those days for men to attain in full possession of their faculties before they were gathered unto their fathers. There is a cause for everything, and is it unreasonable to attribute this long life, in part at least, to the fact that all these men perhaps daily freely used olive oil? They lived in the land of the olive and regarded it as one of their greatest earthly blessings, for it gave them health and "length of days."—Homeopathic Envoy.

How Indians Tan Deerskin.

The skin dressing of the Indians, both buffalo and deer skins, is generally very beautiful and soft. They stretch the skin either on a frame or on the ground, and after it has remained there for three or four days, with the brains spread over the fleshy side, they grain it with a sort of adz or chisel. After the process of graining, though the skin is apparently beautifully finished, it passes through another process—that of smoking. For this they hang the skin on a frame in a smoke proof house or tent. The fire is made at the bottom out of rotten wood, which produces a strong and peculiar smell. The fire must be smothered to make the smoke. The grained skins must be kept in the smoke for three or four days, and after this the skins will always remain the same, even after being wet, which does not belong to the dressed skins in civilized countries.—"Life Among the Indians."

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1908

A CANDID STATEMENT.

At the Tufts College Taft gathering last week Hon. Samuel J. Elder, who is to be one of the Massachusetts Eighth District delegates to the Republican National convention at Chicago next June, was the principal speaker. Among other wise and discreet things he said:

"This is no question of a pledged or unpledged delegation to Chicago. As has been reiterated over and over again, no one proposes or ever proposed to instruct or pledge or bind delegates, and up to that point we are in full agreement with Senator Crane but when it comes to going a step further and saying that 230 000 Republicans in this State are not, after a year of discussion of Presidential candidates, to express their preference, even in the form of a resolution, we believe that the Senator is mistaken. Why should not the District delegates and District conventions wherever they meet state whom on the whole they prefer? In such a form, for instance, as this:

"While it has never been the practice of Republicans to instruct or bind their delegates to the National Republican convention, we, nevertheless, believe it to be our privilege and our duty to express our preference for Presidential nominee, and that preference we declare to be William Howard Taft of Ohio, or Gov. Hughes of New York, or whomsoever the preference is for.

"Certainly Republicans may be trusted to express such a preference and to elect delegates holding the same preference, in the expectation that they will use reasonable efforts to secure such a nomination and be at liberty if unexpected exigencies arise to use their best judgment."

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

One week from today, namely, at 11 o'clock Friday forenoon, April 10, the Republicans of this State are to meet in convention in Tremont Temple, Boston, to elect four delegates-at-large to attend the Republican National convention to be held at Chicago next June.

With one exception the delegates have been selected, and they are: Senators Henry Cabot Lodge and W. Murray Crane, ex-Governor John L Bates, and either ex-Governor John D. Long, or Col. Bigney. Who selected them, and by what authority, we are unable to say.

Whether pledged, or unpledged; whether a resolution of "preference" is adopted, or not; it appears to be settled in the public mind that Secretary of War Taft will have a large majority of the Massachusetts delegates, for Governor Hughes, the only other candidate considered, seems to have but a weak hold on the party in this State.

It appears likely that Col. Bigney will beat Gov. Long for a place on the delegation.

MR. ELDER.

Leading members of the Republican party who have become posted by watching the game from the inside express themselves as confident that Hon. Samuel J. Elder will be elected a delegate from this District to the Republican National convention at the District convention to be held at Somerville on April 15.

Cambridge will have three candidates for the position, Myers, Champlin and Utley; and Somerville one, Glines. All four of them are in the fight for keeps, which precludes the idea of a deal between Cambridge and Somerville, and strengthens Elder in the convention.

Samuel J. Elder is one of the ablest Lawyers in the State; is widely known and highly esteemed. He is not a politician, and has never been an office-seeker. He is a loyal Republican, and has always worked for the success of its principles; and failure to select him a delegate to the National convention, and choose a less deserving man in his place, would be discreditable to the Republicans of the 8th District.

GOVERNOR GUILD.

Everybody felt like rejoicing when his doctors announced, early this week, that Governor Guild's condition had passed the danger point, and his ultimate recovery no longer admitted of a doubt. He had been close to death, and his life despaired of, for weeks; but his strong constitution, indomitable will, and the best medical skill, fetched him safely through, and he is now on the road to restored health, although it is not likely he will be able to do much executive work for months to come.

THE STATE.

Returns from the caucuses held last Tuesday evening showed that Secretary Taft has the preference of Massachusetts Republicans for Presidential nominee by a large majority. For District delegates the Taft people beat the other side two to one.

Col. Sam Powers was immensely pleased with the result of the caucuses, which, by the way, bore out his ante-caucus prediction, and some to spare

☞ The Democratic State convention to elect four delegates-at-large to the National convention at Denver is to be held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on May 7. Besides a hot contest over the choice of delegates an effort is to be made to oust Col. William A. Gaston from the State Committee, which, it is said, will throw the other fight into the shade, for the Colonel and his friends propose to be there with their war paint on. Notwithstanding a strong opposition, it is expected that a resolution will be adopted favoring Bryan for Presidential nominee.

— The program arrangements for the 19th Annual Middlesex County Christian Endeavor Convention have just been completed; and are said by leading Endeavorers to be the strongest for many years. The sessions will be held in the First Congregational church at Natick on Monday, April 20.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Shumway—Shuman.
F. L. Leslie—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
W. Gaslight Co.—Stoves.

— "Arabian Nights" tonight at Lyceum Hall.

— Preparations are in progress for the annual May Party in aid of the Floating Hospital charity.

— The Committee on Municipal Improvements held a meeting in City Hall last Monday evening.

— No report has reached this office of any JOURNAL readers getting fooled last Wednesday; they are too smart for that.

— The annual inspection of Co. G was conducted by Major Frank H. Hitchcock at the Armory last Monday evening.

— The Fortnightly Whist Club, N. W., finished their season's series of whist at Ald. Poole's last Saturday evening.

— The High school baseball team are to play their first game with the Malden H. S. team at Malden next Wednesday.

— This is the season of the year when frequent brush fires may be expected, and the firemen kept busy putting them out.

— There was another heavy rain last Sunday. For frequent and copious downpours this spring, so far, has been a record breaker.

— Patriots Day, 133d anniversary of the Battle of Lexington and Concord Fight, will be here in a fortnight from next Sunday.

— George McNeil, the new local Superintendent of the Edison Electric Co. entered on the discharge of his official duties early this week.

— Elder carried Winchester with flying colors. It is now conceded on all hands that his calling and election at the District convention is sure.

— "Breezy Point" yielded the Woman's Club $178 net. It must be that the Club are accumulating wealth. No fears but that they will make good use of it.

— Misses Dora B. Buss and Helen Hertkorn won the whist prizes at the Alpha Alpha Chi Club at Edith Lillian Smith's home on High street last Tuesday.

— Yesterday morning the policemen wished they had kept their winter overcoats on a few days longer, instead of brashly rushing the season on Wednesday.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— At the meeting of the Woman's Club this afternoon children are to be entertained by the Committee on Education, Madams Hayward, Bickford, Lund, Brown, Linscott.

— A big crop of splendid Easter millinery will soon make its appearance, for Good Friday comes in two weeks from today, and said millinery is due a couple of days thereafter.

— George F. Bean was one of the most active Hughes canvassers and opponents of Elder's candidacy in this city before the caucuses. He was ably seconded by Mr. Elmore A. Pierce.

— James H. Connolly, John F. Mahoney, President; Patrick Brown and Patrick Foley represented Div. 3 of Woburn in the A. O. H. county convention at Cambridge last Sunday.

— Supt. Myers of the Woburn Div. of the B. & N. St. R'y will please accept the JOURNAL'S thanks for "John Was Wise" in the Pilgrim John Series of his Company's special publications.

— Policeman Timothy Walsh, who was shot by the highwaymen on Church avenue Feb. 6, is on duty again, and Officer O'Neil, also severely shot, will be back on his beat in the course of a fortnight, or so.

— We hope there is no truth in the report that Judge Charles Day Adams of North Woburn contemplates changing his residence to Beverly. If true, this city will lose one of its best and most foremost citizens.

— This evening Burbank W. R. C., 84, are to give a whist party at their headquarters in G. A. R. Hall. May the best man win! Comrade William T. Kendall will see to it that everybody has a square deal.

— The news from Govenor Guild's sick chamber yesterday morning was not so encouraging as on the couple of preceding days. He had a setback Wednesday, and his doctors admit that His Excellency is not yet out of danger.

— The mission at St. Charles church, conducted by the Augustinian Fathers of Philadelphia, which closes this week, has been a most gratifying success. The auditorium has been crowded to overflowing at every meeting.

— President Charlie A. Jones has visited the Savings Bank this week after an absence of a couple of months enforced by illness. He has lost considerable avoirdupoise during confinement indoors, but has got over the worst of it, and will soon be sound and fat again.

— The new office of Physician to the Board of Health has been filled by the appointment of Dr. Charles T. O'Brien, former member of the Board, an appointment that will be generally approved of. Dr O'Brien has an honortable standing in the profession, and enjoys a good practice.

— Mrs. John P. Anderson of Atwood street, who left home last Sunday afternoon, was found by her husband and a policeman wandering in the south part of the city about midnight, and taken back, greatly exhausted, but not otherwise the worse for her tramp in the storm.

— Capt. John P. Crane, who has passed a pleasant winter at Camden, S. C., was expected to return to his home in this city last Wednesday. His next move will be Poland Springs, Maine, most likely. At both of these places the facilities for golf are great. Were it otherwise, the innholders doing business there would handle none of Capt. Crane's cash.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

367 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

— The light snow of yesterday morning left about as suddenly as it came. By noon not a sign of it was to be seen.

— Rev. Dr. Norton's lectures at the First church vesper services during Lent have been entertaining, instructive, and well attended. Organist Hood has furnished the best of music to accompany Dr. Norton's productions.

— The School Board have induced Submaster George W. Low of the High School to abandon his intention to leave here for a better position, and to remain another year, at least. The Board think Assistant Low is the right man in the right place, and were, therefore, not inclined to let him off.

— A burglar undertook to rob the residence of Mr. Francis C. Healy on Traverse street, N. W., last Saturday evening, but failed in his undertaking, and came near being caught by Mr. Healy, who was busy in his barn when the thief was at work on the house. No doubt robbers and burglars abound here.

— A drawing card at the concert to be given by the Elks on April 29 is to be Herbert L. Clarke, the famous solo cornetist in the famous Sousa Band, who has just returned from a succesful professional tour with that great organization. Mr. Clarke is doubtless the most accomplished cornetist in the United States.

— Miss Gertrude Heartz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heartz of Bennett street, has recently been appointed Supervisor of Music in the public schools of Sandwich, for which position she is well qualified. She has been an efficient and popular teacher in the schools of this city, and, besides has a fine musical education.

— Philip Owen, after a week's visit with his parents, Master Owen of the High school and wife, has returned to the University of Maine at Orono on the Penobscot, at which he is a student. He is fitting himself for a high position in railroad engineering, and is already far advanced, for a lad of his age, in knowledge of the mechanism and its practical working in that department of science.

— FIRES— The alarm from box 59 at 3 25 last Friday afternoon was for a grass fire on Green street, and box 23 fifteen minutes later was for a fire in a house on Beach Street owned by Alden Knights. The alarm from box 27 last Sunday evening was for a fire in the home of Warren W. Cummings, Winter street. The alarm from box 36 at 2 o'clock Wednesday morning was for a fire in a house on Elijah street.

— Although boulevards and parkways seem to be going out of fashion, the people of this city are rejoicing greatly over the report of the Committee on Metropolitan Affairs of the Legislature, made last Monday, which recommended the construction of all contemplated parks, parkways, and boulevards, for it includes Woburn, and assures the building of the Horn Pond boulevard, an enterprise of vital interest to all of us.

— Tonight, April 3, Towanda Club are to present for public entertainment, in Lyceum Hall, "The Arabian Nights," a firstclass standard drama, which, according to the reports of the ticket sellers, will attract the biggest house of the season. The cast is composed of real actors who will give the play in a manner equal to the best work of professionals. This is a last call, and the public will get it in ample season to dress for the entertainment.

— Congratulations were extended to Mr. B. T. H. Porter last Wednesday when he arrived at the 85th milestone of a well and honorably spent life, and is still in sound health and good spirits. He was born in Boston April 1, 1823, and came to Woburn in 1840 He has been in the insurance business here more than 50 years, and nobody was ever heard to say that he didn't deal fair. No citizen is more highly esteemed than Mr. Porter, and here's wishing him "many returns of the same."

— Public opinion appears to favor the contemplated widening of Union street, and the report of the Council committee is generally indorsed. It is admitted that Union street, an important one, in the center of the city, should be widened, and the only question of doubt about making the improvement now is the cost of it, which would be about $6,000. It will be but a matter of a few years before necessity will compel, it and cannot the work be done cheaper at the present time than at some time in the future?

— Smith & Varney, the leading jewelers in this city, a popular and prosperous firm of worthy young men, have on exhibition at their store the finest stock of Easter jewelry that was ever offered for sale here. The latest styles of gems and works in gold and silver—diamonds, pearls and other precious stones—rings, chains, lockets, brooches—these beautiful goods, with a great variety of others, are to be seen, and are on sale, at Smith & Varney's. Easter comes in two weeks from next Sunday, so buy your jewelry now.

— William Clewley, 14 years old, who was shot in the face by the accidental discharge of a rifle at his home, 131 Pleasant street, last Monday evening, is getting on all right under the care of Dr. Chalmers. By some means or other the rifle, in falling from its standingplace against the wall, was discharged, the ball hitting young Clewley on the cheek and running to the temple, fortunately, producing only a deep flesh wound. Dr. Chalmers extracted it. The escape of William from a more serious result of the accident was a lucky one.

— Miss Elsie Reade left here yesterday morning in company with Mrs Nathaniel Simonds, who she had been visiting for a few weeks past, for her home at North Weare, N. H.

— The New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church will hold its 112th annual session with the Trinity church, Worcester, beginning next Wednesday and continuing to and through the Monday following.

— A dozen, or more, members of W. R. C. 84, marshaled by Mrs. Emma Taylor, the President, were in attendance at the Middlesex County W. R. C. Association at Cambridge last Tuesday. Corps 27 of Cambridge entertained the Woburn ladies in a fine and hospitable manner.

— Mr. Arthur A. Fowle, Managing Editor of the Boston *Globe*, is taking initiatory steps towards building a residence on Francis street, this city, and in due course of time we expect to see him and his family happily domiciled under their own vine and figtree up along there where the woods used to be—one of the pleasantest locations for a home that is to be found in Woburn. He says he is not going to be extravagant in the outlay of money on the new residence; that comfort, and not "gingerbread," will be its predominant feature.

— A singular feature of the present hard times is the increase of the cost of living. Hard times and low prices generally go hand in hand, but that is not the case just now, although if the tightness continues, as is likely, it will come to that. Take meat, for instance; the price has advanced from 2 to 4 cents a pound within a week, and at the same time men are being thrown out of work, wages are being cut down, and money is growing scarcer every day. Our local marketmen hate to advance prices, but they'll have to, if this condition of things continues.

— To raise money to grease the wheels of the High school baseball team this season the Woburn High school A. A., are to give an entertainment on April 24. The plan of the managers is to make it of a quality so rare that nobody can, by any possibility, withstand the temptation to take it in. Tickets are to be sold at popular prices, thus giving even the most lean in pocket a chance to enjoy the best exhibition of the year. The story goes, and no disputing of it has been heard, that the H. S. is more than likely to turn out a winning team this summer.

— If our memory serves us, and we rather think it does, the advent of the late month of March which passed in its chips last Tuesday, was lamblike; its departure, this week, was the same. According to the belief of our forefathers, if the first spring month came in like a lamb it would go out like a lion, and vice versa; likewise, according to Hoyle, there ought to have been "6 weeks sledding in March." This rule of the Ancients was not observed this year, for March came in and went out like a lamb, and the month was one of uncommon mildness from start to finish.

— A different result of the election of Chief Engineer of the Fire Department last week would have pleased a large number of people. In his many years of service in that office Clarence Littlefield showed himself to be one of the best firemen in Woburn, and that is the reputation he has long enjoyed. Nobody disputes that Mr. Tracy is fully qualified for the position; he is an old fireman, an Assistant Chief for a long time; but Littlefield had many friends in and out of the Department, and they wanted to see him re elected. But it used to be said that everything is fair in love and politics.

— The School Board held a regular meeting last Tuesday evening and did considerable business. Discussions anent schoolhouse repairs, which were estimated to cost about $4,000, consumed a considerable part of the session. Chairman Herbert B. Dow of the Board and Frank B. Richardson were appointed a special committee to address the City Council on the need of the proposed repairs and improvements.—Miss Gertrude Heartz's resignation as a teacher was accepted.—It was voted to observe Band of Mercy Day on April 14; and Peace Day on May 18, by appropriate exercises in the schools.

— Several Woburnites attended the annual closing exercises of the Burdett Business College in Boston last week, and among the number was Mayor Blodgett, who spoke. More than 600 invited guests enjoyed the banquet generously spread by the owners of the great school, Messrs. Charles A and Fred H. Burdett, the music by the Mendelssohn Male Quartet, elocutionary exercises by Mrs. J H Dunne, and speechmaking. Our people brought back a glowing account of the good time they had at the entertainment, and hope they may be invited to go again next year. They learned that the Burdett College is flourishing.

— One of the largest real estate transactions that have taken place in this city for some time was the purchase, early this week, by Mr. James F. McGrath, the merchant, of the Ward W. Hart and George G. Hart stores and lots 365 to 371 Main street, opposite the Common, assessed at about $22 000 The lots measure 60x116 feet, and for business purposes their location is unrivalled. The stores are occupied by H B. Blye & Co., and other dealers, who have been promised by Mr. McGrath 3 months in which to find others. It is the intention of the new owner to materially improve the property and occupy it.

— Should the ice trade pan out as profitable as the dealers now hope it may, and to which present prospects point, it is expected that Mr. Frank C Nichols, who commands the business in this city, will spend July and August next on his farm on Littlejohn Island in Casco Bay. Mr. Nichols has recovered from the injuries he received from a fall on the ice last winter, and is attending to his affairs as usual. Mr. Nichols does not propose to take advantage of the large ice crop, cheaply harvested last winter, to raise the price of the commodity this summer, but will deal fairly and liberally with the consumers, as has always been his practice.

The Caucuses.

They were but slimly attended by the Republicans. The Taft and Elder adherants put in no preparatory work to speak of; the Hughes leaders canvassed the city thoroughly; and, yet, as reported, the former won a majority of the delegates to the State and District conventions. The statement below does not represent the real facts, for it is known that some of those set down as "unpledged" are for Taft and Elder.

Ward 1—State, Wm. F. Davis; District, E E Silver; unpledged.

Ward 2—State, Luke W. Fowle, Harry A. Fellows, favor Taft; District, Edward F Johnson, Charles M Strout, favor Samuel J. Elder of Winchester

Ward 3—State, Milton Moore, Charles H. Harrington, favor Taft; District, Frank E. Wetherell, Wilford D. Gray, favor Elder.

Ward 4—State, Edward E Thompson, John R. Carter, elected on unpledged ticket, but the former favors Taft; District, George F. Bean, John W. Fox, unpledged but former favors Elder.

Ward 5—State, James R. Wood; District, Fred W. Shattuck, unpledged.

Ward 6—State, Andrew R Linscott, Robert Wilson, unpledged but former favors Taft; District, Samuel Highley, Parker T. Poole, unpledged

Ward 7—State, George H. Foster, unpledged; District, Henry L Andrews, favors Elder.

Literary Notices.

The satisfied face which looks out from the front cover of the April AMERICAN BOY is an index to the interesting matter this number contains. Jimmy Jones, Pirate; Four Boys on the Mississippi; and That Dillingham Boy, continue to delight their readers. Among the shorter stories are: The Poetry of Steeples, How Karl Got Even, Fooling Father. Interesting articles are: A Poor Boy's Country; The Origin of Easter; The Devil's Bible: A Few Hints on Golf; The Boy on His Muscle; A Wonderful Educational Scheme; April in the Garden, and The Boys' Poultry Yard. The boys who desire to have healthy bodies will find Talks with the Doctor, Some Secrets of Cleverness, and Destroyers of Boys, unusually interesting. Trapping Hints for Boys contain many things for boys who delight in capturing animals. Every one of the regular departments will well repay the reading of them. 82 illustrations. $1.00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

Annual Meeting.

The W. C. T. U. has been "making history" rather fast during the last year. As a consequence, the annual meeting which was held on last Monday afternoon, was well attended and of unusual interest. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer and of Departments showed progress in all lines. The social features of the L. T. L. work have lately been especially emphasized with excellent results. During the last season a picnic, a medal contest, a reception to the W. C. T. U, and other events have contributed to keep alive a helpful interest in the main work of the organization.

Our President gave an interesting account of a recent meeting of the Presidents of Middlesex County.

In response to a request from headquarters of the Flower Mission, it was voted to send a box of provisions for the poor as an Easter offering.

Voted to place on our records a minute, expressing our appreciation of the life and work of the late Mrs. E. Trask Hill, and our sense of loss at her departure; likewise to send the same to State headquarters.

Following is our list of officers, mostly re-elections:

President, Mrs. Annabel Brown; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. A. M. Blodgett, Miss Alice Preston, Mrs. Amos Langill; Secretary, Mrs. Isabel Sellars; Treasurer, Mrs. Ella W Hammond; Supt. L. T. L., Mrs. E. W. Hammond; Supt. Flower Mission, Mrs. Matson; Supt. Press Work, Mrs. A. M. Blodgett; Supt. Literature, Mrs. W. A. Preston.—PRESS SUPT.

Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, A Powder.

It makes walking easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Sweating feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Boston Theatres.

THE ORPHEUM.

One of the best all round vaudeville bills of the season is offered at the Orpheum Theatre, the week of April 6, and will include such star features as Charles Leonard Fletcher, recognized as one of the greatest impersonators now on the stage. He will present his latest impersonations, "An Evening With Mansfield." Mr. Fletcher has been successful in his long years of study, presenting characters which made Mansfield famous, with all the attention to detail, all the mannerisms and all those little peculiarities of voice and feature that so impressed the work of the famous actor on the minds of the public. Aside from this Mr. Fletcher also gives a remarkable imitation of Mark Twain, and other celebrities—all of his work, including changes being done in full view of the audience.

Spring Cleaning Essentials.

The use of soap gives a condition of cleanliness which engenders a false and dangerous feeling of security, for soap supplies the very moisture and greasy substance necessary for bacterial growth and germ life, besides destroying the wood. Cabot's SULPHO-NAPTHOL not only cleans easier and better, but at the same time POSITIVELY DESTROYS ALL DISEASE GERMS, thoroughly purifying all places of foul, noxious odors, decomposition, must, mould, mildew, etc., besides PRESERVING THE WOOD. Just the thing for spring cleaning.

"Riding the Goat" Electrically.

The published report of the use of electric appliances in certain college initiations moves the Western Electrician to condemn such proceedings unreservedly. It says editorially: "Applied electricity has many uses, and they are important, but when it comes to using the electric current as a means of hazing or as an initiatory performance at a secret society meeting, a foolish step has been taken, and it is not improbable that serious results may ensue. Among some of the more unrestrained students belonging to the upper class of one of our technical institutions recently it was felt that the old and tried methods of hazing were hardly adequate to the occasion, so several under classmen were subjected to strong electric currents until they became exhausted. Such hazardous tomfoolery as this should be suppressed."

Local News.

— The First Baptist church are to hold a speaking meeting and banquet on Thursday evening, April 9.

— The comfort and convenience of gas stoves in hot weather need not to be enlarged upon in these columns, for it is knowledge that all housewives possess to the fullest extent. Hundreds of them are used in this city, and more are finding their way into well regulated kitchens. They are a neat and handy article of furniture; they save money on coal; preserve comfort in the cookroom; mollify the temper of the female boss of the ranges; and are in everyway desirable. Please read the notice of the Woburn Gaslight Co. in this paper.

— The weather on Wednesday was a real "April Fool" production. It was laden with fairly warm sunshine, winds not too keen, and a springlike appearance prevailed. But when people looked out of their windows early Thursday morning they saw that a "robin storm" had wholly changed the aspect of things, for the ground was covered by a thin coating of snow, no song of the robin was heard, and a cold, cheerless atmosphere pierced sensitive marrows. The storm arrived a little ahead of schedule time, but it had to be put up with, and furnace fires were necessary to comfort.

North Woburn.

Last week the Rumford Historical Association held their annual meeting at their official home, the old Rumford house, in this village. It was the 155th anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Thompson, who afterwards became the famous Count Rumford of history. There was about the usual attendance, and speeches and letters made the meeting an interesting one. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Hon. E. F. Johnson; Vice Presidents, Rev. Charles Anderson of Constantinople, Hon. Josiah Pierce of London, England, Hon. Abijah Thompson, Hon. E. D. Hayden, Hon. E. E. Thompson, William R. Cutter; Trustees, Hon. Abijah Thompson, Hon. E. D. Hayden, Hon. William F. Davis, A. R. Linscott, Samuel A. Thompson, John W. Johnson, N. S. Watson; Corresponding Clerk, William R. Cutter; Recording Clerk, A. Roscoe Linscott; Treasurer, Samuel A. Thompson; Library Committee, William R. Cutter, Samuel A. Thompson, N. S. Watson, Hon. A. S. Wood, Miss Marian T. Hosmer; Librarian, A. Roscoe Linscott.

A vote of thanks was extended to J. M. Ellis for his gift of a granite pedestal upon which has been placed the gun captured from the British ship Boxer, to Dr. Ephraim Cutter for his donation of a book, and to the Cannon Committee for their efficient service in mounting the gun, which has been placed on a carriage built by the late Marshall Tidd, in exact imitation of those in use at the time of its capture.

Loammi F. Baldwin, J. Foster Deland and Hon. H. S. Riley were admitted to membership.

Not Hidebound.

No one supposes that if Samuel J. Elder, Esq., is elected as a delegate to the Chicago convention, that he will vote for Taft first, last and all the time, or that any other delegate instructed for Taft will do so after it is known that Taft cannot be the choice of the convention. If it is seen that Hughes is the strongest man, then Mr. Elder would be found voting for him. But to send uninstructed delegates, who would be open to selfish influences, would not be the part of wisdom.—*Winchester Star.*

ELECTRICITY.

Your convenience will be promoted if your door bells, and interior call bells, are operated by the same current which gives you the best artificial light obtainable—the electric light. A transformer is necessary but it doesn't cost much and it saves money in the long run—saves all bother with batteries also.

Have you learned to be lightwise?

Remember our Sales Agent is ready to tell you all about this and other things electrical—if you'll write him, or call, or telephone "Oxford 3300 Collect."

THE EDISON

Electric Illuminating Co.,

33 39 Boylston St., Roston

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Sarah M. Fuller, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Edward F. Johnson, the trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the first account of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the fifteenth day of April, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Abby A. Leslie, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to J. Fred Leslie, of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of April, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Woburn Gas Light Co.

GAS STOVES

for cooking and heating. Welsbach lights, Welsbach and Humphry Arc lights, and for everything pertaining to gas lighting apply at office of Company.

314 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Wholesome Bread

is a perfect food. It is more healthful than meat and proportionately cheaper. You never know good bread to give you a sour stomach—it's the other kind that does that.

HATHAWAY'S CELEBRATED CREAM BREAD

is the most healthful and satisfying bread you can buy. Here is a bread made to eat, as well as sell. We have been making it for over thirty years, striving all the time to make it better. Try it and you will buy no other kind.

"Hathaway's Delights the Children."

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE AND WALTHAM

Suggested Gifts For Eastertide.

SCARF PIN — CUFF BUTTONS
BROOCH — DAINTY WATCH FOB
HAT PIN — CIGAR CUTTER
LOCKET — SHAVING BOWL
SALAD FORK AND SPOON

Smith & Varney,

JEWELERS.

No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN

☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

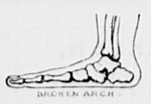
WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

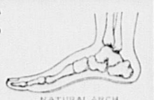
SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.





A PRACTICAL ARCH SUPPORT AT VERY LOW COST

Strange that so many people should call every ache and pain in the ankle, instep, calf, knee or back, RHEUMATISM. Half this distress comes from a strained or weakened arch. The Jordan arch support will do wonders for this trouble.

We have the best arch support on earth, and we sell it at $2.00. It is the only arch support made which will adjust itself to the different heights of the arch, frequently varying an inch in a single day. Other arch supports are stiff and unsympathetic, while ours is always resilient. It is made of razor steel and best leather, and is very light, strong and durable.

We sell persons who have tried all other kinds, costing from 50c. to $20.00. They say no amount of money could make them discard such "priceless comfort giving arch cushions."

Do not suffer longer, but try a pair at once. For sale only at our office, or by mail on receipt of price.

Send for pamphlet. When ordering by mail give size of shoe.

Lady Assistant always in attendance.

WALTER F. JORDAN & CO.,

Medical Appliance Specialists,

140 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Highest Grade Elastic Stockings in America

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

INCORPORATED 1854.

The Regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in the City of Woburn, will be held at the Banking Rooms, on

Friday, April 3d, 1908,

at 7.30 o'clock, P. M., to transact such business as may legally come before them.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.

Woburn, Mass., March 20, 1908.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, April 4th, 1908, will draw interest from that date.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

Estate of Edward H. Lounsbury late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, represented insolvent.

The Probate Court for said County will receive and examine all claims of creditors against the estate of said Edward H. Lounsbury and notice is hereby given that six months from the nineteenth day of March A. D., 1908, are allowed to creditors to present and prove their claims against said estate, and that the Court will receive and examine the claims of creditors at Cambridge, on the twentieth day of April, 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and at Cambridge on the eighteenth day of May 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

HARRIET E. LOUNSBURY, Executrix.

HARRY DUSTIN JOLL

ARCHITECT

431 MAIN STREET

WOBURN, MASS.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Martin Kearns and Ellen M. Kearns, his wife in her own right, both of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Leonard Thompson, of said Woburn, dated January 25, 1886, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 1782, Page 317, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same will be sold at public auction on the premises on

Tuesday, April 21, A. D. 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows:—

A certain parcel of land containing about four thousand five hundred and fifty-three (4553) square feet, situated in said Woburn on Conn street and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on said Conn street, at land of Benjamin H. Nichols, from thence the line runs southerly, by said Nichols's land, seventy-nine and six-tenths (79.6) feet to land of R. Brooks Richardson; thence westerly, by land last named, fifty-nine and six-tenths (59.6) feet to a private way called Conn street Court; thence northerly, on and by said Court, seventy and three-tenths (70.3) feet to said Conn street; thence easterly on and by said Conn street, about sixty-two and four-tenths (62.4) feet to the point of beginning.

The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and other municipal liens if any, and Two Hundred Dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of the sale.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Assignee and present holder of said Mortgage.

Woburn, March 27, 1908.

Eggs for Hatching

Single Comb Rhode Island Reds
Rose Comb Rhode Islands Reds

Pure stock. 75c. per Setting at the farm. $1.00 if delivered or sent by express.

Gilbert Farm, Wilmington, Mass.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MISS MERTENA BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION
In this city October 1, 1907.
STUDIOS:
12 Franklin St., Woburn
6 Newbury St., Boston

WALTER LINCOLN RICE.
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Lessons at pupils residence if desired.
38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass

Marion Althea Burt
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Vivian Helena Burt
TEACHER OF PIANO
75 Garfield Ave., Woburn

Do You Use
Dr. Johnson's Educator
CRACKERS
We have them in several varieties, Educator, Toasterettes, Golden Maize, Oatmeal, Graham, Chocolate and Baby Rings.

We also have a nice line of
HUNTLEY & PARMER'S
Imported Biscuit

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-1.

We have added to our CANDY DEPARTMENT a line of
Home-made CANDIES
are fresh every day.
Old-fashioned Molasses, Cocoanut Chips, Peppermints, Woodland and Peanut Goodies, Old-fashioned Chocolates, Fudge, Cream Walnuts, Caramels, and many novelties comprise the list.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN

La Grippe
RELIEVED BY OUR
Laxative Cold Tablets
In cases of wasting diseases
Cod Liver Oil Emulsion
will brace you up.

Whitcher's PILL BOX
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore

Spring is Enjoyed by Housekeepers
in proportion to the pressure of their domestic cares. The use of that excellent and incomparable and germicide.
CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS
for the Spring cleaning, will lighten many a housekeeper's burden and send her singing about her work. It's the small, yet important, things which regulate domestic felicity. None creates so much discomfort as Spring cleaning. Do away with much of the discomfort and have the house cleaning well done.
The genuine only in above trade mark packages.
THE SULPHO-NAPTHOL CO.,
Haymarket Square
BOSTON, - - - MASS.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

Let The "BLUE BELL" Sign REMIND YOU—

Of the errand you forgot to execute, and a ready way out of the difficulty.

Of the order you were asked to deliver for your firm or for your home.

Of the engagement for which you have been delayed and of the quickest way of explaining your inability to meet it.

Of the call you promised to make; but failed to make through forgetfulness.

Of a hundred ways in which, to use a quaint phrase, you may "Let your head save your heels."

REMEMBER:

The sign indicates the presence of a Pay Station.

FROM ANY PAY STATION you may talk, at a reasonable charge, TO ANY OF 290,000 TELEPHONES connected with the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company's system in the four northern New England states.

ALSO WITH TELEPHONES IN 30,000 CITIES AND TOWNS connected with the Long Distance lines of the great Bell system.

With such a convenience at hand is it fair to your friends to "borrow" their telephones? You are liable to impede their channels of communication by making their lines "busy" when others are trying to call them.

Butter Nut

MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT SUN

A HAZEL NUT
isn't very big, but it contains
more nutriment than a whole cabbage.
So with other things.
BUTTERNUT BREAD
is rich and nutritious.
It combines the nut-like qualities of the
hard wheat kernel with pure milk.
It is made right, baked just at the
right moment, baked just long enough
and sold only when fresh.
There's a reason for its popularity.
Can you see it? Then act.
Be kind to your stomach—buy BUTTERNUT.
Five cents.

Geo. G. Fox Co., Boston

MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT SUN

EVERY DAY
You Need Our Knead

EASTER OUTFITTING

Clothing, Furnishings, Hats and Shoes for Men, Women and Children

OUR thirty departments are crowded with fresh, new Easter styles in apparel of every sort, including many attractive novelties not to be found elsewhere.

We cordially invite an immediate visit of inspection, while the lines are complete. Our variety is wider than ever before, our values cannot be surpassed at equal prices.

Some of our Exclusive Specialties:

The new "Shuman" Overcoat for men; the "Priscilla" Suit for women; the "Peter Faneuil" Hat for men; "Clover Leaf" Green Cravats for men; the "Primus" Shoe for women.

Our new 1908 STYLE POSTER for men and women mailed on request.

A. Shuman & Co. Boston

MAIL ORDERS promptly and carefully filled.

A Story of Henry Clay.

The following anecdote of Henry Clay was told by one of his personal friends:

While making the journey to Washington on the National road, just after his nomination as candidate for the presidency, he was traveling one stormy night, wrapped up in a huge cloak, on the back seat of the stagecoach when two passengers entered. They were Kentuckians, like himself. He fell asleep and when he awoke found them discussing his chances in the coming campaign.

"What did Harry Clay go into politics for?" said one. "He had a good bit of land; he had a keen eye for stock. If he had stuck to stock raising he'd have been worth his fifty thousand. But now he doesn't own a dollar."

"And," the great Kentuckian used to add, "the worst of it was, every word of it was true!"

It was characteristic of the man that at the next stopping place he hurried away and took another coach lest his critics should recognize him and be mortified at their unintentional rudeness.

Impertinent Lady Holland.

In "A Family Chronicle," a book of gossip, is a story about the fearful and wonderful Lady Holland which is comparatively unhackneyed.

She was at Lord Radnor's, and they could not get rid of her. Lord Radnor thought of unroofing the house, but tried first what prayers of a Sunday evening would do. She was highly pleased (very gracious, Lady Morley said, because she knew they longed to get rid of her) and said she would go down for prayers. Whether she was ill I do not know, but it seems she had to be carried downstairs and wrapped herself up in cloaks, etc. In the midst she called out for more cloaks, which were brought her. When she went up to the drawing room again she said to Lord Radnor (he having finished with the Lord's Prayer): "I liked that very much, that last prayer you read. I approve of it. It is a very nice one. Pray, whose is it?" Did any one every hear such a thing? I cannot imagine why people should bear her impertinence.

Eight Points of the Law.

A correspondent signing himself "So-and-so" overheard some men—"evidently lawyers," he says—talking over a case recently when some such expression as this reached his ears:

"Well, he couldn't help winning. He had the eight points of the law in his favor."

Ever since he heard this "So-and-so" has been wondering what were the eight points referred to, and he asks me if I can enlighten him on the subject.

The eight points of the law, "So-and-so," are these: First, a good cause; second, a good purse; third, an honest and skillful solicitor; fourth, good evidence; fifth, able counsel; sixth, an upright judge; seventh, an intelligent jury; eighth, good luck.

It is well understood in forensic circles that if you have all these in your favor you stand a sporting chance of winning your case. But, on the other hand, of course you may lose.—London Standard.

Bonaparte as a Deadhead.

Frederic Febvre publishes in the Paris Gaulois an interesting document preserved in the archives of the Theatre Francais. It runs as follows:

"Pass the citizen Bonaparte to this evening's performance of 'Manilus.'—Talma."

This shows, of course, that the Emperor Napoleon when he was only a lieutenant of artillery was very glad of "orders" for the theater. M. Febvre adds a story which he heard from Talma's son to the effect that the future ruler of France used to lie in wait for the tragedian in the galleries of the Palais Royal and that the tragedian used often to whisper to his companion: "The other way, if you don't mind. I see Bonaparte coming, and I'm afraid he'll ask me for seats."

Evidence Against Him.

"I am proud to say," said the man with the loud voice, "that I have never made a serious mistake in my life."

"But you are mistaken," said the mild mannered man with the scholarly stoop. "You have made one very serious mistake."

"I'd like to know where you get your authority for saying so."

"Your declaration is evidence that you have never tried to see yourself as others see you."—Exchange.

The Marvelous Resistance of Water.

If it were possible to impart to a sheet of water an inch in thickness sufficient velocity, the most powerful bomb shells would be immediately stopped in their flight when they came into contact with it. It would offer the same resistance as the steel armor of the most modern battleship.—Strand Magazine.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Frank Graham, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Frank H. Graham, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of April, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Sabra G. Jaquith, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate not already administered of said deceased to Maria E. Carter, of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without requiring a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of April, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

WINCHESTER.

The Teachers Club held their spring semiannual meeting last Friday evening, and gave a delightful entertainment. This is one of the best of the many clubs in this town.

There is to be a "Colonial Afternoon" by the lady managers of the Calumet "Ladies Afternoons" this, Friday, April 3. Preparations warrant the statement that it is going to be great.

Taft delegates to the State and District conventions were chosen by big majorities at the caucuses last Tuesday evening. This lively burgh is solid for Taft and Elder, so far as the Republican party goes.

The principal business at last Monday's Town Meeting was that concerning the grade crossing matter. Interest in this grave question is never allowed to flag, and the end is not yet. Every body wants the work done, but the stickler is, how?

The Improvement Association are going to try to straighten out our street nomenclature and see if it can obviate some of the absurdities, difficulties, and confusion of the present conditions. Residents don't mind it, but strangers coming to town get badly mixed on the names of our streets. It is high time a reform should set in.

Neighbor W. Tuck, the "Original Bryan Man," is the most prolific contributor to the public press there is in this town. This, I suppose, comes from his itching to stand in the limelight, right in the center of the stage, all the time, and to be conspicuous, personally, rather, than to boom Bryan's weakening and fading candidacy, and no wonder that it is getting to be just a little bit tiresome.

Last week the *Star* set forth the views of Hon. Samuel J. Elder of this town on the question of pledged, or instructed, delegates to the Republican National convention as enunciated by him at the Tufts College Taft meeting a few days before. The views were sound and logical, as Mr. Elder's are apt to be; and, yet, there were men here who refused to accept them as such, and thought they knew more about the subject than he did. I suppose the readers of the JOURNAL have learned long ere this, that there are queer thinkers, or nonthinkers, in Winchester.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
12 M., Sunday School.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Vandermark.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Worship.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Unreality."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4 30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.
10 30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.

LENTEN SERVICES.

Every Friday	7.30 P. M.
Holy Week—Monday	7.30 P. M.
Tuesday	7.30 P. M.
Wednesday	7.30 P. M.
Holy Thursday—Holy Communion	7.30 P. M.
Good Friday	7 30 P. M.
Easter Sunday—Holy Communion	7.30 A. M.
Morning Prayer, Holy Communion, Sermon	10.30 A. M.
Children's Service	3.30 P. M.
Evening Prayer	7.00 P. M.

Parish House Services.

Every Wednesday	7.30 P. M.

Rev. Wm. H. Osmond, Rector.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, March 27, Frank S. Stowers, aged 44 years, 7 months, 2 days.

In this city, March 29, Jacob P. Richardson, aged 81 years, 6 days.

In this city, March 31, Celia McLaughlin, aged 25 years.

Died, Mrs. Everett C. Benner on April 1, 1908, aged 40 years. Funeral services at her late home 4 Joseph street, Medford, on Saturday, April 4, at 10 A. M. Burial in Burlington, Mass. Committal services at grave at 12.45 P. M.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary S. Brooks, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

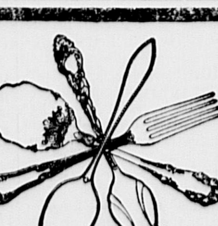
WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Arthur A. Brooks, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of April, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of March in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register



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ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adaline B. Church wishes to announce to her patients and friends that she will resume practice in Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church street.

Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.
Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appointment.

BARGAINS!

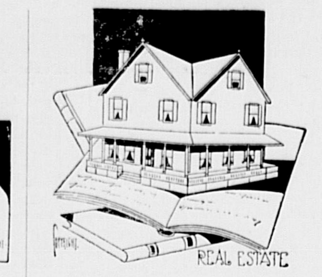
For one week only, beginning MONDAY, April 6th, we will sell a 25c. bottle Princess Tooth Powder and a 25c. Tooth Brush for 25c.

A $1.00 Bottle of Sarsaparilla 50c.
A 50c. Bottle of Sarsaparilla 25c.
A 50c. Bottle of Celery Compound 25c.
A 50c. Bottle of Emulsion Cod Liver Oil 25c.
A 25c. Bottle of Tonic Laxative Iron Pills 13c.

See our Special Counter for many more such Bargains all next week.

McLaughlin & Dennison,
Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.
417 Main Street, Woburn
We Deliver Free by Messenger.

Am sorry for my friends who lose all. I went to Place and got insured. Shall sleep to-night and get a check in the morning.



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor. Go in on the level. He will treat you on the square. Dont forget 416 Main street.

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WOBURN.

Another Memorial Day
will soon be here, and still many graves of loved ones remain unadorned.
The habit of "putting off" grows with each succeeding month. Start this Spring right and place your orders with us at once, we can please you.
Best Material. Best Workmanship.
New England Monument Co.
JOHN H. HERN — W. G. CARL ROESSLER.
117 Salem Street, opposite Woodbrook Cemetery, WOBURN

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C. E. SMITH, 439 Main St.

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BEFORE STOCKTAKING AT
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395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Myra's Sign.

By LULU JOHNSON.

Copyrighted, 1908, by the Associated Literary Press.

Myra came to the doorway of the sod house and looked wistfully across the fields. Far to the southeast a faint plume of smoke showed a bit of rolling ground, and presently she was able to discern a toy train making its progress toward the west. Three puffs of white steam sprang from in front of the cab, and presently there were borne to her ear three faint blasts of the whistle in fit proportion to the absurdly diminutive appearance of the locomotive.

She slipped the big white apron from her trim waist and waved it above her head. Then a single short blast of the whistle announced that her signal had been seen.

Presently the train vanished into another cut in the rolling prairie, but Myra did not return to her work. She remained leaning against the rough hewn doorpost, looking out across the dreary waste of land.

When summer came and the waving grain covered with its velvet pile the gentle undulations, Myra liked to pretend that it was an ocean across which her ship would presently come sailing to its haven of good hope. Dimly against the southern horizon a line of purple against the blue of the sky marked the commencement of the foothills, but to the north, east and west as far as the eye could see there was only the rolling prairie.

Myra hated the low, flat surface even in the summer, when the ocean of grain concealed its nakedness and gave the suggestion of a mystic ocean, and in the early spring, with its broken surface and the brown grass of the fallow fields, her soul revolted at the very sight of the ground. Yet now she leaned against the doorpost and looked across the brown earth to where she knew the single line of the railroad ran.

In the long summer days she had two visits from Jim Purdy, for then it was still light enough when he came past at 6 to wave a signal and to receive the answering toot that was to be heard only when the wind was from the south. At other times only the puff of steam from the whistle told of the signal.

These were about the only visits Myra received. Robert Sackett was a close grained, self contained egotist, and young men were not made welcome at the Sackett quarter section. Purdy had come in spite of the surly reception he had received from the father of the girl he loved. There had been long calls on pleasant summer nights and plans for what they would do when Jim should have completed his probation as engineer and should be given a regular run.

Myra had promised to marry him when all this should come to pass. They would live at the end of the division, where they was a town of 10,000 inhabitants and where the dreary monotony of the plains was broken by the close proximity of the mountains. Yet when Jim had come to claim her hand, aglow with joy over his promotion, she had drawn back.

"I can't leave dad," she explained simply. "Mother told me to take care of him, and I promised her that I would. Promises to the dead can't be broken, Jim."

"But she didn't mean that you must spend your whole life and give up your own happiness just to make Mr. Sackett comfortable," the man denied. "She didn't mean that, Myra. She only meant you were to look after him in a way. Your pa would be just as well satisfied with a hired cook."

Myra shook her head in negation even while she knew that what Jim said was true. In the summer when the crops were in there were half a dozen men to cook for, and from morning until late in the night she toiled in the hot kitchen. In the winter Sackett spent much of his time in the nearest town, some eighteen miles away, leaving Myra alone in the homestead.

It was of these things she thought as she looked out across the billows of unlovely earth and wondered if perhaps the sacrifice was not in vain. It was much as Jim had said—Robert Sackett would be as happy and as comfortable under the ministrations of a hired housewife.

Day after day she had stood in the doorway after Jim's train had passed, wondering if perhaps she had not made more than the sacrifice that her mother had demanded and seeking some sign by which she might be guided. No sign came, however, and there was only the dreary prospect of an unending round of drudgery, with no compensating words of thanks and affection.

Her hands clinched as she thought of the last two years, those years in which she might have been Purdy's wife, when she might have exchanged the dreary round of the quarter section for a cozy home in a town where the Rockies towered above them and all was not flat and deadly monotonous of outline.

She still stood there as the familiar team attached to the heavy farm wagon crept over the edge of the nearest billow of earth. Sackett, in the driver's seat, gave no heed to Myra's signaling, but drove stolidly on until at last he had turned into the home inclosure and lumbered down from the seat, tossing to Myra a couple of letters addressed in Purdy's familiar handwriting.

"It was late when I got through last night," he said sheepishly as he removed with care a demijohn from the wagon box and took it into the barn.

Myra nodded understandingly. It always was late when her father concluded his simple business errands, too late to make it worth while to get back to the homestead that night. He salved his conscience with this time worn fiction and spent a roisterous night at the Eagle hotel. She left him to put up the tired horses, while she hurried into the house to read her letters and prepare dinner.

Her soul stirred at the thought of the drudgery before her young life for the sake of a man who left her alone in the sod house while he spent the night dissipating in town. Jim's pleadings were hard to resist, and as she tucked the letters into her workbox she prayed for a sign for her guidance.

When Sackett came in dinner was smoking on the table, and he pulled up his chair with a grunt of satisfaction. The meal was enlivened by no gossip of the town. Sackett ate in stony silence, now and then regarding his daughter from beneath his bushy eyebrows. Myra's hands clinched under the tablecloth as she noted the sign.

It was a certain indication that he had to confess some indiscretion which he knew he could not conceal from her. The last time it had been the loss of the market money in an effort to beat a card sharper at three card monte.

Sackett carefully finished off a second helping of pie, but he did not push back his chair as a sign that he was through. The wrinkled cheeks reddened under the tan, and his eyes grew small and cunning.

"I got to go to town again tomorrow," he announced. "I met the Widow Lusk, and she says she'll marry me. She don't think it right that you should be left alone so much with no mother to look after you."

"Are you marrying the widow on my account?" asked Myra coldly.

"The widow is a fine woman," declared Sackett, a twinkle of appreciation in his beady eyes. "Of course I'll admit that I kinder like her, but she's right when she says you're left too much alone. I'll drive in tomorrow and bring her out."

"I'll go in with you," announced Myra as she gathered up the plates before her and rose from the table. "I was praying for a sign, but I didn't think that the Widow Lusk would be the sign."

"Sign for what?" asked Sackett curiously.

"A sign that it would be right for me to marry Jim," explained Myra. "He wrote the other day that any time I decided to say 'yes' I only had to build two bonfires where he could see them and be in town the next night when he pulled the eastbound overland over the division. I'm going out to fix the fires now so he'll be expecting me tomorrow."

That night the passengers on the eastbound overland sprang from their seats in alarm as the whistle shrieked demoniacally, and then they braced themselves for the shock of the collision which never came. They could not know that the young engineer had received a sign from Myra and that he knew that her slavery was at an end.

Chinese Kites.

Great ingenuity is displayed by the Chinese in the manufacture of kites. Kites of the angular shape, common among ourselves, are never seen, the designers representing at their own sweet will flowers, birds, fish and in fact anything that may be found on the earth or in the waters under the earth. Many of them are extremely beautiful and do infinite credit to the artistic tastes of the people. Human figures representing historical or mythical events are very commonly used, while emblems such as the double fish and characters of felicitous import, such, for example, as shou (longevity) and chi (good fortune), are favorite subjects. On some of them musical strings are so arranged that they emit sounds of melody as they fly aloft. The first ones so constructed are said to have been instrumental in saving an army when in dire distress. The general commanding this unfortunate force, being hemmed in by the enemy, resorted to the stratagem of flying in the dead of night a number of kites with musical strings so arranged as to emit sounds resembling the words, "Beware of Han." Like the Syrians, at the noise of the chariot wheels, the contending host took flight at the sound and were destroyed—horse, foot and dragoons.

Domestic Philosophy.

Two apparently well content and jovial benedicts were discussing the infelicities of married life in tones easily overheard as they came downtown in a trolley car the other day. "Now, my wife and I rarely quarrel," said one, "and it is soon over when we do, but I had opportunity the other evening to impress a bit of domestic philosophy. We were sitting at the library table, with tabby comfortably snoozing on one side and a young collie dog blinking at the other end. 'Why can't we always live pleasantly together like those two?' remarked my wife suddenly. I didn't say anything, but a thought occurred to me, and, getting up, I fetched a piece of string and tied one end to the cat's ear and the other around the dog's front leg. In about two seconds there was a mixup, and if I hadn't stopped it quickly by cutting the string there would have been little left of either the dog or the cat. 'Now, that's my idea,' said I, 'why most married people quarrel. They can't get far enough from each other when one happens to feel hurt,' and my wife didn't say a word."—Philadelphia Record.

A Woman and a Watch

"Women don't deserve to own watches," recently remarked a jeweler. "They don't know how to take care of them. A woman bought a watch from my firm recently, and I gave her strict instructions to wind it every twenty-four hours and always at the same hour as nearly as possible. Two days later she came back with it and said it had stopped. Well, I found it had run down. I told her, but she insisted she had wound it. Two or three days later she came back with the same complaint, and again I tried to impress her with the necessity for winding it. Again she insisted she had done so and went away miffed. The third time she came I asked her to show me how she had wound it. Then I made a peculiar discovery. The woman was left handed, and in attempting to wind the watch she had wound it the wrong way. I've had peculiar experiences with customers, but that beats all."—New York Sun.

Painting a Yawn.

A picture by Miss Maud Earl, who has been called the lady Landseer, entitled "The Vagabonds," is a marvelous portrait of two decidedly bohemian Irish terriers, one of which is yawning widely at the spectator. Miss Earl found that her canine model would not yawn, so she had to sit in front of him and yawn herself for a long time. Suddenly he took the hint and proved an admirable sitter. But when the picture was exhibited it made all the people who came to see it yawn themselves, and Miss Earl used to mingle with the crowd and watch with intense amusement the yawns running round the company.—London M. A. P.

Japanese Women.

We do not deny that in the days of old Japan women were taught and trained to hold and did occupy a position inferior to that of man, although as mothers they were regarded with the highest respect and devotion. But those days are gone, and today our daughters are given full freedom to live and act with perfect equality as their sisters of the west, while our mothers retain their old positions of honor and esteem.—Japan Times.

MARS' SEASONS.

Vital In the Vegetative Economy of the Planet's Year.

Were Mars not an old planet, corroborating by absence of cloud the general course of planetary development, our knowledge of it would have been slight. To begin with, it enables us to mark the permanency in place of the planet's features and so to time their axial rotation, by which we come to knowledge of the planet's day. This day proves to differ little from our own in duration, being 24 hours 40 minutes long instead of 24 hours. Next it discloses the tilt of the axis to the planet's orbital plane, a relation which causes the seasons of the year. Now, the Martian tilt as well as the Martian time of rotation turns out to be singularly like our own, being, in fact, 24 degrees as against 23½ degrees for the earth. The year of Mars, however, is twice ours in length, which, joined to great eccentricity of orbit, gives it diversifiedly long seasons. Thus in the northern hemisphere spring lasts 199 days, summer 183, autumn 147 and winter 158, while in its southern hemisphere the figures stand reversed.

The numbers have more than academic importance, for absolute length is as vital a factor in a season's influence as the fact of the season itself. Much may be brought to pass in twice the time which could not develop in the shorter period, and it is not a little interesting that precisely this possibility actually turns out to be vital in the vegetative economy of the planet's year.—Percival Lowell in Century.

HER TWO PRAYERS.

Both Were Answered, but the Results Were Discouraging.

During and for many years after the civil war there lived in Franklin county, Mo., where the old state road, built before the days of railroads, crossed Boeuf river, a Mrs. Samuel Hutton, who met with the misfortune of having two of her prayers answered, and thereafter, her neighbors used to say, she never prayed again. And this happened during the civil war.

"Sam being away in the Confederate army," was the way she used to tell it, "I got lonesome among so many bragging stay at home northerners that one day I got down on my knees and prayed for the southern boys to come and clean out the neighborhood, and it wasn't a week before along came General Pap Price's army, and, it being near dark, the whole outfit camped along the river, confiscated all my stock feed, robbed my chicken roost and burned half the fence rails on the place without asking my permission. As I didn't know where Sam was to tell him what the scamps had done, I prayed again, asking the Lord to send the Federals to chase Pap Price to the jumping off place. It was about sundown that day when I looked up the road and saw my answer coming, and the northern boys stopped at the river for the night, ate what food the Confederates had left me and destroyed the balance of the fence rails."—Buffalo Times.

Soft Hearted Bill!

"Ah, dearie me!" sighed the woman when Mrs. Pipkins, the sympathetic parishioner, called upon her. "Yes, there was worse men than my poor Bill, but there, 'e's took now—gone. 'E 'ad his good points, 'ad Bill."

"I am indeed glad to hear it," said Mrs. Pipkins.

"Poor Bill," went on the bereaved woman, "'e—well, 'e weren't exactly 'andsome, but 'e were soft 'earted enough to smoke like a chimbly whenever 'e left the 'ouse."

"Indeed!" broke in the visitor. "But I fail to see the connection between smoking and"—

"That's becos you never seed my poor Bill," put in the widow. "Bill weren't pretty, and 'e knowed it—but there—sooner than scare hinnercent little children into a fit Bill always 'id that terrible mug o' 'is in a cloud o' smoke. Yes, 'e was soft 'earted and thoughtful for others, was Bill."—London Answers.

Corporal Punishment.

Corporal punishment formerly had a wider significance than mere whipping. Henry de Bracton, chief justiciary of England in the reign of Henry III., divided corporal punishment into two kinds—those inflicted with and without torture. The stocks and the pillory would rank as corporal punishment; also mutilations and other grim tortures when imposed not to extort confessions, but as penalties, and the branding in the hand for felony, which was not abolished until George III.'s time.

A Permanent Place.

There was not even standing room in the 6 o'clock crowded car, but one more passenger, a young woman, wedged her way along just inside the doorway. Each time the car took a sudden lurch forward she fell helplessly back, and three times she landed in the arms of a large, comfortable man on the back platform. The third time it happened he said quietly, "Hadn't you better stay here?"—New York World.

Their Standard.

"Say," asked the first messenger boy, "got any novels ter swop?"

"I got 'Big Foot Bill's Revenge,'" replied the other.

"Is it a long story?"

'Naw! Ye kin finish it easy in two messages."—Philadelphia Press.

His Reasoning.

Bobby—I believe you are engaged to Mr. Snooks at last, sis! Sis—What makes you think so? Bobby—Because he's stopped giving me pennies!—London Opinion.

Involved.

Binks—I notice that you have a thread tied round your finger. I suppose that is to remind you of something. Jinks—Not exactly. It is to remind my wife to ask me if I forgot something she told me to remember.—Harper's Weekly.

Force of Habit.

Lady (formerly a telephone girl)—Porter, why didn't you call me, as I instructed you? Sleeping Car Porter—I did, ma'am. Sure's you're born, I did. I said, "Seven-thirty, ma'am," an' you said, "Line's out of order."—Pick-Me-Up.

He that will not be counseled cannot be helped.—German Proverb.

Two Ways Out.

"What would you do," asked the excited politician, "if a paper should call you a liar and a thief?"

"Well," said the lawyer, "if I were you I'd toss up to see whether I'd reform or thrash the editor."—Pick-Me-Up.

THE AMERICAN THEATER.

It Should Not Be a Toy—It Should Be Made an Educator.

To claim that the stage, no matter how improved, could work an immediate revolution in the manners and taste of our people would be manifestly absurd, but it is entirely safe to say that the theater could, in the matters which are apparently so unimportant in life, yet which mean so much, be an important factor in molding at least the externals of our national character. This means, however, that, busy as we are, we should give the theater a more important place in our thoughts and in our scheme of popular education than that at present allotted to it. Nor is the claim that the theater might be made a teacher of improvement in the minor things of life the only one that can be made for it. It might be made the medium for the elevation of the popular taste in all the arts and in literature and even for the inculcation of the principles of lofty thought and right living. It may seem strange that a people so clever as we are have neglected this potent influence for good and have regarded it only as a toy for our amusement, to be shaped and fashioned by the toy merchant solely with a view to making it catch the fancy and therefore become a salable and profitable article of merchandise. But, as we are a busy and, on the whole, a self satisfied people, beyond our pursuits and ambitions we look only for the amusements which shall be the least burden to us.—J. S. Metcalfe in Atlantic.

"PELE'S HAIR."

A Product of the Gigantic Hawaiian Volcano Mauna Loa.

Mauna Loa, the gigantic Hawaiian volcano, has two craters or openings, one of which, Kilauea, is the largest active volcanic crater in the world. The mountain is 14,100 feet high and Kilauea is situated on the eastern side about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. This marvelous crater is really a vast lake of boiling lava which rises and falls continually by the action of subterranean fires. In tossing to and fro like a troubled sea of molten metal the lava is dashed against the cliffs and hardens there in the form of long glassy filaments, gigantic knobs, miniature trees and in imitation of grass, leaves, etc.

Another form of glassy filament to be found along the shores of this fiery lake is in the shape of queer bunches and tufts of lava made up of an aggregation of vitreous threads which the natives call "Pele's hair," Pele being the goddess to whom the mountain is dedicated. These glassy threads appear to be caused by the passage of steam through the molten lava. In so doing small particles in the shape of bubble-like balloons are thrown into the air, leaving a tail behind like a comet. When the scene of these miniature steam eruptions is near a rock or shore all solid and cool surfaces are found covered with bunches of "Pele's hair." This "hair" was formerly used in mystic native ceremonies.

Canal Locks In China.

The contrivances for locks along the Grand canal in China are very simple—stout boards, with ropes at each end of them, being let down edgewise over each other through grooves in the stone piers. Boats are dragged through and up the sluices by means of ropes communicating with large windlasses worked on the bank, which haul them safely, but very slowly. Artificial basins were hollowed out in the banks of the canal at these locks, where boats might anchor securely. The sluices which keep the necessary level are of very rude construction. Soldiers and workmen are constantly in attendance at these sluices, and the danger to boats is diminished by coils of rope hung down at the sides to break the force of possible blows.—Technical World Magazine.

A Phenomenon.

A handy word much misused is "phenomenon." The London Globe once heard a man explaining its meaning to a friend. He did it as follows: "Now, if you see a cow in a medder," he said didactically, "that's not a phinomeena. It's a pretty animal and what not, but it ain't a phinomeena. And if you see a thistle in a medder that ain't a phinomeena. Nor if you see a lark in the medder that ain't a phinomeena. It's a pretty bird and what not, but it ain't a phinomeena. But if you was to see that cow sitting on that thistle and singing like that lark that would be a phinomeena." His friend said, yes, he saw now.

The Bull of Perillus.

Perillus of Athens is said to have invented for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, 570 B. C., a brazen bull which opened on the side to admit victims who were to be roasted by the fire which was built underneath. The dying groans of the sufferers resembled closely the roaring of a mad bull. Phalaris greatly admired the invention and by way of test roasted the inventor first. Later the populace rose in rebellion and burned Phalaris.—Philadelphia North American.

Must Have Been.

"Ah, Lady B., I had the pleasure of meeting you last year. And how is your dear little girl?"

"My little boy is quite well, thank you."

"Little boy? Ah, yes, of course! I knew it was one of the two."—London Globe.

The Silver Lining and the Cloud.

Doctor—When can you pay me my bill for curing you of insomnia? Patient—I don't know, doctor; I sleep so soundly now that my wife goes through my pockets every night and takes everything.—Judy.

A Nautical Secret.

Passenger—What makes this boat pitch so? Sailor—That's a nautical secret, ma'am, that we don't like to give away; but, seein' it's you, I don't mind tellin' you that it's the waves.—San Francisco Call.

He Wanted to Know.

The Employer (coldly)—Why are you so late? The Suburbanite (guiltily)—There were two wrecks on the track this morning, and— The Employer (testily)—Who was the other one?

Partly True.

Mr. Nix—I don't believe a word of your story! Weary—Well, that part about my bein' out of work for nine years is as true as gospel!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Healer.

"Why, Sharpe, I'm glad to see you so lively again. You were quite lame when I last met you."

"Oh, yes; I was awfully lame then. But that was before I got a verdict of $5,000 against the railway company."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson I.—Second Quarter, For April 5, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John x, 1-18. Memory Verse, 9—Golden Text, John x, 11—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

In this gospel we have already seen Him as the Life and the Light, the Lamb of God, the Temple of God, the Bridegroom, the Messiah, Son of God, King of Israel, the Fountain of Living Water, the Judge of all Mankind, the Living Bread from Heaven, but in this lesson He is the Good Shepherd, laying down His life for the sheep, and He is also the Door, the only way of entrance to the fold.

To Israel God said, "Ye, my flock, the flock of my pasture are men," and David by the Spirit sang, "We are His people and the sheep of His pasture" (Ezek. xxxiv, 31; Ps. c, 3). It is true of both Jews and gentiles that "all we, like sheep, have gone astray," and each one can say for himself, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep" (Isa. liii, 6; Ps. cxix, 176). When sheep have strayed, as they are so prone to do, it is not their way to return home. They must be sought by the shepherd, and from the story of Adam and Eve all the way down the Lord is ever the seeker. He rejoices when He finds a lost one to lay it on His shoulders and bring it home. He gathers the lambs with His arm and carries them in His bosom and gently leads those that are with young (Luke xv, 3-7; Isa. xl, 11). He is spoken of as the Shepherd of Israel, who leadest Joseph like a flock, and some day the great shepherd psalm (xxiii) as well as their national anthem, written so long ago (Isa. xii), shall be truly sung by all Israel. Happy indeed are all who can now sing from the heart, "The Lord is my Shepherd!" Israel has had shepherds who scattered the sheep and who fed themselves instead of the flock, but she shall yet have one Shepherd who will feed them in a good pasture upon the high mountains of Israel, and they shall be a blessing to many. There shall be showers of blessing (Jer. xxiii; Ezek. xxxiv). While we wait for Israel's future and worldwide blessing through them there is a fold for His saved ones now, to whom He gives eternal life and concerning whom He says, "They shall never perish; neither shall any pluck them out of my hand" (verses, 27-30). Dr. Morgan tells of a shepherd who, explaining about there being no door to his sheepfold, said, "Oh, I am the door, and when all my sheep are in and the night comes down I lie down across the doorway, and no sheep goes out except over my prostrate figure, and no wolf comes in except over me." There is no other entrance to this fold but by the Door, even Jesus Himself, the Way, the Truth, the Life, but any man may enter by this door and be saved, and then in all the going in and out of daily life be kept and nourished and cared for by the Good Shepherd (verse 9; Ps. cxxi, 8; John xiv, 6; Heb. x, 19, 20).

There are those who try to enter otherwise than by the door, but He says that all such are thieves and robbers, for they attempt to appropriate that which can be had only in Christ by virtue of His life laid down for the lost. Speaking of those who came before Him as thieves, He cannot refer to patriarchs or prophets or John the Baptist, but to such as would take His place, if possible, and lead people after themselves. The sense may be seen in Ex. xx, 3, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me," and an illustration is seen in Isa. xxvi, 13, "O Lord, our God, other lords beside Thee have had dominion over us." The devil, the great destroyer, and all his agents seek to usurp the place that belongs to the Lord alone, but only to steal, to kill, to destroy. The one aim of the Good Shepherd is to give life to those who are being destroyed and when delivered from the destroyer to give them life more abundantly (verse 10). He never seeks aught for Himself, but all for His sheep, whom the Father has given to Him. The hirelings, who think more of the hire than of the sheep, are described in Phil. ii, 21; iii, 18, 19, as those who seek their own and not the things which are Jesus Christ's, enemies of the cross of Christ, who mind earthly things.

Jesus seemed to take delight in the fact that He was in the Father and the Father in Him (verse 38), and He desires us to have the same joy (chapter xvii, 21-23), that the world may believe and know. We must remember that when He dwells in us and we in Him the world will hate and ill treat us, as it did Him, for unto us it is given in the behalf of Christ not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake (Phil. i, 29). Green pastures and waters of quietness will be ours just so far as they are for our highest good, but if He lead otherwise such a shepherd cannot make a mistake. We shall no doubt find that Ps. xxiii in its complete fulfillment will be seen in Israel in millennial days, but we may have a large foretaste even now. He calls us by name, leads us out, goes before us, and it is ours to follow fully, like Caleb and Joshua.

In this lesson He is the Good Shepherd, laying down His life for the sheep; in Heb. xiii, 20, 21, He is the Great Shepherd, working in us that which is well pleasing in His sight; in I Pet. v, 1-4, He is the Chief Shepherd, who will give rewards to His faithful followers in that day, a crown of glory to those who feed the flock.

Too Significant.

"These Spanish names in California puzzle me, but some of them have very interesting meanings," commented a guest of one of the hotels.

"Yes?" said the manager.

"They do, for a fact; they really do. I am keeping track of a list in my notebook. But the funny thing was in Santa Barbara. Listen to this: 'Indio Muerto street, meaning dead Indian.' Ah, here it is, the one I was after, a street named 'Salsipuedes.' Well, this street's the one that runs to the hospital up on the sloping hillside above the town. When they built the hospital they were at a loss for a name. Some one suggested calling it after this street. And they did. Then they happened to look up the meaning of the word."

"And what does it mean?" asked the manager.

"'Salsipuedes' was originally a street that wandered up and down through a series of ravines, and it means 'Get out if you can.' Good name for a jail, but not for a hospital."—San Francisco Chronicle.

EXPLOSIVES.

How They Are "Set Off" and How They May Be Handled.

There are two ways in which an explosive may be set off—by burning and by detonation. The burning process is progressive from one particle to another, as of fire in a grate, only infinitely more rapid. This process is adapted to gunpowder, requiring, as it does, a very short time for the burning up of the explosive body. The other form of explosion, the detonative, being at once throughout the mass, is unfitted for use in guns, which would be smashed to pieces, but is adapted to shattering or breaking purposes, such as blasting rocks in mining operations and bursting charges in shells, torpedoes and submarine mines. Substances of the latter sort are termed high explosives. Some examples may be given of the safety with which the most dangerous explosives may ordinarily be handled. For instance, a considerable quantity of gun cotton, such as pure cotton treated with nitric acid, may be set afire and will burn quietly, but if a sufficient mass be set afire the heat and pressure on the surface of the burning body will cause the whole to be exploded. A torpedo filled with wet compressed gun cotton will not explode if a shell from a cannon should penetrate it and burst in the mass of gun cotton. Even nitroglycerin will burn like oil in small quantities, and a stick of nitroglycerin may be set on fire without danger of harm.—St. Nicholas.

A CHARMED KEY.

Its Refusal to Work and What Might Have Happened.

You may be interested to hear of a thing which happened to me in Brittany last summer. I had to sign some railway transfers before the nearest British consul, who was at Brest. I locked up the papers and railway stock in a Breton cupboard as high as the ceiling and very solid. I kept the key in my pocket.

When my cousin and I were ready to start, I took out the key, and it would not open its own cupboard. The servants came in turn and tried in vain. We had to miss our train to Quimper, which was our first stage to Brest. Now, our village locksmith was very rough and ready, so the next morning I said I would try the key myself once more before he perhaps ruined my lock.

The key fitted perfectly, the cupboard opened easily, we got the papers, and we went. But, imagine, we found at the station placards posted up telling of the awful wreck of the Brest train the day before, and it was the train in which we should have been but for the obstinacy of the key. We saw the carriages all fallen into the river, and the dead and dying were in the hospital at Quimper. We feel this to be a preservation wrought from the next world that is so near.—Mrs. Hodgson Pratt in Light.

Savage Crabs.

The most savage specimen of the crab species is found in Japan, seeming to dream of nothing but fighting, to delight in nothing half so much. The minute he spies another of his kind he scrapes his claws together in rage, challenging him to the combat. Not a moment is wasted in preliminaries, but at it they go, hammer and tongs. It sounds like two rocks grinding against one another. The sand flies as the warriors push each other hither and thither until at last one of them stretches himself out in the sun, tired to death. But he does not beg for mercy or attempt to run away, only feebly rubbing his claws together in defiance of the foe. That foe comes closer, and, with his claws trembling with joy at his victory, the conqueror catches hold of one claw of the vanquished crab, twists it until it comes off and bears away the palpitating limb as a trophy of his prowess. Such is a battle between warrior crabs.

Arctic Dog Life.

Nowhere in the world has the dog such unrestricted right of way as in our most northerly possession—Alaska. In winter, when the more than 600,000 square miles of territory are sealed up in solid ice, dogs are almost the sole means of getting from place to place—in fact, they seem necessary to life itself.

The aristocrats of arctic dog life are the mail teams in the service of the United States government. They are today a superior breed to the dogs employed some half dozen years ago before great gold discoveries demanded increased mail service.—Lida Rose McCabe in St. Nicholas.

A Useful Tree.

The carnahuba palm of Brazil may be said to be the world's most useful tree. Its roots make a very valuable drug, a blood purifier. Its timber will take a high polish and is in demand among cabinetmakers for fine work. The sap becomes wine or vinegar, according to the way it is prepared, and starch and sugar are also obtained from this sap.

The fruit of the tree is a cattle food, the nut is a good coffee substitute, and the pith makes corks.

Sarcastic.

Mr. Smith (after ill tempered speech by Brown)—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, following the example of Mr. Brown's luncheon, I shall venture to disagree with him.—Punch.

A Logical Conclusion.

"The old time sailors do not seem to think much of steam vessels."

"Well, it is only natural for an old sea dog to stick to his bark."—Baltimore American.

Sincerity and truth are the basis of every virtue.—Confucius.

Hunter's Waterproof Matchbox.

There is not a match safe made, so far as I know, that meets all of the requirements of the sportsman as well as a ten or twelve gauge brass shell closed with a cork stopper. This makes a safe that is absolutely waterproof, easily opened, is cheap and that will float. If one wishes to provide against the loss of the stopper, a cord may be fastened about the cork and the other end fastened about the base of the shell.—Cor. Forest and Stream.

A Pair of Trade Winners.

"I've never had any great luck," declared the pessimist.

"Neither have I," admitted the optimist.

"Made my money by hard work and advertising."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Very Quiet.

Lady Visitor—That new girl of yours seems very nice and quiet. Mistress of the House—Yes, she's very quiet. She doesn't even disturb the dust when she's cleaning the room.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect December 16, 1907.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m., 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6 32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p. m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2 02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 22 p m until 10.22 p. m., then 11 00 p m) SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Sunday, January 5, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6 52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

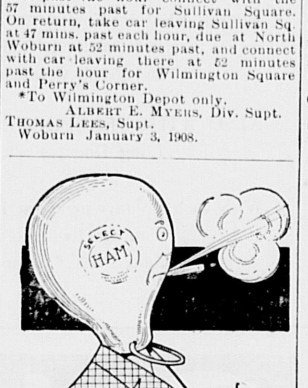
Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10 37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8 37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn January 3, 1908.



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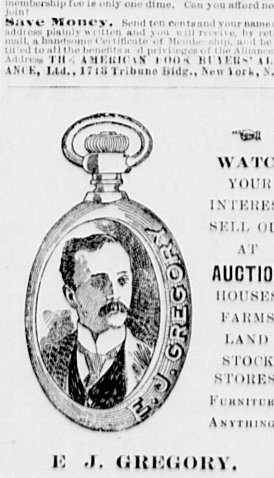

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announces a change in his Woburn office hours. Hereafter he will be at his Woburn office in the Johnson Block, 349 Main Street, mornings from 8 to 8.50, and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9. Boston Office, 10 Tremont Street. Telephones: Woburn 272-1, and Main 3908-2.

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Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.15, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at [illegible] A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11.45 P. M.

[illegible]

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at [illegible] P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at [illegible] and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at [illegible] A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.45, †11.45 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at [illegible] P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at [illegible] until 10.00 P. M.

†To Stoneham Sq. only.
‡To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb 15, 1906.

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NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Notice To Patrons,

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington. Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect December 16, 1907

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55 †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23 †10.21, †10.53, §11.01, †11.38 a. m., §12.05, †12.59 †2.00, §2.00, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.26, †5.02 †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.
LOWELL— †6.24, †8.22, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, † §5.26, †6.42, §9.27, §11.02, †10.59, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26 †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †L6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, Pas. Traf. Mgr. C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Ag

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

Box.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
712	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

M. J. MULKEEN,

Steamship Agent.

Notary Public
— AND —
Justice of the Peace.

Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN

OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

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Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.

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CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR,

H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State BOSTON, MASS.

Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

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No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

E. PRIOR,

AUCTIONEER.

Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.

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A Gentleman of Leisure.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

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It was said of him along the street on which he lived that Desmond Fitzgerald was as lazy as he was handsome. While his neighbors rose early and went to work Desmond idled about in the city parks, sitting on the benches and reading papers that brisker occupants had discarded. If this diversion failed he would stroll down Broadway, watching, with an eye keen for every detail of humor, the life that went on around him. Occasionally he procured a job and then gave it up as soon as he had acquired money enough to carry him through the next three weeks. And as his wants were small a few dollars lasted a long time. There was no one dependent on him, and that was the excuse he made to himself for being as shiftless a young fellow as could be found in a summer's day.

When the weather was warm he would loiter along the streets that bordered the water front, where the wind swept in fresh and cool and full of a tang of the sea. Here and there he met acquaintances loading drays and hauling crates. Perching in some convenient nook, Desmond would amuse himself for hours with comments on the season and the advisability of shirking labor whenever it was possible. It was on one of these occasions that he neared a dump where men on wagons and scows were actively disposing of the city's rubbish. There he espied Thomas Macdonough shoveling away for dear life and the lives of others, for Thomas had a wife and six children.

As Thomas paused to wipe the sweat from his brow Desmond strolled up.

"How are you, Thomas, this fine day?" he asked sociably. "That must be hot work you're doing! Who'd think there was that much ashes and old tin cans in New York!"

Thomas' only answer was a grunt. He had no time for such aimless conversation as Desmond's. But the latter, not a whit disconcerted, sat on a barrel near by and watched the workers and beyond them the warehouses and wharfs and the forest of masts and smokestacks outlined against the radiant blue of the sky. Ferryboats passed in the distance. Tugs went busily to and fro and rocked the grimy coal barges with their swell. Presently a hundred bells and whistles proclaimed that it was noon, and Thomas dropped his shovel with a great breath and stretched himself.

"Why do you stop for such an insignificant thing as a midday meal?" queried Desmond amusedly, and then the words died on his lips at the sight of the girl who was bringing Thomas' dinner pail. She wore a pretty blue calico gown which gave a glimpse of her white throat. Her eyes were gray and frank as a child's. Brown hair curled softly around her forehead.

"Here's your dinner, uncle," she said. "I brought you some sandwiches that I made myself and a bottle of iced tea that will do your heart good."

"You're a jewel, Kitty," said Thomas, "a jewel worth having!"

So Desmond thought as he regarded her.

"Will you not introduce me?" he urged, plucking at Thomas' sleeve.

"Kitty, my dear," said Thomas, "let me make you acquainted with Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, gentleman of leisure."

An adorable dimple showed in Kitty's cheek.

"Uncle Thomas must always have his fun!" she smiled. "Have you been working here long?" nodding toward the dump.

"I don't work here at all," answered Desmond.

"On the river, maybe," she hazarded, "or building houses?"

"No!" This guessing game was making Desmond most uncomfortable.

"Oh, then, you're on the street cleaning force!" she laughed triumphantly.

"Nonsense, Kitty!" her uncle interposed. "What's the good of all these questions? He's what I told you he was—a gentleman of leisure."

Kitty's face grew grave.

"You've been ill maybe and not fit to work?" She turned to Desmond solicitously.

"I don't work at all except when I have to!" he blurted.

"Oh!" said Kitty, and Thomas' iced tea was not half so cold as her voice. "I'd best be running home now," she said to her uncle. "The children will be looking for me. Good day, Mr. Fitzgerald," she added, with a half glance over her shoulder at the miserable Desmond.

"She's a great one to hustle, is Kitty," observed her uncle, his proud eyes watching her retreating form.

"Do they need extra men at this job?" was Desmond's abrupt query.

"They do," replied Thomas, and Desmond went to work next day. It was very hot, and his muscles ached, and he began to think how refreshing it would be to be sprawled on a park bench drowsily reading a paper and listening to the sparrows twittering about the fountain. Shoveling at the dump was the hardest work that Desmond had done in the course of his twenty-five years.

"Bad luck to me for tackling it!" he muttered. "And won't I get out of it in the mischief of a hurry!"

With noon came Kitty and Thomas' dinner pail.

"It is only for a sight of you that I'm here," announced Desmond.

"Did you kiss the blarney stone for breakfast?" said Kitty. Her look of approval brightened Desmond somewhat, but he was still in a disgruntled mood.

"What's the use of a man's having to work at all?" he complained. "That's what I don't see! Of course it's different if you have a fine, easy job. I wish I had one like Matthew Carrol's—no work and plenty of pay—or Jim Johnson's, bossing a lot of ditch diggers. That's a comfortable thing! 'Twas by pull he got it, and I wish I had his luck. Then," with a meaning glance at Kitty—"then I'd have a wife and live in fine style."

Kitty's cheeks flamed and her eyes flashed.

"The man I marry," she cried, "will fight his own way up. He'll have a backbone, not a wishbone, Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald."

The phrase dwelt with Desmond the rest of the day. He shoveled vengefully.

"A backbone instead of a wishbone," he kept repeating. "The cheek of the girl to say a thing like that to me!"

His anger at Kitty became more and more poignant, and when Thomas spoke to him he made it apparent that he wished to have nothing further to do with any member of the family of Macdonough.

Next noon a tousle headed youngster brought Thomas' dinner pail.

"Where's Kitty?" Desmond ventured to inquire.

"Sick." Thomas was huskily laconic.

Desmond's anger cooled with a suddenness astonishing even to himself. A lump rose to his throat and a quick mist to his eyes. Sick, was she, the poor girl! Like as not she had overworked helping her aunt and the children. What she needed was some one to watch over her and take care of her. He would buy her some flowers that very evening. But when he came to turn out his pockets he found that 50 cents comprised his worldly store.

"It will buy a dozen of some kind of posies, though," he thought, "and what's a bite to eat compared to that? I'm not hungry, anyhow."

He found his way to Kitty's tenement with a box of pink carnations, and Kitty's aunt opened the door.

"Who will I say they're from?" she questioned in the subdued tones people use in sickrooms.

"Tell—tell her they're from Desmond," he stammered, swallowing hard. He groped his way down the rickety stairs, inwardly determined to send her roses every other day. As for the money, he could work evenings. There were always plenty of odd jobs for a man who was willing.

So each morning Thomas told him how she was, and all day long and far into the night Desmond worked with passionate energy, an energy which helped him in part to forget two dreadful questions: What if Kitty didn't get well? And what if there were another man whom she loved?

"And not the lazy vagabond I must have seemed," reflected poor Desmond, musing bitterly on his wasted years.

But Kitty gained and gained and was sitting on a rocking chair by the window when Desmond went to see her, a box of roses under his arm. She was as pale as the soft white wrapper that she wore, yet she flushed at sight of him and held out a thin little hand.

"Oh, Desmond," she said, "you've been so good to me, and the flowers were lovely. I couldn't have got well without them. They made my room like a garden when I used to lie there and look at them. And they tell me—they tell me you're doing fine!"

"If I am it is all owing to you, Kitty," said Desmond, fumbling in his pocket.

"What have you there?" she cried.

Desmond looked a bit shamefaced and drew out a wishbone.

"Do you mind what you told me about a backbone being the best thing in life? I've brought you this as a sign I'll win my own way up instead of wishing."

Kitty's eyes danced.

"But, Desmond," she objected, "the bone was meant to be broken, so suppose you take one wish more, the last of all, and then have done with it forever? 'Twill be a kind of celebration."

"Right you are!" cried Desmond. "Here goes!"

They pulled.

"I win!" cried Desmond breathlessly. "I win! And do you know what it was that I wanted? I wished that I might marry Kitty Macdonough, the sweetest girl in the whole wide world."

Kitty hid her blushing face on Desmond's shoulder.

"And I wished the very same thing," she whispered.

Montaigne's Chateau.

The upper room in the round tower of the chateau of Montaigne, in Perigord, is practically unaltered since the lord of the chateau housed his books there and wrote his essays. On the walls and on the ceiling are traces of the paintings that once adorned them. A visitor to the tower says in the London Globe:

"On the ground floor was Montaigne's chapel, above were his bedchamber and private apartments, while on the third story was a beloved book room. 'There,' says the essayist, 'I turn over now one book and then another on various subjects without method or design. One while I meditate, another I record and dictate, as I walk to and fro, such whimsies as these I present to you here.' The walking to and fro seems to have been essential to production. Montaigne says his thoughts slept if he sat still. His fancy only went as his legs moved. Round the walls of the room stood the ordered ranks of books arranged upon five rows of shelves, while from the three windows the peripatetic essayist could not only overlook his own family and household concerns below, but could let his eyes range over fine and varied prospects."

Helping Him Out.

Mr. Lord looked so grave one evening that his wife, a very young one, noticed it and asked what was the matter.

"I suppose business is troubling you," she surmised shrewdly. "If you've struck a snag, why don't you tell me, and perhaps I may be able to help you?"

After more affectionate adjuration Lord admitted that his payroll bothered him.

"I've made it up as far as the workmen go," he said, "but if I pay the stenographer there won't be a penny left for Davis and me. Davis says he can't stand that. He must have some money this month."

Lord's wife was momentarily grave; then her face brightened.

"Why don't you give the stenographer a month's vacation," she suggested eagerly, "then divide what there is with Davis? It seems to me," judicially, "that would be fair all round."—Youth's Companion.

GOT HIS MONEY.

The New Depositor Made Quick Work With His Check Book.

During a financial stringency a Swedish farmer in one of the middle west states had sold some hogs on the local market and upon receiving his check in payment immediately went to the local bank to realize on his sale. Upon presentment of the check the banker said to him, "Do you wish the money on this check?"

"Vell, I tank I yust so vell take him," was the quick reply.

"You really want the money?"

"Yah; I tank I take the mon-e."

"But do you really need the money?" asked the banker.

"Vell, no; I don't exactly need him, but I tank I take the mon-e."

"Well," said the banker, "if you really want the money of course I will give it to you, but I thought if you did not need it perhaps you might open an account and deposit the money and then check against it as you needed it."

"Den ven I send my shecks here you vill refuse to pay dem."

"Oh, no, we won't. If you open the account, we will pay your checks whenever they come in."

This seemed assuring to the Swede, and he said, "Vell, if you pays my shecks, den I open de account." And the account was opened and passbook and check book handed to the new customer.

Half an hour later a close friend of the new depositor appeared at the cashier's window and presented a check signed by his friend for the full amount of the deposit, which was promptly paid by the banker without comment.

In about an hour the Swede appeared and, walking up to the cashier's window, handed the banker his check book minus only one check, with the remark, "Vell, I don't tank I needs him any more."—Youth's Companion.

AN ISLAND IN THE AIR.

One of the Wonders of Prehistoric Pueblo Architecture.

Three miles south of the Mesa Encantada, in Mexico, is a splendid specimen of fantastic erosion—an "island" in the air, a rock with overhanging sides nearly 400 feet high, seventy acres in area on the fairly level top, indented with countless great bays, notched with dizzy chasms. The greater part of the island overhangs the sea like a huge mushroom, and on the top stands a town which for artistic charm, ethnological interest and romantic history has no peer.

This little town of Ancoma is one of the most perfect types of the prehistoric Pueblo architecture. Most of the houses remain of the type invented when every house must be a fort. One climbed a ladder to his first roof and pulled up the ladder at night, living on the second and third floors and using the ground floor as a cellar. Against enemies armed only with bows and arrows this was a fair defense. Comfort had to be sacrificed to safety. Nothing except the eagle sought such inaccessible eyries as these victims of their own civilization.

Because they were farmers instead of freebooters, because they had homes instead of being vagrants, they were easy to find, and they were the prey of a hundred nomad tribes. With inconceivable labor this island town in the air was built and fortified. It was reached only by a mere trail of toe holes up the stem of the "mushroom." The age of the island is not known, except that it was already old in 1540, when the first explorer visited it and wrote an account of its wonders.

No Need of Them Some Day.

At a monthly examination a boy of fourteen failed to spell 15 per cent of his words correctly. The tutor told him this was surprising and must not happen again. The boy replied that he thought he had done pretty well on the whole.

"You must study those words over and over again," replied the tutor. "This must not occur at any future time. Study them so that you can remember them forever."

The boy stood still in silent contemplation for a few moments and then remarked:

"I was just thinking that I wouldn't live that long."—Harper's Weekly.

Private Theatricals.

In some private theatricals a fugitive from justice was supposed to escape from his pursuers by concealing himself under a table. The table was small, and the terrified fugitive was somewhat lengthy.

The commander of the pursuing party rushed on the stage and fell over the legs of the man he was searching for. Picking himself up and ludicrously rubbing his shins, he convulsed the audience by exclaiming in true dramatic style:

"Ha, ha! The dastardly villain has eluded us again!" — Philadelphia Inquirer.

Bobby's Reason.

Little Bobby was saying his prayers at his mother's knee, but so rapidly that she asked him why he did not speak more slowly.

"Because, you know," he replied, "it would keep all the other children waiting."—Lippincott's.

Pointed.

Lady (at railway station, to porter)—Now, porter, are you sure I have all my luggage in the train? Porter—Yes, ma'am. Lady—Nothing left behind? Porter—Nothin' ma'am—not even a copper, ma'am!—London Scraps.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill, that maketh wretchedness or happiness, rich or poor.

Proving a Rumor.

During one of the Mardi Gras festivities at New Orleans a couple evidently from the provinces wandered into one of the numerous little French restaurants. The lady scanned the menu.

"Here's entree," she said. "What is it? Shall I order it?"

"Good heavens, no!" replied her companion. "I've always heard that the French eat it, but not for us. You'd better order ham and eggs. An entry's a race horse."—Harper's.

WESTPHALIAN WITCHES.

All the Victims Who Died at the Stake Had Red Hair.

Soest, in Westphalia, Prussia, was the Salem of the European witch burning era, and, by the way, the witchcraft delusion lasted for three or four centuries longer there than it did in the colony of Massachusetts Bay. The judicial tribunal before which all Westphalian witches were forced to appear was called the vehm-gericht and was composed of the most superstitious set of bigots in the province. The trees are still standing under which this witch trying congress regularly met on the commons of Soest, and the records of their proceedings are still to be found in the archives at the town hall.

One of the most noticeable things in these queer old records of the days of bigotry and blind superstition is the fact that the pages upon which are written the proceedings of cases in which the accused were condemned to the stake are all adorned with locks of the culprit's hair. The individual hairs of this queer collection of tufts exhibit all the variations usually noticed in such assortments, being long and short, coarse and fine and straight and curly. In one very characteristic feature, however, that of color, all the locks have the same general appearance, being uniformly red.

It is passing curious, to say the least, that in a country where red hair does not predominate all the witches executed during a period covering several hundred years should have had red hair.

THE TRAMP PROBLEM.

How Count Rumford Solved It In Bavaria In 1790.

A remarkable experiment was made in Bavaria in 1790 in an effort to solve the problem of the unemployed. Count Rumford, an Englishman, after an adventurous career in America, settled in Bavaria, won the confidence of the elector and obtained permission to apply Cromwellian methods in ridding the state of all its tramps, beggars, thieves and undesirables. On New Year's day four regiments of cavalry were distributed throughout the state, and at a given hour a "drive" was made of all the undesirables. Over 10,000 were placed under arrest, including 2,600 in Munich alone.

These derelicts were afterward set to work in factories which had been specially established for their reception, and Count Rumford superintended the work of their reformation. Some trouble was at first experienced with the raw army, but by kindness, exhortation and encouragement, by the public distribution of special awards for merit, the best results were achieved, and in a few years the thriftless were converted into good citizens.

Count Rumford secured a great hold upon these people. On one occasion when he was reported to be dying a multitude of poor people marched in procession, silently and with bowed heads, to the principal church in Munich to offer prayers for his recovery, despite the fact that he was a foreigner and a Protestant.

Found the Saint's Day.

An Italian newspaper gives an account of an amusing lawsuit which has taken place lately in a Russian city in which German is the prevailing language. One man sued another to recover the sum of 50 rubles, the debtor having faithfully promised to return the money on St. Henry's day. But having failed to do so for a long time the lender discovered that the Russian Orthodox church includes no such saint as St. Henry, and the judge before whom the case was tried was much puzzled as to what verdict he should give. Happily the idea occurred to him that, saint or no saint, All Saints' day included even the most doubtful, so he gave judgment that the 50 rubles should be returned next All Saints' day.

A Just Man.

A slight shower was falling, and Mr. Ferguson discovered, when on the point of starting for church, that there wasn't an umbrella in the house fit for use.

"You can borrow one from the Thompsons next door," suggested Mrs. Ferguson. "They never go to church."

"No, Laura," he answered, with iron firmness. "It is wrong to borrow umbrellas on Sunday. I should have bought one yesterday. I shall punish myself for my carelessness by not going to church this morning." Thereupon he proceeded to punish himself still further by reclining in an easy chair and reading the morning papers.—Chicago Tribune.

Retired Grinders.

A whole village of well to do Italians speaking English with an accent is one of the most astonishing things that Italy offers to the tourist. They are retired organ grinders who have acquired comfortable fortunes in various countries and have gone back to their beloved native land to live in affluence with their families in this strange little colony which they have founded among these sweet Italian mountains.

Without Alcohol

A Strong Tonic	Without Alcohol
A Body Builder	Without Alcohol
A Blood Purifier	Without Alcohol
A Great Alterative	Without Alcohol
A Doctor's Medicine	Without Alcohol
Ayer's Sarsaparilla	Without Alcohol

Ayer's We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They act directly on the liver, make more bile secreted. This is why they are so valuable in constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick-headache. Ask your doctor if he knows a better laxative pill.
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

A Girl In Politics.

By LESTER GREY.

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If the Hon. Tom Paxton had been making out a schedule of his personal property a portion of it would have read as follows:

"Sole owner and proprietor of the Steenth congressional district.

"Sole owner of one spinster sister.

"Sole owner of one charming daughter."

The honorable Tom secured possession of the Steenth district during a brain storm of reform, and he immediately started in to make it a life job. At the rate of this record he was serving the last weeks of his fourth term and laying his wires for a fifth. He was keeping an eye on the interests of the country and neglecting few opportunities to advance "the cause," when he received a letter that started him off for home. He arrived there to face his sister and daughter and demand to know what it was all about.

Fate may have nothing to do with a kettle of hot soft soap boiling over and blistering the feet of a farmer's wife, but everybody knows that it has all to do with love. If Arthur Clayton hadn't graduated in law and been in Lexington one day to see what the chances were of hanging out his shingle, and if Jennie Paxton hadn't been acting as chauffeur of her own auto, the young man and the auto would not have collided on the street.

He was taken to a hotel to get the better of the shock and the cuts and bruises, and the conscience stricken girl sent him flowers and messages of regret. Had she had the business instincts of her father she would have sent him a five dollar bill instead and told him to sue for the balance. The spinster aunt saw romance, admiration and love mixed up with the accident, and after the victim was able to limp out and had made a call she wrote to her brother that the danger signal was out. This letter brought him home as he was in the midst of a nice little deal, the particulars of which would never find their way in the Congressional Record.

The honorable Thomas came home to smash things. He was no orator. He had never yet even moved that the house do now adjourn. He did fairly well, though, on this his maiden effort. He said he would be hanged and be durned and be blowed if he would have it so. He would burst the aspirations of that gander shanked lawyer in a day. He would lock his daughter down cellar or upstairs, and if she dug her way out with an old case knife and married Clayton she and her thirteen wailing children might freeze and thaw and starve for all of him. Then he wound up his oratory with:

"Drop it! Drop it right now! There's nothing in love, but there's a heap in politics. I've brought home a gripful of my private papers, and I want you to overhaul and classify them. A politician's daughter should know something about politics."

Jennie was silenced, and therefore the father took it that she was convinced and cowed. The honorable Tom was deceived. He knew men, but he didn't know girls. If he had, he would have realized that they are the most dangerous when they cease to argue and protest. Not that his daughter could have told him, had she been ever so frank, that she was really in love with the briefless young lawyer who had been knocked into the gutter by her auto, but she might have hinted that fate had a great deal to do with such things and that she should abide by fate.

Having smashed things to his own satisfaction, the sole owner of the Steenth congressional district went back to the capital and his deals, while his daughter sat down in the library to overhaul the papers, and things ran on peacefully. Not that there were no more meetings, but the spinster aunt did not know of them; not that romance and fate fell down, but Jennie did not do any talking in her sleep and played the artful dodger when leading questions were asked.

The honorable Tom had packed up the papers in a hurry and had put in whatever came to hand first, and some of them made very interesting reading. The day after the last one had been read and classified under the head of "Danger! Look out for the locomotive!" the young lady and the young man went for a ride in the vehicle that had played fate with him.

At a proper moment he asked a question that greatly concerned the future of both, and at another proper moment she blushed and said "yes." Then she proceeded to tell him that her father would see her in her grave before consenting to the match, and she held up such a vision of paternal wrath and obduracy that he dropped back from the seventh heaven to the first. Then he was taken into partnership as a conspirator and lifted back again, and there was much rejoicing during the remainder of the ride.

A few days later the honorable Tom arrived home to tinker up his political fences and lay his ear to the ground. He had about concluded to bestow the hand of his daughter on a member of the house who was serving his first term and stealing government lands in the west at the rate of 5,000 acres a week. He was no monopolist and was willing to help the honorable Tom to go and do likewise.

"Oh, daddy, but you'll be surprised to learn how much I know about politics!" announced the demure daughter after receiving the fatherly kiss. "I haven't been studying three months yet, and still I know almost as much as you do about them."

The father grunted his approbation and said he would see her in the library that evening. When the hour arrived he suddenly remembered the event of three months previous, and in a benevolent and jocular manner he asked what had became of the milksop of a lawyer that had been hanging around after her when he was home last.

"You mean Mr. Clayton," she replied. "It was about him that I wanted to speak to you. He will be here tomorrow night to ask your consent to our marriage."

"The devil he will!"

"We dearly love each other, and I'm sure you will consent. He comes of a fine family and is going to work hard and do his best to get to the top."

"Drop it!" said the honorable, with a wave of his hand.

"But you won't be so cruel, daddy. I have been engaged to him for almost three weeks now, and it will break my heart if you oppose me."

"Cut it out. I thought you wanted to talk politics with me."

"So I did, daddy, dear. I have looked over and classified all those papers and learned all about politics. I think I could run a campaign now with Mr. Clayton's assistance. You must know he is quite an orator. You have probably heard that Mr. Fillington is going to be your opponent this time, and Mr. Clayton may take the stump for him?"

The honorable Tom grunted. Mr. Fillington was a strong man.

"You know, daddy," continued the daughter, "those letters from the two railroads asking you to use your influence to kill certain bills would be ammunition if they fell into the hands of the enemy. And you seem to have done something for a certain trust for which they write you that you will find stock inclosed, and you appear to have acquired 50,000 acres of government land in a rather mysterious manner. There's a letter about it calling it the land 'whack.' Is 'whack' something like 'addition, division and silence?'"

The honorable Tom hitched uneasily on his chair and grunted some more.

"Then I found shares in three or four corporations, an agreement about a mine, a copy of a letter from you stating that a certain bill would be killed in committee and various other interesting things. I couldn't sleep nights if I thought that Mr. Fillington might get hold of this evidence of your loyalty to your party and country."

"Humph!" grunted the honorable Tom as several flies that had been buzzing around the room suddenly lit on him.

"And one thing more, daddy. This is in strict confidence. The editor of the Argus is on the snoop. He says you are with the coal roads and down on all investigations and that you've made a million dollars in your four terms. You see, daddy, if he should get hold"—

"What do yer want?" interrupted the father as he brushed at the flies.

"Why, we want your consent. I think that will keep Mr. Clayton off the stump. I think it will."

"What else?"

"And then I think you might draw me a check for at least $5,000. It was worth that to learn the game of politics."

"Darned if I don't!" replied the honorable as he drew his check book toward him. He owned the Steenth congressional district, but he knew when he was a licked man.

"And about politics?" asked Jennie when she had received her check. "Shall I study them any more?"

"Guff! I used to think that if the question of woman's rights came up in the house I'd vote in the affirmative, but now I'll be hanged if I do!"

And then he smiled grimly and put on his hat and went out to make all necessary arrangements to bury the ambitious Mr. Fillington so deep that the seventh generation of American patriots couldn't find his political skeleton.

A Wayside Wedding.

"One Sunday afternoon," says Elder J. W. Cook in his book, "Forty-five Years a Minister," "as I was traveling along the road I chanced to meet a young couple who were carrying a bucket of provender to the hogs.

"I knew they had been neighbors and sweethearts for years, and as I came up I could see that he was urging her to do something which she bashfully opposed.

"When I reached them, however, she appeared to have been won over, for they dropped their pail, and the young man said:

"'Sallie's just said yes, parson. How'd it do to jine us right where we're at?'

"I suggested perhaps we'd better go into the house, but he seemed to be afraid she would change her mind. So I called a passing horseman—a stranger—to act as witness.

"The bride and the bridegroom wiped their hands on their clothes and stood up there, with a field full of hogs for a background and a wayfarer whom nobody knew as a witness, and were married as safely as in a house of wealth.

"The young man said, 'Thank you,' and kissed his bride. They picked up their bucket and resumed their errand.

"It just happened the girl had been over on a neighborly visit to the young man's folks, and by reason of my appearance at the critical moment the boy was able to sweep away her scruples.

"You see," the elder adds, with humorous appreciation, "in those days preachers were so scarce in the back settlements that whenever one appeared in a community they always expected him to do something."

Iron Eaters.

"The first time I ever swallowed a tack," said a carpet layer, "I jumped to my feet and tremulously asked the way to the hospital.

"'What's the matter?' my mate, an old hand, asked.

"'I've swallowed a tack,' said I. 'Good gracious, what will become of me?'

"The old hand sat back on the carpet he was laying and laughed.

"'Why, kid,' said he, 'it's nothing to swallow a tack. Every professional carpet layer swallows half a dozen or so daily. It's a thing that causes no inconvenience. If it did, I'd know it. I bet I've swallowed a hundredweight of tacks in my life.'

"And I'm sure," the carpet layer concluded, "my mate was telling the truth, for since then I've swallowed half a hundredweight myself." He gulped. "Hang it," he said; "there goes one now!"—New York Press.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1908

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

At 11 o'clock this forenoon, April 10, or about the hour when the present issue of the JOURNAL reached its three folding machines, the Republicans of Massachusetts assembled, by delegates, in convention in Tremont Temple, Boston, to elect four delegates at-large to attend the Republican National convention to be held at Chicago next June to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States. It will be simply a ratification meeting.

The delegates are, or are to be, U. S. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, U. S. Senator W. Murray Crane, Ex Governor Long, and Col. S. O. Bigney.

All but one of these distinguished statesmen are favorable to the nomination of Secretary Taft, the exception being Senator Crane, and his right place, the latest reports say, is in the doubtful column.

Word was given out several days ago that no resolutions of "preference," instruction, or anything else would come into the convention today.

REPUBLICAN DISTRICT CONVENTION.

At 4 o'clock next Wednesday afternoon, April 15, the Republicans of this, the Eighth, Congressional District will meet in Citizens Hall at Gilman Square in Somerville to select two delegates to represent the District in the Republican National convention at Chicago. It seems to be settled that the delegates then and there chosen will be supporters of War Secretary Taft for the Presidential candidate in the National convention, one of whom, it is quite certain, is to be Hon. Samuel J. Elder of Winchester.

The 11 Woburn delegates would please a very large majority of their Republican constituents by voting as a unit in the convention next Wednesday for Mr. Elder, instead of for some Cambridge candidate who has no interest in this city, or this part of the District, except to get its votes. Mr. Elder is different.

☞ At a meeting of the City Council held last Monday evening the veto of Mayor Blodgett of the water meter order was received and laid over for consideration at the next meeting on Monday evening, April 13. The Mayor's argument against the adoption of the meter system for this city was long and able, and that it will carry weight with the Council hardly admits of a doubt. The order was passed by a unanimous vote.

Under its provisions the Board of Public Works would have legal authority to cover the entire city with meters within a period necessary for their installation, a point of vital importance to the public which, we think, must have escaped proper consideration by the members of the Council who are not engineering the scheme, and which the Mayor failed to treat with the emphasis its importance demanded.

☞ Hon. Edward E Thompson, one of the delegates from Ward 4 to the Republican State convention held in Boston today, will vote for Hon. John D. Long, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, ex-Secretary of the U. S. Navy, etc., for one of the delegates-at-large to the Republican National convention at Chicago. He will vote thus for old acquaintance's sake, and because he is an admirer of Gov. Long, who, by the way, is a Taft man.

☞ The Merger, in other words, the consolidation of the N. Y., N. H & H., and Boston & Maine railroads, is furnishing our Legislature with food for thought. It is a big question, in the settlement of which the people of this State have a deep interest. But few understand it, and the influence of the consolidation on the public weal can, at the best, only be conjectured. Nobody pretends to foretell what the Legislature will do with it.

☞ Master Owen of the High School was found lying unconscious on the floor of the assembly hall of the school at 5 o'clock yesterday evening by one of the teachers, having, it was said, suffered a paralytic shock. Medical aid was summoned and Mr. Owen removed to his home. This morning he shows signs of returning consciousness.

☞ There will be no trouble at the Republican convention in Tremont Temple today over the selection of delegates-at-large to the Chicago convention, for Governor Bates, whose election was undisputed, has generously withdrawn, which leaves the course clear for Lodge, Crane, Long and Bigney.

☞ Word comes that there are to be no "pledged," or "preference" resolutions to make an appearance in the State convention at Tremont Temple today. "Harmony" reigns.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

City—Pet. & Order.
Mrs. Jones—To Let.
F. P. Johnson—Prob. Notice.

— More rain last Wednesday just to moisten the roots and give grass a start

— The heavy rain of Sunday night was followed by a warm April day on Monday.

— Everybody is saying that Crovo's oranges are the boss, and his bananas can't be beaten.

— Sunny Circle, K. D , are to spend this evening with Mrs. F. P. Brooks at 64 Pleasant street.

— The Sons of Veterans are to hold a mock trial, to be followed by a dance, on Wednesday evening, April 29.

— Last Monday evening R E R Dr .John Caulfield installed the new officers of the Woburn Lodge of Elks.

— Moving day is due to strike this city in just three weeks from today. It is usually one of the most trying days of the year.

— President Charlie A. Jones of the Savings Bank is able to come to his desk and do some work after a prolonged and painful illness.

— Elder and Glines are to be the delegates to the Chicago convention from this District. As they say out West, "that hosses eyes is sot."

— The annual vernal season house-cleaning is now in full swing, and the C. A. Nichols carpet cleansing establishment has its hands full of work.

— A few nights ago Chief Tracy and Assistant Chief Larock were treated to a superb banquet at the engine house by members of Hose 1.

— It is said that the parties who have bought the milk routes, or business, of John Porter and F. C. Bowser have done so for the Whitings, the Milk Trust.

— A Ladies Auxiliary to the St Charles Catholic Total Abstinence Society is to be organized. The business is in the hands of a competent committee.

— The rains this week put a quietus on brush fires, temporarily, at least. They were getting altogether too frequent for the comfort of our wide-awake firemen.

— Mrs. Jennings will be able to furnish young people with all the flags they may want with which to celebrate Patriots Day, April 19, or 20, the 19 being Sunday.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The probabilities are that Rev. W. E. Vandermark will not be returned to the Woburn M. E. church. He asked for a change of pastorate some time ago.

— "Richard is himself again," or, in other words, Conductor Dick Carton, after a somewhat long vacation, is back to his train, and gathering up tickets as lively as ever.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell was on the streets last Tuesday for the second time since last fall. He was looking well, and, but for an occasional twinge of rheumatism, was feeling nicely.

— Judge and Mrs. Charles D. Adams of N. W. have taken up their residence at 9 Quincy Park, Beverly. It is reported that they have an idea of making Beverly their future home.

— Boys, look it over and get your fishing tackle ready for next Wednesday, when the open fishing season begins. The denizens of the brooks and ponds are waiting for your bait.

— Policeman O'Neil, a faithful officer, who was shot by the highwaymen on Church avenue, Feb. 6, has returned to duty after an enforced absence of two months from the force.

— As Chief Engineer of the Woburn Fire Department Mr. Frank E. Tracy entered on his duties last Monday. He has had a long experience in the Department, and is a firstclass fireman.

— The Woburn Democracy are to hold caucuses to elect delegates to the State and District conventions on Wednesday evening, April 22. It is understood that they are solid for Bryan.

— It comes to the JOURNAL per clothesline telegraph that a certain prominent real estate dealer of this city is soon to commit matrimony and take up his residence in the Trott house on Bennett street.

— Mr. George E Fowle reports that building is rather dull here this spring. He finds work enough for half a dozen men, whereas, ordinarily, he employs twice or thrice that number at this season of the year.

— Clarence Stetson, who for years has been Assistant Secretary of Y. M. C. A. in Taunton, is to be District Field Secretary to organize Young Men's Bible Classes in Essex County. He expects to spend Sundays here.

— At 3 o'clock this afternoon Miss Bushee, Principal of the Girls School at Madrid, Spain, will address the Woman's Missionary Society in the parlor of First church. A social hour and refreshments will follow the address.

— In about a month from now, to wit, on May 6, the Woburn Medical Association are to give another entertainment in aid of the tuberculosis camp. This enterprise on the part of the Doctors is on the road to ultimate success.

— Judge Edward F. Johnson of the District Court and Mrs. Johnson have gone West on a business and pleasure trip. It is likely they will visit Oklahoma and Indian Territory, besides regions this side of there before returning home.

— Those people who suffered the fires in their furnaces to go out week before last, with the expectation that summer had come, regretted it the week following, for real winter weather prevailed from April 1 to 5, and good fires were never more needed.

— Three weeks from yesterday liquor licenses in this city will expire, and after that, if there is any rumselling here, Mayor Blodgett will try to find out the reason why. The changed conditions in this respect will probably increase the labors of the police.

— The annual Easter sale held by the Montvale Social Workers last Tuesday was a pronounced success from every point of view. It was held to get money with which to pay off the mortgage on the Montvale Congregational church, of which the S. Ws are an auxiliary.

— The "Special Cars" Pilgrim John series of postal cards which Supt. Myers of the Woburn Division of the Boston & Northern Street Railroad is sending out are as cute as can be. No. 5 is entitled "Come in out of the rain" by taking an electric car instead of going afoot.

— Mayor Blodgett continues to make visits to places in this city where it is suspicioned intoxicating liquors are sold with commendable regularity, and, supposedly, with satisfactory results. It is believed that illegal liquor selling during his reign has not been a profitable business.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

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Telephone connection.

— Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard Copeland, who are having the time of their lives doing California, are expected to return in June. They will probably be at San Francisco when the great fleet of American warships arrives at that port, for the reception of which immense preparations are being made.

— "Dress informal" is a conspicuous line in the invitation to a dinner to be given at the Quincy House in Boston this evening by Hon. Samuel J. Elder to his friends. The announcement lets in the Editor of the JOURNAL all right; whereas, on the contrary, it might have been quite the reverse.

— The most successful and satisfactory mission that has been held at St. Charles church for years, if ever, closed last Sunday evening. At the winding up of the exercises Rev. Fr. Keegan the Rector, in behalf of the parish, returned hearty thanks to the priests who had conducted the mission.

— The inability, on account of illness, of Mrs. Heber B. Clewley to take her part, a leading one, in "Arabian Nights" at the Towanda dramatic entertainment last Friday evening, was a real disappointment to the audience, for she is a fine actress. Her place was admirably filled by a member of a Boston theatre company.

— We would caution our friends whose desire is, as soon as the spring opens, to get to gardening, to go slow. Nothing is gained by planting seed before the ground is made ready for it by sunshine and showers; and, besides, we are likely to have some nipping cold weather yet this month, and perhaps snow that would do early planted peas no good.

— One week from today is Good Friday, and two days after that, April 19, comes Easter Sunday. Following that date social functions and amusements that have had to give way to Lent may be resumed without fear or trembling. Patriots Day, also, falls due on April 19. To what extent, if any, the holiday is to be celebrated in this city has not been learned at this office.

— At 6 o'clock this evening, April 10, the women of the North Congregational church are to give an entertainment and hold a sale in the church vestry, fo. which the High School Orchestra will furnish music, and Miss Mabel Graham of School street will be heard in elocutionary exercises. Ice-cream, cakes, confectionery, and fancy goods will be on sale. A good time is assured.

— The charitable women of this city are busily engaged in getting ready for their annual May Party in aid of the Floating Hospital. In years gone by they have done splendidly for that noble charity, each season yielding an increased amount of money for it, and this coming May Day they propose to do better than ever. They deserve liberal help from every juicy hearted person in town.

— It is announced that, on April 22, instant, Mr. Louis H. Dow, son of Mrs. Emma T. Dow, and grandson of Mr. Abijah Thompson of Court street, and Miss Margaret Alice Locke will wed. The contracting parties are well known and stand high in this community. They will reside at Melrose, where Mr. Dow and Mr. Clifford G. Buchanan, also, of Woburn, are to do business in copartnership.

— The weather man balked the calculations of landlords to cut their tenants off from heat on April 1, this hitch When and where the rule originated is a mystery; but some tenants have found it to work, and greatly to their discomfort, at times. Landlords are proverbially hardhearted, which is sorely to be regretted. But there are exceptions, and they will be treated mercifully at the last great accounting

— Hon. John P. Feeney, ex-Mayor of Woburn, told a JOURNAL reporter the other day that he is very very far from being "out of politics"; that he will stay in the thick of the fight until he sees the Republicans, State and National, "licked out of their boots." He didn't give the name of the hero who is to lead the Democracy on to victory and glory—the Moses who will conduct the Israelites out of the wilderness—but he thinks Bryan, the Great Commoner, is a Brick, or words to that effect.

— The ruling Methodist authorities, in convention assembled, having removed the ban on dancing, our good Methodist brethren can now indulge in the pleasing pastime without violating the rules of the church in that respect. And, yet, we are of the opinion that not a few good Methodists, especially among the older ones, will regret the action of the conference. It is a letting down of the bars, a loosening of the reins of discipline, so to speak, that will not commend itself to a large number of the members of the denomination.

— The first housefly to venture out from its warm winter quarters this spring to buffet against a cold, inhospitable world visited this office on April 2, and put up quite a show of activity during the afternoon. There was warmth in the atmosphere of the room, and our visitor, the harbinger of spring, busied himself in looking over his last summer's haunts, and marking the changes that had taken place during his hibernation. Evidently, he was satisfied that the changes had not been many or great. He found no companions, but there was the same old rickety furniture, the same dust laden piles of papers, rusty scissors, corncob pipe, stubs of pencils, pastepot, mural decorations, and rattling old safe that has been innocent of wealth for Mercy only knows how long, and other ancient things; by which hour night began to approach, chilliness crept into the atmosphere, a freezing snap set in, and for a week after his departure that afternoon the poor foolhardy fly was not seen again in this office.

— The dry goods store of P. E McHugh at 433 Main street has been added to the Edison Company's service for electric lighting.—*

— Col. Robert D Boice of Geneseo, Illinois, will please accept our thanks for copies of papers published in that fine prairie city lately.

— Mayor Blodgett, it is reported, attended the Metropolitan Improvement League's dinner at Hotel Brunswick, Boston, last evening, and spoke.

— The reporter of a certain local publication, whose name, in consideration of the feelings of his family which is of the highest respectability, we forbear to mention, declared last Tuesday, with unwonted emphasis, that the street watering carts of this city are brought out and put to work only when it rains. Thus another cruel blow was dealt our fair municipality, and, by implication, a swipe at our stalwart, strenuous, and universally admired Mayor, was landed. How long are the people of Woburn to lie supinely on their backs and suffer such attacks to be made without protest?

— The School Board have asked the City Council for a large sum of money for repairs and things needed on the schoolhouses of the city. In the past no great amount of modesty or diffidence has been detected on the part of the Board in asking for money, and their demands for it have generally been complied with. Judging from the way they have started out, the present Board, in this respect, will not prove an exception to the rule. But the schoolhouses must be kept in proper order, the scholars safely cared for; and the Council should not hold back necessary funds to accomplish these ends.

— Last Sunday Rev. Dr. Frederick Woods preached his farewell sermon at the Methodist Episcopal church in Ipswich, of which he had been the beloved pastor. He is affectionately remembered by the Woburn M E. church, of which he was pastor from 1899 to 1902, and by many of our citizens, by whom he was highly respected. Rev. Dr. Woods was born and bred in Newfoundland, but has been a citizen of this country from early manhood. He retires from the ministry at three score and ten, but will continue to perform pulpit service as occasion may require, and health permit.

— Mrs. Dr. F. W. Graves left her rooms on Church avenue yesterday for California where it is her intention to spend the coming summer with a sister at Berkeley, in Marin county. Berkley is a delightful residential town across the Bay and within hailing distance of San Francisco, with choice ocean and mountain scenery, and a climate that, for health and comfort, can't be surpassed. It was, for several years, and to the time of his death, the home of William B Winn, a native of Woburn, the son of Rev. Daniel Winn who, was, some years ago, pastor of the First Baptist church in this city. This is Mrs. Graves's second visit to and sojourn on the Pacific Coast.

— President John W. Johnson of the Woburn National Bank assures the public that, notwithstanding the hard times, there is nothing like a shortage of money in this city, but, contrariwise, no difficulty is experienced in getting enough of it to live and do business on. The National has a plenty of the needful, and it is piling up in Boston Banks. In common with Boston bankers, merchants and manufacturers, President Johnson is of the opinion that times will grow harder before the tide turns and improvement sets in. He is a careful observer of the trend of affairs, and what he says about the business outlook, and prospect for still harder times, ought to beget a spirit of closer economy and a practice of it by the people.

— Last Monday morning Mr. Harry F. Parker of Church avenue entered on the discharge of his duties as a clerk in the freight department of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, with office in the North Station, Boston. Up to a fortnight ago he had held a clerkship with the New England Car Service Company in Boston for 14 consecutive years, but when the railroads lately concluded to withdraw the work from the Service Co. and do it themselves, a large number of clerks, including Harry Parker and Henry Harrington of this city, were thrown out of employment. Harry forthwith applied to Mr. Story of the B. & M. freight department for a clerical situation, and in two weeks afterwards received his appointment. He will fill the bill all right, for Harry is a capable, industrious, and everyway worthy young man.

— Mr. Amariah V. Haynes was 84 years old day before yesterday. He was born in Colrain, Mass , on April 8, 1824, and, at the close of a residence of 17 years in West Brookfield, came to Woburn in 1865, where his home has been ever since. He is a saddler and harnessmaker by trade, and still works at it. A remarkable thing about Mr. Haynes's life here is the fact that in the last 42 years he has never missed a communication of the local Masonic Lodge—not one, from sickness, absence, or any other cause. He occupies a large place in the hearts of his Masonic brethren, by whom he is respected and honored. On his birthday Mr. Haynes came up to the JOURNAL office to have a chat with its Editor, as has been his custom in years past, and his visit was repeated last Wednesday, to the pleasure of his host. He brought with him a copy of the "Christmas and New Years Address of the Printer's Devil" printed by Tyler & Seagrave, at West Brookfield, Mass , on Jan. 1, 1864—a real curiosity. May our friend Haynes live to reach the century mark in peace and happiness.

— The performance of "The Arabian Nights" under the auspicies of Towanda Club at Lyceum Hall last Friday evening must have yielded a considerable amount of money, for the Hall was well filled, nearly all the tickets finding a ready market before the evening of the play. The entertainment gave general satisfaction. Under the coaching and stage direction of Kate Ryan, a favorite Boston actress, the company had been thoroughly drilled, and showed it in the excellent manner they performed their parts. Roland Dow captured the audience with his laugh and drolleries. He seems to be a natural born actor, and fairly won the honors he received. Sickness prevented Mrs. Heber Clewley from appearing on the stage, but Miss Florence Bryant of Castle Square Theatre, Boston, carried Mrs. Clewley's part through in fine style. The cast was made up of Waldo P. Cutler, Heber B. Clewley, Roland B. Dow, Walter D. Eaton, Annie A. Skinner, Ethel R. Dow, Francis Bryant, Maud H. Littlefield, Annie B. Seeley. The committee were Harold P. Johnson, Edward Johnson, Waldo P. Cutler, Herbert Dennison. The ushers were Edward Caldwell, Alvah Buckman, William Chute, Fred T. Hovey, Raymond Aldrich, Clifford Trull. The entertainment merited a firstclass notice.

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It makes walking easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Sweating feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Local News.

— Towanda Club are to hold their Ladies Night on April 13.

— The pictures in the Library gallery are being cleaned and are to be rehung.

— The North Woburn Baseball Club are making plans for this season's games.

— The Baptist brethren and sisters had fine weather for their banquet and lecture last evening.

— Hope Rebekah Lodge are to give a May dancing party in Odd Fellows Hall on the evening of May 7.

— Eleven Woburn Republican politicians are in Boston today electing delegates to the Chicago convention.

— "Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard" is to be given by the Sunysides of the M. E. church on Monday evening, May 20.

— The Melrose Highlands and Towanda Clubs engaged in a match of tenpins at the house of the latter last Wednesday evening.

— The High school lads are looking for a strenuous baseball season. They are prepared to meet all challengers, and expect to lick every combine that comes along.

— From 12 to 1 yesterday morning the rain poured down in torrents. It was accompanied with some thunder and considerable lightning. The weather is curious this spring, to say the least.

— According to the standard rule only 20 more days remain, until next September, in which it is allowable to eat oysters, for April is the last of the months with an R in it until next fall.

— As may be seen by her notice, Mrs. S. H. Jones offers her Central House stables for rent. It offers an excellent opportunity for the right kind of parties to do a fine stable business and make money.

— The City Council have progressed so far towards real municipal reform that street lamps are kept blazing on stormy nights, even if the moon is full. They'll get round to the real thing one of these days.

— The report current during the last few days that Mr. Edward Caldwell had bought the Allen block on Main street has no foundation whatever. Each of the baker's dozen of people who have asked him if the story was true received a negative answer.

— Mayor Blodgett and Alderman Highley of Ward 6 pull well together in official harness. Both are alive to the best interests of the city: neither is afraid of work; the city Departments are carefully looked after by them; and business moves. They make a good span.

Boston Theatres.

THE PARK.

Special efforts are being put forth by the management of the Park Theatre, Boston, to take care of out of town theatregoers who are desirous of seeing Miss Rose Stahl in James Forbes' comedy "The Chorus Lady." Miss Stahl's success in this play since she made her first appearance in Boston four weeks ago has been so pronounced that a record breaking demand for seats has resulted. In order that persons living outside the city may be properly taken care of a special suburban ticket department has been created and mail orders accompanied by remittance will receive prompt and careful attention. In the language of a well known Boston critic Miss Stahl has "taken the town by storm." A more emphatic dramatic success than "The Chorus Lady" has not been disclosed in years and playgoers have evinced remarkable and unusual enthusiasm in their reception of both Miss Stahl and Mr. Forbes' play. It is seldom indeed that an actress is able to give a stage character the vogue that Miss Stahl has brought to Patricia O'Brien, member of the chorus. As a matter of fact it is next to impossible to separate Miss Stahl and Patricia, so closely are they allied. Matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday. A special holiday performance will be given on Monday, April 20, in celebration of Patriot's Day.

THE ORPHEUM.

The vaudeville event of the week of April 13th, will be the first appearance in Boston, of Miss Rosie Lloyd. The youngest of the famous vaudeville family, of which Marie Lloyd is the best known, Rosie Lloyd will make her debut at the Orpheum Theatre. She was the last of the three remarkable comediennes—all sisters—to come to America, and she has been, perhaps, the most popular. She has all the mannerisims of her elder sisters, is still a very young girl, and has had the greatest success in securing songs especially adapted to her style of work. She has been for several months the sensation of the New York vaudeville theatres, and her appearance at the Orpheum will be the first outside of the metropolis.

THE BOSTON.

In announcing "The Sign of the Cross" as the Boston Theatre attraction for one more week beginning next Monday Manager Morison appears to have met the desires of a very large public. The character of the play is quite in keeping with the Lenten season and the hearty endorsement that it has been given by the clergymen of various denominations who have witnessed it at Manager Morison's invitation has created a desire to see this production on the part of many who seldom attend theatrical performances. The high standard of the productions at the Boston Theatre has been fully maintained in "The Sign of the Cross" in the matter of stage settings, costumes, etc., and the several members of the company have become thoroughly identified with the characters they impersonate.

CASTLE SQUARE.

The attraction at the Castle Square Theatre the week beginning April 13, will be a production of "out of the Fold," a rural drama in four acts, by Langdon McCormick. This will be the first time that this piece has been seen in Boston, although it ran one whole summer at Chicago, at the Great Northern Theatre, and was played eight weeks in New York last fall. It has been described by the newspaper critics as a second "Old Homestead," and it is said to be a very "lesson from life." Mr. McCormick is also the author of that very successful rural drama "Tollgate Inn," so that something unusually interesting may be expected from "Out of the Fold."

The Year in Electricity.

The electrical industry for the year just closed has made the greatest showing in all its wonderful history. More wonders were accomplished in 1907, greater undertakings were brought to a successful finish and a larger number of discoveries and inventions were recorded than ever before since Benjamin Franklin first sent up his kite and announced: "there is a greater power in the heavens, of which we know nothing, than man has ever conceived—some day it will be found and used."

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
12 M., Sunday School.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Vandermark.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Worship.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Are Sin, Disease, and Death Real?"
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4 30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Palm Sunday.
10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7 P. M , Evening Prayer and Sermon.

LENTEN SERVICES.

Every Friday	7 30 P. M.
Holy Week—Monday	7.30 P. M.
Tuesday	7.30 P. M.
Wednesday	7.30 P. M.
Holy Thursday—Holy Communion	7.30 P. M.
Good Friday	7 30 P. M.
Easter Sunday—Holy Communion	7.30 A. M.
Morning Prayer, Holy Communion, Sermon	10.30 A. M.
Children's Service	3 30 P. M.
Evening Prayer	7.00 P. M.
Parish House Services.	
Every Wednesday	7.30 P. M.

Rev. Wm. H. Osmond, Rector.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, April 5, Hugh Rooney, aged 60 years.
In this city, April 5, James Mahoney, aged 60 years.
In this city, April 8, Anna G. Reddy, aged 16 years.
In this city, April 8, John Dever, aged 76 years.

ELECTRICITY.

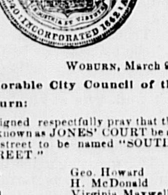
New electric lamps are available which greatly multiply the light. They are aids to economy and will be supplied to customers at equitable rates. Their continued use will result in a large net saving.

Have you learned to be lightwise?

Our Sales Agent is ready to tell you of possible economies if you will write him, or call, or telephone "Oxford 3300 Collect."

THE EDISON
Electric Illuminating Co.,
33 39 Boylston St., Boston

CITY OF WOBURN.



WOBURN, March 9, 1908.

To the Honorable City Council of the City of Woburn:

The undersigned respectfully pray that the street in WARD 1 known as JONES' COURT be accepted as a public street to be named "SOUTH LAWRENCE STREET."

C. T. Duncan	Geo. Howard
A. Fraser	H. McDonald
D. McDonald	Virginia Maxwell
A. E. J. Bennett	Thomas Beatty
M. Flaherty	Elias F. McIntosh
John H. Fay	Jean Hurdman
B. J. McDonough	Geo. C. McNeil
Peter McDonough	Thomas E. Brennan
Thomas Maher	Thomas Flaherty
Mrs. Mary McDonald	James Durant
James Mansfield	Patrick Flaherty
R. Duncan	David S. Gifford
J. W DeLoriea	Mary E. Hevey
L. M. Atwood	

Upon the foregoing petition, it is ORDERED,—That fourteen days notice be given that the City Council will on **Monday, April 27, 1908,** at 8 o'clock P. M. at the Council Chamber, Municipal Building consider said petition and give a public hearing thereon, at which time and place all persons interested therein may appear and be heard.

Said notice to be given by publication of a copy of said petition with this order thereon in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

City Council, April 6, 1908
Adopted.

A true copy:

Attest: JOHN H. FINN,
Clerk of City Council.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Abby A. Leslie, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to J. Fred Leslie, of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of April, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

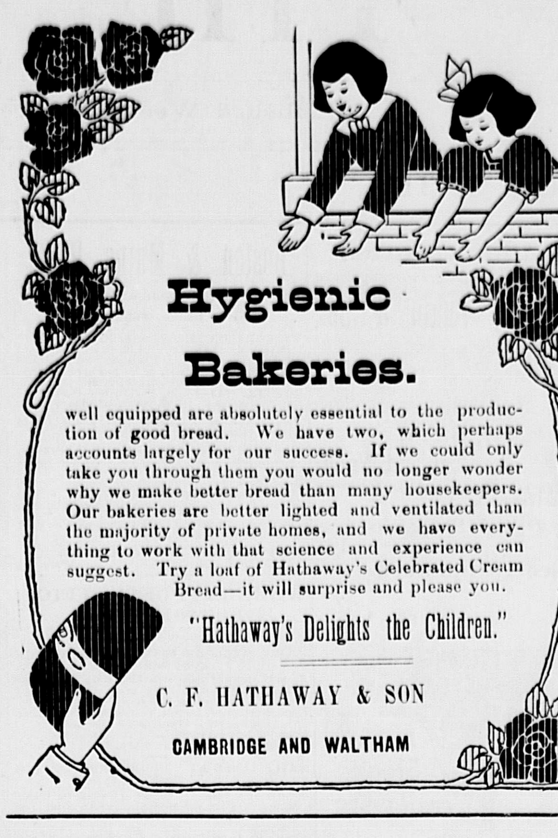
W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Wob rn Gas Light Co.

GAS STOVES

for cooking and heating. Welsbach lights, Welsbach and Humphry Arc lights, and for everything pertaining to gas lighting apply at office of Company.

314 Main St., Woburn, Mass,



Hygienic Bakeries.

well equipped are absolutely essential to the production of good bread. We have two, which perhaps accounts largely for our success. If we could only take you through them you would no longer wonder why we make better bread than many housekeepers. Our bakeries are better lighted and ventilated than the majority of private homes, and we have everything to work with that science and experience can suggest. Try a loaf of Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread—it will surprise and please you.

"Hathaway's Delights the Children."

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE AND WALTHAM

Suggested Gifts For Eastertide.

SCARF PIN — CUFF BUTTONS
BROOCH — DAINTY WATCH FOB
HAT PIN — CIGAR CUTTER
LOCKET — SHAVING BOWL
SALAD FORK AND SPOON

Smith & Varney,
JEWELERS.
No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

To Prevent Unshapely Feet

careful attention should be given to any apparent weakness. Children often indicate it by using their feet in an awkward, clumsy manner. Normal children are supple and active, yet even healthy boys and girls are liable to over-tax the delicate ligaments of the foot or ankle.

Often times ladies cannot wear low shoes because their ankles are weak and turn in.

We have perfected a leather support that has proven of particular benefit in two ways:—First, it prevents strains from too strenuous exercise; and second it supports and strengthens weak ankles.

Made of a fine quality of leather it fits like a glove, and the wearer experiences a delicate sense of comfort and support. As it can be worn under the stocking, low shoes can be worn with perfect safety and comfort.

PRICE $1.00 PER PAIR. Send size of shoe worn. No larger shoe required.

Walter F. Jordan & Company,
Medical Appliance Specialists,
140 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Caroline A. Johnson, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

FRANK POOLE JOHNSON, Administrator.
Hotel Bellevue Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
April 8, 1908.

Estate of Edward H. Lounsbury late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, represented insolvent.

The Probate Court for said County will receive and examine all claims of creditors against the estate of said Edward H. Lounsbury and notice is hereby given that six months from the nineteenth day of March A. D., 1908, are allowed to creditors to present and prove their claims against said estate, and that the Court will receive and examine the claims of creditors at Cambridge, on the twentieth day of April, 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and at Cambridge on the eighteenth day of May 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

HARRIET E. LOUNSBURY, Executrix.

HARRY DUSTIN JOLL
ARCHITECT
431 MAIN STREET
WOBURN, MASS.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Martin Kearns and Ellen M. Kearns, his wife in her own right, both of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Leonard Thompson, of said Woburn, dated January 25, 1886, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 1782, Page 317, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same will be sold at public auction on the premises on

Tuesday, April 21, A. D. 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows:—

A certain parcel of land containing about four thousand five hundred and fifty-three (4553) square feet, situated in said Woburn on Conn street and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on said Conn street, at land of Benjamin H. Nichols, from thence the line runs southerly, by said Nichols's land, seventy-nine and six-tenths (79.6) feet to land of R. Brooks Richardson; thence westerly, by land last named, fifty-nine and six-tenths (59.6) feet to a private way called Conn street Court; thence northerly, on and by said Court, seventy and three-tenths (70.3) feet to said Conn street; thence easterly on and by said Conn street, about sixty-two and four-tenths (62.4) feet to the point of beginning.

The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and other municipal liens if any, and Two Hundred Dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of the sale.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Assignee and present holder of said Mortgage.
Woburn, March 27, 1908.

Stables To Rent.

Central House Stables. Apply to MRS. S. H. JONES, 524 Main Street, Woburn.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MISS MERTENA BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION
In this city October 1, 1907.
STUDIOS:
12 Franklin St., Woburn
6 Newbury St., Boston

WALTER LINCOLN RICE.
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Lessons at pupils residence if desired.
38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass

Marion Althea Burt
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Vivian Helena Burt
TEACHER OF PIANO
75 Garfield Ave., Woburn

Do You Use
Dr. Johnson's Educator
CRACKERS
We have them in several varieties, Educator, Toast-erettes, Golden Maize, Oatmeal, Graham, Chocolate and Baby Rings.
We also have a nice line of
HUNTLEY & PARMER'S
Imported Biscuit
Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-1.

To assist our customers in securing pretty
Easter Gifts
we are selling our attractive line of
Box Perfumes
at 10 per cent discount from the usual prices.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN

La Grippe
RELIEVED BY OUR
Laxative Cold Tablets
In cases of wasting diseases
Cod Liver Oil Emulsion
will brace you up.

Whitcher's PILL BOX
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore

Spring is Enjoyed by Housekeepers
in proportion to the pressure of their domestic cares. The use of that excellent and incomparable and germicide.
CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS.
for the Spring cleaning, will lighten many a house-keeper's burden and send her singing about her work. It's the small, yet important, things which regulate domestic felicity. None creates so much discomfort as Spring cleaning. Do away with much of the discomfort and have the house cleaning well done.
The genuine only in above trade mark packages.
THE SULPHO-NAPTHOL CO.,
Haymarket Square
BOSTON, - - - MASS.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

Let The "BLUE BELL" Sign REMIND YOU—

Of the errand you forgot to execute, and a ready way out of the difficulty.

Of the order you were asked to deliver for your firm or for your home.

Of the engagement for which you have been delayed and of the quickest way of explaining your inability to meet it.

Of the call you promised to make; but failed to make through forgetfulness.

Of a hundred ways in which, to use a quaint phrase, you may "Let your head save your heels."

REMEMBER:

The sign indicates the presence of a Pay Station.

FROM ANY PAY STATION you may talk, at a reasonable charge, TO ANY OF 290,000 TELEPHONES connected with the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company's system in the four northern New England states.

ALSO WITH TELEPHONES IN 30,000 CITIES AND TOWNS connected with the Long Distance lines of the great Bell system.

With such a convenience at hand is it fair to your friends to "borrow" their telephones? You are liable to impede their channels of communication by making their lines "busy" when others are trying to call them.

ROSE STAHL IN "THE CHORUS LADY," PARK THEATRE, BOSTON.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Sabra G. Jaquith, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate not already administered of said deceased to Maria E. Carter, of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without requiring a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of April, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Frank Graham, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Frank H Graham, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of April, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Sarah M. Fuller, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Edward F. Johnson, the trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the first account of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the fifteenth day of April, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

WINCHESTER.

Mystic Lake will swarm with fishermen in less than a week.

Maurice Duneen has been appointed Inspector of Plumbing. He holds the same office in Woburn.

An Easter concert is to be given in Town Hall on the evening of April 20 for the benefit of local charities.

The W C. T. U. are to hold a meeting at 3 o'clock this afternoon, April 10, in the vestry of the Congregational church.

The "3 Sams"—Twombly, Elder and McCall—rule the roost in this town. Each, in his own line, is a leader, and they are all fine gentlemen.

Our people are well disposed towards the Woburn extension of the Horn Pond parkway, and will encourage the building of it. It will make a fine drive.

Business is dull here; social functions languish; and local news is scarcer than hens' teeth. Brush fires are about the only things that keep our people awake.

Perhaps some of our village farmers planted peas and things during the hot spell that closed March; but, if so, they must have felt discouraged last week, which was the coldest early April on record.

Dr. James G. Mumford of Boston is to deliver an address at the annual meeting of the Winchester Visiting Nurse Association to be held in the small Town Hall at 3 30 p. m. April 14. His theme will be: "The interest of the public in Surgical progress."

The long vexed grade crossing matter is in a fair way of settlement, and the present public nuisance is likely to be abated. A heap of work has been put in on plans, and the present one seems likely to be adopted. It will be a good thing for the town when this question is finally disposed of.

The Winchester Democracy are to hold their caucuses to choose delegates to the State and District conventions in the Town Hall on Wednesday evening, April 22. Brother Tuck, the "Original Bryan Man," will run it. He wants to go to the Democratic National convention as a delegate from the 8th Mass. District.

The nominating Committee of the Winchester Boat Club have presented the following ticket to be voted for on April 14: President, P. G. Gray; Vice-President, Edw. L. Dunning; Secretary, T. Price Wilson; Treasurer, F. Leroy Pratt; Fleet Captain, Harold Webber; Directors, H. D. Murphy, Ralph S. Vinal, Charles A. Gleason, George B. Smith, Edward P. Noyes, Dexter P. Blaikie, William J. Ladd.

Literary Notices.

The April number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE opens with a poem, Resurrection, by the Rev. P. J Cormican, S. J, and throughout this issue the Easter thought is uppermost The illustrated features include Messengers of God, by F. L Martin; Carlisle Indian Students in Retreat, by Rev. Wm J. Ennis, S J; Eastertide in California, by James Connolly; In the Basque Country—Loyola, by Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly; Tokens of Spring; Anti-Christian Literature and its Fruits, by the Rev. Francis A. Cunningham; and Greater Boston College. The Rev Jas. B Dollard writes of Brian's Battle. There are some very pleasing short stories, including The Lady of the Lilies, by Mary E. Mannix; The Last Sermon by Helen Hughes; The Good Samaritan, by the Rev. Hugh F. Blunt; and Left Behind, by Margaret Chadwick. Among the poems are In the Old Days, by Mary West; Jesus Hath Conquered, by Henry Coyle; Holy Thursday, by F. L. Tivnan, S. J.; and the Awakening, by Mary M. Redmond

The Customs o' the Country.

There was once a Newfoundland fisherman—he chanced to be a Catholic—who in old age came to die. He had lived in debt all his life and, no doubt, had never once given his whole catch to the dealer who supplied him, but had wrongfully slipped many a quintal over the side of a rival schooner and traded it out on the spot.

"Send for Fawther Rafferty," he said. "Send immediate!"

He wanted to confess his sins, to be shriven and to depart in peace, but his old priest had been transferred to Trinity Bay. A young man, just back from Rome, was now the spiritual head of the parish.

"Sure, 'tis Fawther Codlin," they told him.

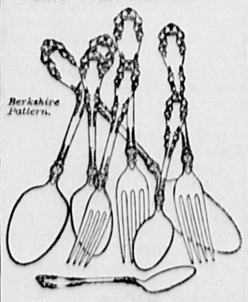
"Noa, noa!" the old man protested. "Fawther Codlin's a fine young man—a clever young man, I doubt me not, but 'tis old Fawther Rafferty I want t' hear me confession."

"An' why?" they asked.

"Sure," the dying man gasped, "he knows the customs o' the country."—Norman Duncan in World's Work.

"Silver Plate that Wears."

Berkshire Pattern.



When You Buy Spoons
knives, forks, etc., buy reliable brands, even if they do cost a little more. They are worth the difference. If "1847" is a part of the stamp it insures genuine Rogers quality, famous for wear. Full trade-mark—
"1847 ROGERS BROS."
Sold by leading dealers. For Catalogue No. C, address the makers,
International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn

ANNOUNCEMENT.
Dr. Adaline B. Church wishes to announce to her patients and friends that she will resume practice in Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church street.
Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.
Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appointment.

A VENERABLE FICTION.

The Ceremony of Carrying the Purse In the House of Lords.

When the lord chancellor enters the house of lords to preside over its deliberations he is accompanied by his "purse bearer." This functionary, however, does not carry the purse of the lord chancellor, which would be a weighty responsibility, as his lordship draws a salary of £10,000 a year. The purse the "purse bearer" solemnly carries as, arrayed in court dress, he precedes the lord chancellor to and from the house of lords is a gorgeous satchel embroidered with the royal arms and other heraldic devices in white and gold and lined with the richest silk. It is supposed to contain the great seal. As a matter of fact, that emblem of a mighty sovereignty is never in the satchel. If it were, the responsibility of the "purse bearer" would be great—much greater indeed than if he had to bear a purse that carried a salary of £10,000 a year.

The ceremony of carrying the purse in the house of lords is but one of the many venerable fictions which play a picturesque part in the parliamentary procedure. The purse is placed on the woolsack. It indicates that the lord chancellor is in possession of the great seal and therefore entitled to perform his duties as speaker of the house of lords.—London Globe.

THREE WAYS TO SUBDUE.

A Story of Buddha and the Trainer of Elephants.

From Hindoo tales that have come through the Chinese, who give us most of our Indian records—the rishis were dreamers and not recorders—we have this story of Buddha:

The lord demanded one day of an elephant trainer what were the means he employed to subdue his beasts.

"Three," said the mahout. "One applies to the mouth a hook of iron, which he attaches to breast clasp, and the elephant cannot lift his neck. Then one gives less and less food till thin and weak and finally beats."

"And what does one accomplish by these means?" asked he-of-the-yellow-light.

"The crochet de fer serves to overcome the resistance of the head; the deprivation of food and drink, the violence of the body; the stick subdues the spirit. After this, all is easy."

The nimbused-bronze-one said:

"I also have three ways to subdue. First, by perfect sincerity I control what goes forth from the mouth; by affection and charity I harmonize the irregularities of the body; by inward vibration of thought I calm the spirit. Did you ever think of trying these on the elephant?"—Everybody's Magazine.

FAMILY HISTORY.

Universal Interest In Knowing What Our Forefathers Did.

"Why don't you trace your family history?" The common reply to this question is summed up in the words, "If I knew how to go about it I should enjoy doing so." For few are the individuals who do not at times feel a longing to open the book of the past and read the records of their ancestors. Edward Everett felt that longing when he wrote, "There is no man of any culture who does not take some interest in what was done by his forefathers." The desire to trace the descent of one's family and to transmit the record to one's successors is as old as life—a strand in the binding cord of filial love.

So prevalent has the desire been among all nations to which either history or tradition extends that it has been regarded by many writers as an instinct in human nature. Observing its universality, the historian Hume began his history of England with these lines: "The curiosity entertained by all nations of inquiry into the exploits and adventures of their ancestors commonly excites a regret that the history of the ages should be involved in obscurity, uncertainty and tradition."—New England Magazine.

How to Roast the Succulent Oyster.

Select large oysters and have them scrubbed thoroughly, then place them in the oven in a large tin with the round side of the shells down, so that when they open the liquor will not be lost. As soon as they do open remove the upper shell, sprinkle them with salt, pepper and chopped parsley, add a little butter and serve hot as possible on a bed of water cress. Oysters served in this way make an excellent first course at dinner if accompanied by thin slices of brown bread and butter.

A Counter Attraction.

A recent visitor to Beaconsfield churchyard asked a middle aged native of the village to be directed to the graves of Burke and Waller. The man said he had no recollection of any such persons having been buried there. "But," he added, "you see that little chemist's shop over there? That's the shop where Devereux, the trunk murder man, used to be an apprentice!"

Not There.

"Judge," said Mrs. Starvem to the magistrate, who had recently come to board with her, "I'm particularly anxious to have you try this chicken soup."

"I have tried it," replied the magistrate, "and my decision is that the chicken has proved an alibi."—Exchange.

A Cure.

"Has your health improved of late?"

"Yes. I've been visiting among strangers who didn't keep talking to me about it all the time."—Cleveland Leader.

Joking often loses a friend and never gains an enemy.—Simmons.

Diagnosed the Case.

A successful oculist recently put in a day or two with his new shotgun in the marshes. He soon noticed that when using the left hand barrel he generally brought down the game, but when using the other barrel he invariably missed. He finally tacked a small target to a bush near the river's bank and fired at it several times with each barrel in order to bring the matter to a test. The result confirmed his suspicions. One barrel was all right, or nearly so, and the other was all wrong.

"Well," said the oculist to a friend who was with him, "as nearly as I can make out this gun has a severe case of strabismus, with strong symptoms of astigmatism!"—Modern Society.

The Cost For Repairs.

"Why did you sell your auto?"

"Cost too much for repairs."

"Wasn't it a good machine?"

"First rate. Never got out of order. But I had to pay for repairing the people it ran over."—Philadelphia Ledger

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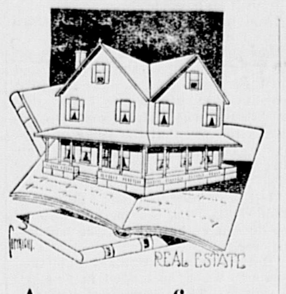

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On Thin Ice.

By JAMES NORTON.

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When the letter from Aunt Salina was received announcing that she would arrive on a visit the next week, mother and daughter looked at each other for a long minute, then the former said:

"We must keep it from her."

"Yes."

"If we don't she will certainly talk right up to the deacon and make things worse than ever. Your Aunt Salina is not afraid of any living man. You just act as natural as you can, and don't let her catch on to a thing."

And yet five or six days later, when the guest in question arrived, she had not been in the house half an hour before she set her jaw and said to Mrs. Thompson, her widowed sister:

"Now, Ruth, while Mary is upstairs I want to hear all about it. There's some skulduddery been going on here, and I want to get at the root of it. It's no use to put on that innocent look, for I'm a woman that can't be deceived."

Then the widow had to fix it up. Her daughter Mary, now twenty years old, had been "keeping company" with Deacon Bromley's son James, and the marriage day had once been set. Deacon Bromley had then favored the match. The widow had a fine farm adjoining his, and if she took forty acres off of hers and he forty off of his the young folks would have a good start in life. She as well as he could also contribute considerable cash toward building the new house and barn. Yes, it would be a good match all around, and everything was going swimmingly when the deacon took in a summer boarder.

He was what might be called a half cash boarder—that is, for two weeks he paid half the price of board and lodging in cash and the other in information which changed the deacon's nature all over. The boarder had made a study of family trees, so he asserted, and after scratching his head and consulting the signs in the family almanac for a fortnight he announced that the Bromleys were direct descendants of Lord Bromley of England, while Lord Bromley himself was a grand-nephew of William the Conqueror.

The deacon had always been rather a stiff necked man toward the community, and this information added to his pride. He did not question the stranger's information, and after a time it began to get in its work. He wasn't rich, but he had the blue blood in him, and that was even better. In four weeks he was walking as if he had a poker down his back, and at the end of four more he said to his son:

"James, there is nothing that hurts a family more than a misalliance. What is the world going to say when it hears that a Bromley has married a Thompson?"

"Are you talking about Mary Thompson, father?" asked James.

"I am. I am seeing things a great deal different from what I did a few weeks ago. Where did the Thompsons spring from? Who are they? Was the first Thompson a lord or duke or only a cooper?"

"But, you know, I'm engaged to Mary Thompson, and you know that the family is respectable. No one can say that there has been anything against them, from grandfather down."

"Um, um! None of them has been in jail that I know of, but I ask again, 'Who are the Thompsons?' We know who the Bromleys sprang from, and I cannot consent to any plebeian alliance. Until I know who the first Thompson was I shall feel justified in opposing this match. It will be no use whatever to argue the matter with me. I am determined to preserve the purity of our blood as it has come down to us."

James did not cease to call at the widow's, but it was not long before she realized that he had something on his mind, and he was finally prevailed upon to state it. He held in direct opposition to his father, but that did not satisfy the insulted mother or the high spirited daughter. Strained relations followed. Such was the situation when Aunt Salina arrived. She listened to the story with a grim look on her face, and when it was finished she said:

"Ruth, you were never any good at handling cases like this, and you must leave things to me. I know all about the Thompsons and the Bromleys, too, and I've heard a thing or two about William the Conqueror since I went to Michigan to live. You just keep out of the fuss and let me settle it my own way."

"But you won't go to the deacon and call him an old idiot?" protested the widow.

"I can't tell what I'll do. Providence generally takes a hand in cases like this, and I shall depend a good deal on Providence. We won't say a word to Mary about it."

Providence didn't wait long before taking a hand. December had come. Instead of being married on Christmas day, as the young couple had hoped for, they were as good as estranged.

Between the house and the barn was a goose pond of a considerable depth, and, though this had been frozen over solid for two or three weeks, a recent south wind had gone far to weaken the ice, and the hired man had skirted the pond in going to and fro.

On the forenoon of the very next day after the story had been told Deacon Bromley came walking toward the widow's house. He was taking a short cut across the fields, and when he reached the pond he stepped boldly on the ice. It began to crack, and, though a direct descendant of Lord Bromley and through him of William the Conqueror, the deacon didn't consider it derogatory to his dignity to make a rush for the head of a barrel appearing above the ice. He dared not go back and he dared not go forward, and he shouted for some one to come and shove a plank out on the ice to save his blue blood from being chilled.

"My soul, but there's Deacon Bromley standing on that barrel in the middle of the goose pond!" exclaimed the widow as she heard the shouts and looked out of the window."

"It's Providence," answered Aunt Salina, "and now you keep hands off. Providence and I are going to run this show. Get my hood and shawl and mittens, for the conversation may last some time."

Five minutes later she stood on the bank of the pond, sizing the deacon up, and after a bit she said:

"I am Mary's Aunt Salina from Michigan and here on a visit. Did you want to see any one in particular?"

"Why—why, as I was just going by, you know, I thought I would stop and ask for any letters James might have written."

"And did James know you were going to ask?"

"N-o, I can't say that he did. I see a twelve foot board there by the wood shed. May I ask you to kindly bring it here and shove it out on the ice?"

"What! What!" exclaimed Aunt Salina as she glared at him. "Sir, I want you to know that I was a Thompson before I married!"

"Yes?"

"And how dare you, sir—how dare a Bromley ask a Thompson to drag boards around? It's an insult, sir—an insult to our blood!"

"I didn't mean it so. I didn't know—I never heard that the Thompsons had—had"—

"Had any blood at all, you mean, sir! Another insult! Who do you think you are, sir?"

"You may have heard of Lord Bromley of England?" queried the deacon, trying to look dignified, but making a failure of it, as any man must have done, perched in the center of a goose pond.

"Yes, sir, I have and with good reason. He stole a horse from a Thompson and was hanged for it!"

"You—you don't say!"

"In the next generation two Bromleys were branded on the palms of their hands for cattle stealing. In the third one of them went to prison for arson. He sought to burn down the castle of a Thompson."

"Can it be possible?"

"And in the fourth, fifth and sixth generations the Thompsons got together all their retainers and drove all the Bromleys out of the country, and the king rewarded them for it. Is it possible that you never heard that Lord Grassy was a Thompson? Doesn't history tell you that the Duke of York was a Thompson? Why, man, there isn't a noble in England today that wasn't a Thompson first. He had to be."

"I—I have been told that I descended from William the Conqueror," faltered the deacon, as he felt that he had lost his case.

"But who was William the Conqueror? When he landed in England it was the Thompsons that lent him money and paid his house rent until he could strike a job. Deacon Bromley, do you want that board to get ashore on?"

"If you please."

"And is it to save an idiot or a sensible man?"

"Um! I think I would like to talk with the widow a little while. I didn't know, you know"—

"No," replied Aunt Selina as she went after the board, "but you do now. It's Thompson. It's Thompson with a 'p.' It's the Thompson family, descended directly from Adam and Eve, that have been making and unmaking kings and emperors and dividing up the earth for the last 6,000 years and are not through yet. There's the plank, and now you come in and have a talk and get over your foolishness."

The marriage took place a month later, and Deacon Bromley hasn't had a chance yet to thrash the genealogist who paid half cash for his board.

Bathing an Elephant.

If there is one thing which an elephant enjoys above all things else, it is his bath. In India elephants are used to draw the great guns of the heavy batteries. They take their baths in the barracks at the troughs where they drink, and they behave much better about it than many children. They have to lie down and be patient while they are washed by their attendants. They turn themselves about very promptly to suit their convenience. The attendant rubs the hide with a piece of stone instead of a sponge, and if the stone slips out of his hand the elephant politely picks it up with his trunk and hands it back. After they have been well scrubbed the elephants give themselves a shower bath, using their trunks to dash the water upon themselves, and they can hit any part of their bodies with ease.—London Mail.

Clever Birds.

A gentleman tells the following in regard to the cleverness of two goldfinches upon which he kept a close watch while they were building a nest on a small branch of a tree. When the nest was finished he noticed that the weight of the birds and the eggs was too great for the strength of the supporting branch. The goldfinches also perceived that the nest would fall unless something was done, and, after a great deal of bird talk, they flew away and came back with a stout string. Then they cleverly fastened the bending twig to a stronger and higher branch of the tree, and thus preserved their nest and its contents from destruction.—London Standard.

Aroused His Wrath.

"Were you ever done in oil?" ventured the wandering portrait painter.

The old farmer almost leaped out of his boots.

"Was I ever done in oil?" he roared. "Well, I should say so! A long legged, fox eared individual that looked something like you came past here last week and sold me a bottle of what was supposed to be genuine olive oil to eat on lettuce. When I poured it on the lettuce it turned out to be sewing machine oil, and, by heck, if I thought that you"—

But the wandering artist was gone—gone in a cloud of dust.—Chicago News.

Haiti's Legion of Honor.

It is not generally known that the famous order of the Legion of Honor was adopted at Haiti in 1849. When Soulouque became emperor under the name of Faustin I., he instituted an order in imitation of that which had been established by Napoleon in 1802. Statues, ribbons and insignia were precisely identical, and since the sovereign of Haiti distributed his honors to all and sundry with lavish hand the French government was considerably embarrassed. The death of Soulouque ended the difficulty.—Paris Gaulois.

A Poor Remedy.

Speaking of a certain measure under discussion in the senate, a well known congressman said: "It does not meet the situation at all and will not remedy conditions. It reminds me of the wife of a young blacksmith of Washington. 'Did you sew that button on my coat?' this blacksmith asked his wife one morning. 'No, dear,' the wife answered. 'I couldn't find the button, but I sewed up the buttonhole, so it's all right.'"

An Exception.

Little Ethel—Mr. Rich, we're not all made of dust, are we? Mr. Rich (benignly)—Yes, my dear. Little Ethel (triumphantly)—Oh, well, you aren't, 'cos papa says you sprung from nothing.—Punch.

Not Selfish.

He—Do you believe in every man for himself? She—Oh, no! I believe in every man for some woman.

PATENT MEDICINES.

They Were Known In Japan as Early as the Year 1682.

Though Americans have got the idea into their heads that this country takes the palm for the use of patent medicines, it appears that it falls far behind Japan.

A report by one of Great Britain's consuls in Japan shows that the "Yankees of the east" began to develop the patent medicine business long before the United States was more than a few little Atlantic coast hamlets—that is, in the year 1682.

The business had its origin at Toyama, on the west coast. Its founder and patron was Prince Seiho Maeda. While daymio of the province his making of medicines for the poor attracted such attention that Bandai Jokan, a physician of Katakami, brought a supply of Han-Gon-Tan ("medicine that calls back the dead to life"). This was distributed from door to door, to be paid for when convenient, and from that time has been a popular remedy.

The industry took root and flourished. Medicines were distributed in the last century by thousands of agents, who made collections once a year, taking back unused supplies.

The medicines—none being in liquid form—are usually given suggestive names, like "brain healing pills" and "heal everything powders." Toyama has a special guild for loaning capital, a dealers' club of 3,000 members, a patent medicine school and a patent medicine magazine.—Philadelphia Press.

JACK CADE.

He Was Killed With an Arrow by the Sheriff of Kent.

One of the mysteries of history is that surrounding the arch traitor Jack Cade. Nearly all historians have described him as an Irishman. He was really born in Sussex, where he was as a youth a servant to one Sir Thomas Dagre.

This Sir Thomas Dagre, or Dacre, was a Sussex knight of great eminence, who had seats at Hurstmonceaux and Heathfield, in that county.

Cade has for several centuries been a common name about Mayfield and Heathfield, as is proved as well by numerous entries in the parish registers as by lands and localities designated from that family. After his defeat near London Cade took to the Sussex woods, and he finally would have escaped if his reckless courage had not brought him out into the open.

It is traditionally related that he was engaged in a game of bowls in the garden of a little ale house at Heathfield when a Kentish squire, Sir Alexander Iden, sheriff of Kent, taking him unawares, killed him with an arrow.—London Saturday Review.

First Surgeon In St. Louis.

Dr. Antoine Francois Saugraine settled in St. Louis in 1800 and was the first surgeon to locate west of the Mississippi river. He spent all of his leisure time in experiments in chemistry and with electricity. The Indians were frequent visitors at his laboratory and, not understanding the mystery of his experiments, held him in great awe and wanted to worship him as a god. Before the village of St. Louis was incorporated Dr. Saugraine acted as postmaster. He tied the mail up in a blue silk handkerchief and left it on the doorstep. When any citizen wanted to know if he had a letter he untied the handkerchief, looked the mail over, paid for the postage in a piece of coonskin, which was legal tender, and walked on. The first lucifer matches ever made in this country were made by Dr. Saugraine. The small wooden sticks were dipped, one at a time, in the combustible substance and then lit by friction, as at the present time. He also made the first thermometer used in the west.—Kansas City Star.

Funeral on Skates.

Among the Wends, a remnant of the ancient Slavonic race inhabiting the Spreewald, a region inclosed by an arm of the Spree river, about fifty miles south of Berlin, are seen the most curious funeral processions of the civilized world. As in Holland, the thoroughfares are waterways. In the winter time, when these are frozen over, funeral processions pass along the ice on skates. The coffin is carried on a sledge drawn by six mourners on skates. The immediate relatives of the dead, men and women alike, skate along behind the coffin surrounded by their friends. The women carry a Bible in one hand and wear the ancient national costume.—Popular Mechanics.

A Few Human Bromides.

Now that surgery has advanced to a point where diseased or defective parts of the human body may be removed and replaced with those from an animal, it is presumed that the following will no longer be regarded as mere nature fakes: The man with the eagle eye, the man with the lion heart, the man with the chicken liver, the man with the bull neck, the man with the pig head and the man with the dog face.—New York World.

His Card Tricks.

Mrs. Stryver—We had a most enjoyable time at Mrs. Hunter's tea. Count Tedout was there and kept us mystified for an hour with his tricks with the cards. Mr. Stryver (dryly)—He kept us mystified with 'em for three months at the club, but we're on to him now.—New York World.

He Meant the Ashes.

Hewitt—Gruet uses very appropriate language, don't you think so? Jewett—Well, when I asked him what he thought of the idea of cremation his reply was, "It jars one."—New York Press.

The Story of Starlight.

"Once there was a group of sportsmen who were all quite broke," said a Jocky club official. "They must, however, get in to the races, and one at a time they presented themselves at the paddock gate.

"'I am the owner of Starlight,' the first said. He was well dressed and imposing. They believed and passed him in.

"'I am Starlight's trainer,' said the second. His red face and bluff manner bore out his story, and they admitted him.

"'The third man, small and thin, next appeared.

"'Starlight's jockey,' he said shortly and hurried through the gate.

"The fourth and last man of the group was very shabby indeed.

"'Well, who are you?' they said impatiently when he presented himself.

"'I am Starlight,' was the meek reply."—Los Angeles Times.

Navel Oranges.

Possibly not every one has heard the anecdote about the dear old mother whose son had been promoted to be first lieutenant in the navy. He sent her a box of fine navel oranges from Florida and this brief note:

Dear Mother—Just a handful of navel oranges, something you will find especially choice. Devotedly, JACK.

Speaking of Jack to some guests at the house a few nights later as they were enjoying the oranges, she remarked: "Just the very best boy in all the world, dear, dear Jack. What a splendid sailor, and every inch an officer! But he never could learn to spell. Just think of a lieutenant spelling naval with an 'e' and a small 'n.' Isn't it embarrassing to a mother? Still it sounds all the same when you speak it."—New York Press.

"The Morning Tub."

A few years ago a sister of mine called in to see an old lady who lived in a little cottage in Lincolnshire and in course of conversation happened to mention that she had a cold sponge-down every morning.

"Law, miss," said the old lady, "and does your mother know?"

"Yes, certainly, and she quite approves."

"Well," said the old lady, "Ah washes mi faace ivvery daay, an' Ah washes mi neck once a week, but Ah've nivver bin washed all ower since Ah was a baby."

This good lady lived to the ripe old age of ninety-three.—Cor. London News.

The Lotus Eaters.

The race of people to whom the name "Lotus Eaters" was applied was a Lybian tribe, known to the Greeks as early as the time of Homer. Herodotus describes their country and says that a caravan route led from it to Egypt. The lotus still grows there in great abundance—a prickly shrub bearing a fruit of a sweet taste, compared by Herodotus to that of the date. It is still eaten by the natives, and a kind of wine is made from its juice.

Superfluous.

Copy Reader—How will it do to head this story "A Growing Scandal?" City Editor—Cut out the "growing." That's redundant. A scandal always grows.—Chicago Tribune.

A Stowaway.

She (on the Atlantic liner)—Did you observe the great appetite of that stout man at dinner? He—Yes. He must be what they call a stowaway.—London Telegraph.

On the Verge.

He considered it a parental duty to see that his daughter kept only the very best marriageable company.

"Mary," said her father, "you have been going with that Mitchell fellow for more than a year now. This courtship must come to a termination."

"Oh, pa, how can you talk so? He is, oh, so sweet and nice!"

"Ah!" And the fond father arched his eyebrows. "Sweet and nice, eh? Has he proposed?"

"Well, pa, not exactly." And the girl hung her head and fingered the drapery of her dress. "He hasn't exactly proposed; but, then, last evening, when we were out walking, we passed by a nice little house, and he said, 'That's the kind of cottage I am going to live in some day,' and I said 'Yes,' and then he glanced at me and squeezed my hand. Then, just as we got by, I glanced back at the cottage, and—and I squeezed his hand, pa."

"Oh, ah, I see! Well, we'll try him another week or two."—London Tit-Bits.

His Feelings Were Hurt.

It is strange how unreasonable some people are in business—how unreasonable and how inconsiderate of the feelings of others. As an example, there is the case of a fidelity company in New York which suddenly and arbitrarily canceled the bond it had issued for a man attached in a fiduciary capacity to an important concern. It was the most natural thing in the world for the man to display some feeling and to demand to know the reason for such action. And the inconsiderate head of the bonding company wrote him to this effect:

"Because you were convicted of forgery under another name in the year —— and served a term in the state prison at ——."

The recipient of the note felt so hurt that he couldn't reply. He still is silent.—New York Globe.

A Singer's Avarice.

We hear a great deal about the enormous salaries paid to famous prima donnas nowadays, and we also hear a great deal about their charity and good nature. In the reign of Queen Anne one of the most celebrated singers was Mrs. Tofts, who had a veritable craze for money making as well as a great deal of personal conceit. Pope, who never spared any persons or objects that he satirized, wrote an epigram that must have greatly annoyed the avaricious singer:

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along,
But such is thy avarice and such is thy pride
That the beasts must have starved and the poet have died.

—London Standard.

He Was a Judge.

One of the consuls to Persia during a visit home said at a dinner in Chicago:

"Lady Drummond Wolffe once got permission to visit the late shah's harem. She took a friend with her who was about to be married. The two Englishwomen wandered over the palace, and presently the shah encountered them.

"'Come here,' he said to Miss Blank in his crude French.

"'You are about to be married?' he said.

"'Yes, your highness.'

"'It's late!'"—Boston Post.

Not In His Line.

"They tell me," said the new reporter, who was doing an interview, "that you have succeeded in forging your way to the front."

"Sir," replied the self made man coldly, "you have been misinformed. I'm no forger."—London Globe.

Foresight.

"Talk about foresight!"

"Well?"

"Old Gotrox left a thousand tons of coal in trust, not to be touched until the youngest child is of age."—Kansas City Journal.

How to Be Strong.

Man is strong only by union, happy only by peace. Be firm, not obstinate; courageous, not turbulent; free, not undisciplined; prompt, not precipitate.—Comte de Mirabeau.

I would not enter in my list of friends a man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—Cowper.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II.—Second Quarter, For April 12, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John xi, 1-57. Memory Verses, 43, 44—Golden Text, John xi, 25—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

Still remembering why this gospel was written, that we might have life through Jesus Christ, the Son of God (xx, 31), we come to this great resurrection chapter and anticipate somewhat the optional Easter lesson of next week. There is no salvation for any one apart from the resurrection of Jesus Christ, as is fully set forth in I Cor. xv, 1-20, and there is no fullness of life for any save one until the immortal body becomes ours at the resurrection of the just at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ (I Thess. iv, 16-18; I Cor. xv, 50-54). All the mystery of sickness and suffering and seemingly unanswered prayer will then be made plain, for now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now we know in part, but then shall we know even as also we are known.

Here is a family specially dear to our Lord, where He always had a cordial welcome and where there was one who could do all that needed to be done and find time to sit at His feet and hear His word (Luke x, 38-42). Many a time He was refreshed in this home. Yet see what He permits even to such as these: The one only brother becomes sick. They send Jesus word. He did not come, but remained two days just where He was. Lazarus grows worse. The sisters' hearts are wrung with anguish. Oh, if Jesus would only come! Why does He not come? The brother seems to be dying. Yes, it is all too true; he is dead. The sisters are heartbroken and dumb with amazement as they are compelled to lay away in the tomb the body of their dearly loved brother, whom Jesus loved also. Now, see the Lord's view of this and listen to His words to the disciples: "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby. Lazarus is dead, and I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent that ye may believe" (verses 4, 14, 15). After the burial and the home is desolate Jesus comes, and the cry of each sister is, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died" (verses 21, 32). "Thy brother shall rise again. * * * I am the resurrection and the life." Though believers die, they shall live again, and believers who shall be alive at the time of the resurrection shall never die (verses 23-26). What God, who is love, for some wise reason permits for the present hurts Him as well as those who suffer. "Jesus groaned in the spirit and was troubled. * * * Jesus wept" (verses 33, 35). In all our affliction He is afflicted (Isa. lxiii, 9). He doth not afflict willingly. No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous (Heb. xii, 11). What has He to say to these two sisters whom He loved? (Verse 5.) "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?" (Verse 40.) What are they to believe when the brother is dead and buried? Believe in God and believe also in Him who talked with them (xiv, 1). Be not offended though they put you out of the synagogue and even kill you (xvi, 1-3). Have the faith that will not shrink though pressed by every foe, that will not tremble on the brink of any earthly woe; absolute and unwavering confidence in Him under all circumstances, like that of Ps. xlvi, 1-3, finding of joy in the Lord always. Then there must be obedience. Martha seemed to think it quite useless to take away the stone, for the body must be even now corrupting, but faith in Him and in His word delivers us from thinking such thoughts. Nothing too hard for Thee is the believer's cry. The stone being taken away, the same voice that in Gen. I said, "Let there be light," said, "Lazarus, come forth." And he that was dead came forth alive and well. Some one has said that if Jesus had not mentioned Lazarus by name all the dead would have come forth at the sound of His voice, and we know that the time will come when at the sound of that voice all the dead shall rise, the righteous at their appointed time, and all the unrighteous at their time (chapter v, 28, 29). How little we seem to know of the power of that life giving word! Oh, for the mighty quickening of His Spirit! But Lazarus, alive from the dead, is bound hand and foot with grave clothes, and Jesus said, "Loose him and let him go" (verse 44). The power that gave him life brought him to the mouth of the tomb, but He commissioned others to loose him, for they could do that. All true believers have life, but not all have life abundantly, for they are too often bound by the grave clothes of the life when they were dead in sins. The Truth will set them free (viii, 32), and it is the privilege of those made free from former bondage to set others free, as Priscilla and Aquila did Apollos (Acts xviii, 24-28). The word of God in the power of the Spirit of God is that by which alone true life and freedom come, for thus the Son of God sets free. So again we learn that the great word for us is "Believe" (verses 40, 42). But see the result of this resurrection life, one result of it, in its effect upon many religious people (verse 53; xii, 10, 11), and lay this to heart, that if you will have resurrection life you must be content to suffer for His sake and find your comfort in the thought of resurrection glory.

Too Expensive.

Two little girls who were taken to see "Othello" were much impressed by the death scene.

"I wonder whether they kill a lady every night?" asked one.

"Why, of course not," said the other. "They just pretend to! It would be too expensive to really kill a lady every night!"

Sweet Sorrow.

"I can't please my friends," sobbed the young bride.

"What's the matter, pet?"

"They insist that I can't be happy with a fathead like you, but, oh, husband, I am!"—Washington Herald.

Domestic Amenities.

Knicker—I've waited an hour for you to get your hat on straight. Mrs. Knicker—Well, I've waited longer than that for you to get your feet on straight.—New York Sun.

Decision of character is one bright golden apple which every young person should strive in the beginning to pluck from the tree of life.

CHOCOLATE.

It Was a Luxury In This Country In the Eighteenth Century.

The first newspaper notice that announced the sale of cocoa and chocolate in America read:

"Amos Track, at his house a little below the Bell tavern in Danvers, makes and sells chocolate which he will warrant to be good and takes cocoa to grind. Those who may please to favor him with their custom may depend upon being well served, and at a very cheap rate."

This notice appeared in the Essex Gazette of Massachusetts on the 18th of June, 1771, five years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Despite Mr. Trask's assurance that his rate was cheap, chocolate was very expensive and beyond the purse of any but the wealthy folk. Wouldn't they be surprised to see how generally chocolate is sold these days in packages as cheap as a penny?

When the Spanish soldier Cortes conquered Mexico in 1519 he found the people very fond of a drink called "chocolatl." This was served to the ruler Montezuma in a cup of solid gold. When the Spaniards went home they introduced this drink into their country, but it remained very expensive. The secret of its preparation was never allowed to get out of Spain. Now it is the cheapest article of food and drink we have.

VARIETY IN CHEWING.

Gum and Tobacco Are Not the Only Materials Utilized.

Gum chicle, which forms the basis of most American chewing gums, is by no means the only chewing material, though chewing gum has spread over a large portion of the world.

Among the old fashioned the gum of the spruce tree is still in greater favor, and druggists near the great spruce belts drive a thriving trade in the brown lumps.

Although the chicle comes from the tropics, it is seldom used as a chewing gum there, uncured rubber being the fashion. In Peru "cuca," or cocoa leaves, form the staple chew, the plant being a powerful stimulant, since from its leaves cocaine is extracted. In the east the betel nut is chewed in preference, the nut being prepared with lime. To it might be accorded the place of first prominence, since because of the congestion of population practically one-tenth of the human race give it their preference.

One of the oddest chews is the leaden bullet which the English soldier used to chew before the introduction of the jacketed bullets now in use. They declared that it lessened their thirst and to some extent deadened their hunger on long marches.

And then there is tobacco.

ODD THINGS ABOUT WORDS.

When the Word "Lunch" Was First Used It Meant a "Lump."

A "lunch," etymologically, is just a lump. In the sixteenth century a "lunch of bacon" meant merely a slice or hunk of it. So Burns speaks of bread and cheese "dealt about in lunches," and Scott records that "little Benjie was ramming a huge luncheon of pie crust into his mouth." While in modern times "lunch" is an abbreviation from "luncheon," the latter was originally an elongation of "lunch." A philologist shows how the old "noon shenk," noon drink, came to mean noon eating, and to appear as "nunsheon," and the development thereafter of "luncheon" from "lunch" was very natural.

Curious changes of words sometimes take place between two languages. Thus English has borrowed the French "poseur" and has given to France "snob" in trade. Frenchmen have a way of taking a polysyllabic word and using half of it. Thus of "steeplechase they have appropriated the "steeple," and now the French sportsman speaks of "mounting a steeple" when he means to ride a race over the customary obstacles. A smoking jacket is with him a "smoking" and a sleeping car is a "sleeping."

Inspired a Noble Poem.

It was the daguerreotypist Hesler of Chicago who inspired Longfellow to write "Hiawatha." Mr. Hesler was one of the most eminent of his profession, and in 1851 the London world's fair awarded him the prize medal for daguerreotypes. One of them, a picture of the falls of Minnehaha, came into the poet's possession and furnished immediate inspiration for the poem. In testimony of his debt to Mr. Hesler Longfellow sent him a bound volume of his poems with his signature and compliments on the fly leaf.

The Herring.

Deep sea denizens of the northern waters are all remarkable for their migratory habits, the herring especially so. These fish approach the Newfoundland littoral to spawn and then are captured in great quantities, but this is only during a few months every year, while for the remainder they withdraw to some waters the location of which has never been determined.

A Great Sinner.

The Doctor—Yes; that's the sort of man Bejings is. The neighbors say he cheats the gas company by tapping a pipe in his basement, and he lies about the ages of his children to keep from having to send them to school. The Professor—Then he sins against both light and knowledge.—Chicago Tribune.

The Art of Pleasing.

The secret of many a man's success is an affable manner, which makes everybody feel easy in his presence, dispels fear and timidity and calls out the finest qualities in one's nature.—Success Magazine.

The Law's Delay.

Betty—That case hasn't come on yet. Isn't the law's delay maddening? Cissie (absentmindedly)—Perfectly frightful! I've been six months getting that young barrister to propose.—London Opinion.

His Loss Our Gain.

Poet—I had a poem here, but while I was waiting for you I carelessly upset some ink over it, and I fear that I cannot remember it to rewrite it. Editor—That's good.—New York Press

A Quick Switch.

Jack (studying geography)—Father, what is a strait? Father (reading the paper)—Five cards of a—that is, a narrow strip of water connecting two larger bodies.—Harper's Weekly

Answered.

"Do you dance on your toes, Miss Quickwit?"

"Never, Mr Clumsey. Other people do that for me."

And he didn't know just what she meant until he tried to get another dance with her.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect December 16, 1907.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p. m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11 02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p. m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10 22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Sunday, January 5, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6 52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

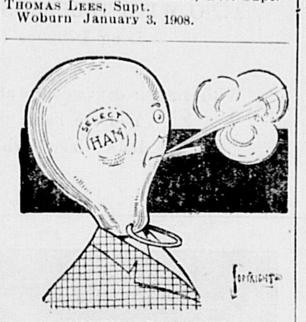
Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn January 3, 1908.



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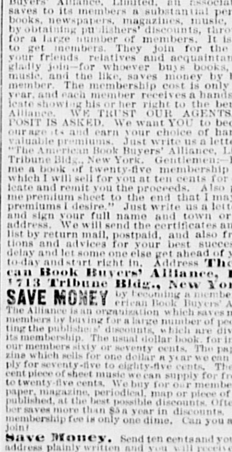

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Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 55, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11.15 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb 15 1906.

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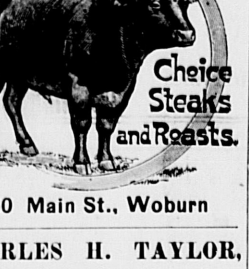

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NOTARY PUBLIC.

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5 30, 5.45, 6 00, 6 30, 6 45, 7 00, 7.30 A M. and every 30 minutes until 10 30 P M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5 20, 5.50, 6.05, 6 20, 6,50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6 10, 6 25, 6 40, 7 10, 7 25, 7.40, 8 10 A M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6 45, 7 00, 7.30, 7.45, 8 00, 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6 50, 7 05, 7 20, 7.50, 8 05, 8 20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11 50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6 40, 7.10, 7 25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6 30, 7 30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6 50, 7 50, 8.20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7 30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7 50, 8 50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5 12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect December 16, 1907

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55 †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23 †10.21, †10.53, §11.01, †11.38 a. m., §12.05, †12.59 †2.00, §2.00, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.26, †5.02 †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL— †6.24, †8.22, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, †§5.26, †6.42, §9.27, §11.02, †10.59, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2-26 †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, *Pas. Traf. Mgr.* C. M. BURT, *Gen. Pass. Ag*

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

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The Real Man

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

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Polly was to take part in an amateur play.

"It's such fun," she announced on the evening of the first rehearsal, "to act with real men! At school, you know—well, at school we didn't have any real men."

The "real men" laughed. There were three of them. Two were old friends and admirers of Polly. The third, Bradley Rogers, she approved the moment he was introduced to her.

"Well," asked Polly gayly, looking over the printed cast in her hand, "which of you is my lover?"

Solemnly, with hands on their hearts, all three bowed.

"You are all very silly," said Polly, blushing. "Now, please be serious. Which of you is to be 'Captain Wheeler, Claire's lover, absent on the field?'" she continued, reading from the play.

"I am cast for that unfortunate part," Bert Crawford answered.

"Unfortunate?" queried Polly, and she raised her pretty eyebrows haughtily.

"Unfortunate," Bert hastened to explain, "because 'absent on the field' for two whole acts, you notice, gives these other fellows too much chance to cut me out."

"Oh," smiled Polly graciously, "then Mr. Marshall and Mr. Rogers are rivals for my hand, too—Claire's hand, I mean."

"No; haven't the pleasure," sighed Jim Marshall. "I'm only your brother."

"Never mind, Jim," said Polly comfortingly. "I'll be a real sweet sister to you. And what are you, Mr. Rogers?"

"Your father," answered Rogers laconically.

Polly found the admission exceedingly amusing.

"But what possible chance do my father and brother have of cutting you out?" she asked Bert suddenly.

"Oh," explained Bert carelessly, "I meant they'll cut me out with the audience. No chance to win any bouquets and that sort of thing."

"But you'll win me. I mean—what's her name?—Claire."

"Oh, I'll come out strong in the finish," Bert returned confidently, at which Jim shot him a look that escaped Polly's notice. It did not escape Rogers' observation, however, and he smiled at the thought of the fun to come behind the scenes.

"Who's to be my 'girl chum, Natalie?'" asked Polly, again consulting the printed cast.

"Mrs. Rogers," Bert answered. "And she'll be dandy in that part too. Where is she tonight, Brad?"

"Couldn't come. The baby had the croup or something or other."

Polly wheeled around suddenly on the piano stool and faced Rogers.

"Do you mean to say," she asked accusingly, "that you don't know what's the matter with the baby?"

Rogers, taken by surprise, looked very much embarrassed.

He began to stammer an explanation, but got no further than "Well, you see, Miss Noyes," when the "prompter" arrived and the reading over of parts and the studying out of stage business began in earnest.

As the rehearsals of the play progressed Polly found them absorbing beyond all her expectations. As it happened, Mrs. Rogers, owing to the baby's illness, had not been able to take the part of Natalie after all, and Elsie Williams, Polly's intimate girl friend, was prevailed upon to try it.

This change in the cast, simple as it seemed, was the cause of other changes far less simple.

For one thing, Bert Crawford, whom Polly had grown through force of habit to regard as one of her most effective satellites, suddenly wavered from his accustomed course and began to revolve at a very dangerous speed around Polly's friend Elsie.

Now, Polly ought not to have resented this, for she knew very well in her heart that she never intended Bert to develop, so far as she was concerned, into anything beyond an obsequious and ornamental attendant. However, since he was her lover in the play, it piqued her not a little to have him constantly missing his cue while making love to Elsie behind the scenes instead.

On one of these embarrassing occasions Jim Marshal came to the rescue with what seemed to him nothing sort of an inspiration.

"See here, Polly," he exclaimed jovially as Polly, alone in the center of the stage, impatiently waited the dramatic entry of Captain Wheeler after his "absence in the field," "I've got a simply corking idea. Bert and I will change parts. You see, off the stage he's Elsie's lover, and on the stage he's your's. Now, why not fix it as it really is and let me be your lover on the stage as well as off? Don't you think that would work out well? I'd be on hand for this scene, you can bet your life!"

But Polly received his suggestion with anything but enthusiasm.

"Don't be foolish, Jim, and please hunt Captain Wheeler," was all she answered.

Accordingly Bert, alias the missing captain, soon rushed in, and Polly ran to meet him, "falling into his arms with a cry of joy," as the stage directions called for.

"Oh, that will never do at all," complained the prompter. "You don't act as though you were really glad to see him, Miss Noyes. And you don't stay long enough in his arms. You just jump away as if you'd been shot."

Polly made up a comical little face and tried the scene over again.

"No," sighed the prompter. "That wasn't any better. Now, after you've rushed into Captain Wheeler's arms, Miss Noyes, just stay until you're comfortable."

There was a general laugh at this, and then Jim Marshall came forward, as usual, with an original suggestion.

"I don't believe it's all Polly's fault," he said. "Just let me try the scene with her, and then Bert can see how it ought to be done."

But Polly scorned the offer.

"I'll try it with Mr. Rogers," she said archly. "You see, he's perfectly safe."

The shout that went up at Bradley's expense did not daunt him.

"Everything comes to him who—is modest," he paraphrased good naturedly.

So Polly tried the affectionate welcome home scene with Bradley—and a strange thing happened. In each of the many times she had rushed into Bert Crawford's arms she had felt embarrassed and conscious. Her one impulse was to tear herself away again. But when Bradley's arms closed about her she felt a strange thrill of happiness, and as she looked up into his face their glances met in the discovery of an unguessed secret.

"There," exclaimed the delighted prompter, "that's something like! Now try it again with Mr. Crawford, Miss Noyes."

But Polly wouldn't.

"I'm tired of the old scene," she said laughingly, determined that no one should guess how madly her heart was beating. "I'll do it all right the night of the performance truly. Now, come on, Mr. Rogers; you're my father again now, you know, and I've got to tease you into letting me marry Captain Wheeler. I'm going to be most irresistibly persuasive tonight—to make up for my failure in the last act," she added gayly.

And she was irresistible. Twice Rogers forgot his cue, so fascinated was he in watching her.

At length came a resting space, and Polly and Rogers found themselves alone in the music room.

"What did you mean, Miss Noyes," inquired Bradley half jokingly, half seriously, "by saying I was 'perfectly safe?'"

Polly blushed scarlet, though her tone was admirably nonchalant.

"Why, that you're married, of course."

For a moment Bradley looked absolutely nonplused; then he burst out laughing.

"Well?" queried Polly, doubting her senses.

"'All the world' has evidently become a stage with you, Miss Noyes," he answered, smiling at her amusedly. "Of course as your father in the play I am married, but as your—as Bradley Rogers I'm a single man, on honor."

"Then who are Mrs. Rogers and the baby?" demanded Polly, not yet convinced.

"My sister-in-law and child," Bradley announced. "Surely you didn't think"—

"But I did," broke in Polly. "I thought so all along from the night of the very first rehearsal. If I'd known"— She broke off suddenly in confusion.

"If you'd known?" repeated Bradley, looking straight into her eyes.

They heard the prompter calling them.

"Goodness," exclaimed Polly, "we're missing our cue. Come on, daddy," she added mischievously.

Polly entered with a flourish, turned toward Bradley, who followed with his hastily assumed old man manner, and held out her arms to him appealingly.

"You will let me marry the man I love, won't you, daddy? Do say yes," she pleaded.

Bradley gave his reluctant paternal consent, and Polly threw her arms about his neck affectionately.

"You dear!" she half sighed, half whispered.

The prompter and the rest of the cast applauded, unaware of the real love scene going on behind the curtain.

The First Coins.

While the first actual coining of money is attributed to Pheidon, king of Argos, in 895 B. C., it must not be supposed that there had not existed a keen appreciation of the value and uses of money for centuries previous to the introduction of coinage. The ancient Egyptians had a gold and silver standard of currency, and their money was in the form of gold and silver ornaments, rings and nuggets, the purchasing value of which depended on their weight. The Greeks improved somewhat on this system by first marking the weight on gold and silver nuggets so that it would no longer be necessary to reweigh them every time they were to be used for purposes of exchange or trade. Then came the introduction of gold, silver and copper nuggets of graded uniform sizes and value. The next step was the molding and stamping of disks made from the precious metals. Some of these first coins were enormous, the idea apparently being to discourage the greedy from attempting to accumulate and carry around too many of them. There were copper coins as large as dinner plates. While the idea was based on excellent motives, it had to give way before the demand for smaller and more convenient forms of currency, and the giant pennies soon dwindled in size to meet the popular demand.

Open Minded.

"You wouldn't believe this possible, but still"—

"I'll believe anything possible," interrupted the sour citizen. "I've bought a little law in my time."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

On the Other Side.

A British soldier out walking with his son saw an old blind beggar with the inscription on his chest, "I Fought at Waterloo."

The soldier said, with deep feeling:

"Give him something. He helped to save your country."

The child dropped some silver into the beggar's cap, and the old man gratefully replied:

"Merci bien, monsieur!"—London Post.

Twain Wasn't Well.

At a dinner to which Mark Twain was invited his name was associated with the toast of "Literature" by an orator, who referred with great eloquence to Homer, Shakespeare, Milton and—Mark Twain. In response the humorist thanked the speaker for his kindly references and excused himself from making a longer speech by saying, "Homer is dead, Shakespeare and Milton are no more, and I—I don't feel very well myself!"

BREAKING IN NEW MEN.

One Corporation Publishes a Text Book For New Employees.

A large corporation has lately shown its appreciation of the value of giving new employees a thorough general knowledge of the business by publishing a book describing in an interesting fashion all the details of the company's work.

It is a volume of over 200 pages, illustrated with facsimile cuts of various reports and other forms used. A copy is furnished every employee, and he is expected to master not merely the portions pertaining to his own work, but the entire book.

Quizzes are held at frequent intervals throughout the organization, and dismissal is the penalty for ignorance of any subject treated in the volume.

"It costs us about $2,000 to publish this book," says the president of the company, "but we consider it money well invested, and we are planning to issue a new and up to date edition every year.

"When a man enters our employ he is told to read this manual and do nothing else until he has thoroughly mastered it. This gives him a general knowledge of the business, and if there are any points he does not understand they are cleared up before he begins work."—System.

AN ANECDOTE OF KEAN.

How One Actress Won and Another Lost His Good Opinion.

Kean possessed an inordinate love of praise even from his humblest worshipers, says the London Tatler. During his brilliant management of the Princess theater one of the ballet girls who sometimes was given a few lines to speak and who knew her manager's failing used to haunt the wings and go into audible raptures over the tragedian's acting.

He was playing with great success a pathetic part, and tears flowed down the cheeks of the cunning girl, who eventually attracted personal notice from the actor. Soon she found herself promoted to a superior position.

Her advancement of course was noticed by her companions, and to her greatest friend among them she told her secret, advising the girl to follow her example.

Nothing loath, No. 2 appeared at the wings and almost howled with grief through Kean's chief scenes, when, to her amazement, he strode angrily by her; then, pointing her out, exclaimed, "Who is that idiot?" She did not improve her position, for since the advice of her knowing friend the bill had been changed, and her manager was appearing in one of his most successful comic parts.

Beads.

Apropos of beads, etymologists tell us the word comes from the rosaries which from time immemorial have been used to keep count of prayers, for "biddan" is to pray in the old Anglo-Saxon tongue, and "beadsman" is one employed to pray for others. "Beodan," to proclaim, is a kindred word and has its outcome in the "bidding prayer" of our universities, when pious founders are remembered to the edification of graceless undergraduates and in the "bidding" of an auction room, when one proclaims to what price one is willing to go. The tiny balls of wood or pearl or seeds or gems strung together for the purpose of counting prayers are used by Hindoo worshipers of Buddha, by Greeks, by Persians, by Roman Catholics. And from those prayer chaplets the word has passed to mean any pierced round ornament.—Modern Society.

Driving Men From the Table.

Baptista Porta gives six processes for driving hearty eaters from the tables of great men. The most effective was to give them an hour before eating a glass of wine medicated with belladonna, so that attempts to masticate would occasion spasms of the jaw. The most disgusting was to set before the gluttons viands sprinkled with dried horses' blood and pieces of catgut. He says, "If you cut harp strings small and sprinkle them on hot flesh, the heat will twist them and they will move like worms."

His Victory.

A physical culture tutor said at the end of a recent women's boxing and fencing exhibition:

"Physical culture among women, women's growing strength and pluck, lend interest to marriage, change marriage's complexion.

"'How is poor Smithers gettin' on?' said one man to another.

"'Well,' said the other, 'Smithers is now almost recovered from the beatin' he gave his wife last Saturday night.'" —Los Angeles Times.

Just Like Rich Folks.

"Marshall Field, Jay Gould and Potter Palmer habitually carried only small amounts in their pockets," said the man who has a taste for the odd.

"Well," responded his friend, "when I am gone you can truthfully say the same about me."—Washington Herald.

The Lesser Evil.

"Of course," the tragedian was saying, "in the theatrical business a short run is bad"—

"But," interrupted the critic, "a good, long walk is worse, isn't it?"—Exchange.

One Exception.

"You know," began Lovett, "it is said that 'love levels all things.'"

"Yes," remarked the crusty bachelor, "it may level all things except the lover's head."—Philadelphia Press.

Every man has just as much vanity as he lacks understanding.—Pope.

Changing Fashions.

Father (meditating on time's changes) —Ah, yes, the fashion of this world passeth away! Daughter—Indeed it does, papa. I shall want a new hat next week.

The Life Line.

Amateur Palmist—The life line indicates how long you will live. Skeptical Friend—Yes? Isn't it a wonder the life insurance companies pay no attention to it?

ANIMAL VISION.

Its Acuteness Depends Upon the Size of the Eyeball.

Dr. Alexander Schaefer investigated the vision of many animal species and found that the size of the eyeball is the principal factor of acuteness of vision. The bovine species has the sharpest sight. The second place is occupied by man and the horse, which have nearly equal visual powers, the third by the sheep. Small and especially small eyed animals, whether mammals, birds, amphibia or reptiles, have very poor sight. Owls and buzzards are the only birds that possess great acuteness of vision. The low positions in the scale occupied by dogs, cats, bats and many fishes which feed upon living prey is contrary to all expectation. In the case of dogs and certain fishes lack of sharpness of vision is due to the great size of the retinal elements. It has long been known that dogs have such indistinct vision that, as a rule, a dog is not able to recognize his master by sight alone.

These results emphasize the distinction between vision of motionless objects and vision of moving objects. The latter faculty is necessarily keen in all animals of prey. A cat is little affected by the sight of motionless objects, but pounces on a fleeing mouse or a trailed string instantly and with unerring precision. A trout will rise to the most impossible artificial fly if its motion resembles that of a living fly.

The inclusion and position of man in the series are based upon the ocular measurements given by Helmholtz in his "Physiologische Optik."—Scientific American.

OUR NEED OF WATER.

Muscles Made Elastic and Temperature Regulated by Moisture.

Physiologists tell us that the animal body consists of almost 80 per cent of water. Admitting this to be true, it would seem plausible, says the Medical Record, that this quantity is necessary in order to carry on the normal physiological processes of the animal economy in proper condition.

For similar reasons it would also appear plausible that should this quantity in any way be greatly reduced or diminished, either through normal processes of the body or through abnormal processes, this lost quantity must immediately be resupplied. Should such a withdrawal of water be permitted to be unduly prolonged the disorders will assume such grave dimensions that life itself may ultimately be terminated.

Elasticity and pliability of muscles, nerves, cartilage, tendons and even bones depend mainly on the amount of water they contain. Water also serves as a distributer of bodily heat and regulates the body temperature by the physical process of absorption and elimination.

Under normal conditions and in a proper degree of health this supply is ordinarily furnished partly by the food and partly by the drink we are daily consuming. An overindulgence in the use of water, provided it is not carried to excess, will seldom if ever be productive of any deleterious consequences.

The Tuscan Farmer.

The Tuscan peasant stands in the peculiar position of being neither a proprietor nor a dependent, writes Helen Zimmern in the Youth's Companion. He is instead the partner in an industry. According to this method of farming, which is called mezzadria, the proprietor of the land pays all the taxes, advances all money required, furnishes capital for the purchase of cattle and keeps in repair the dwelling house. The peasant in return works the fields, attends to the live stock and to other home industries, sells the products—in short is the absolute master of the land that is confided to him. He works the soil exactly as if it were his own, and then, at stated intervals in the year, divides the products and profits with the real owner.

Don't Live In New Houses.

Why is a new house unhealthful? That is a question which has been asked by many and answered by few. And yet the reason is obvious. In the construction of just one medium sized house it is estimated that over 30,000 gallons of water is used. This water does not evaporate so quickly as it would in the air and sunlight, but lies near the surface of the earth and under the house and in the walls of the cellar; hence the house is damp, and damp houses foster illness. A house that has been standing for a year or so is much more healthful than a new one.—Minneapolis Journal.

Cheering Him Up.

Little Elmer—Grampa, why do you look so sad? Grampa—I was just thinking. Here I am sixty years of age, and I have never done anything that will be likely to make posterity remember me. Little Elmer—Oh, well, don't worry. Mebby you'll still have a chance to live in history as somebody's grandfather.

Free from Alcohol

Since May, 1906, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been entirely free from alcohol. If you are in poor health, weak, pale, nervous, ask your doctor about taking this non-alcoholic tonic and alterative. If he has a better medicine, take his. Get the best always. This is our advice.

Ayer's We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

A sluggish liver means a coated tongue, a bad breath, and constipated bowels. The question is, "What is the best thing to do under such circumstances?" Ask your doctor if this is not a good answer; "Take laxative doses of Ayer's Pills."
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

RANDALL'S BEST CATCH.

By Colin S. Collins.

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Winter quarters had wakened from its long nap. Over in the car sheds men were touching up the brilliant advance cars with vermillion and gold leaf. In the wagon shop stood rows of chariots resplendent in gilt and crimson. In the loft last touches were being given to the "big tops," the huge canvas structures which went to make up the city of tents. From animal house and training barn could be heard the sounds of activity as trainers put horses and elephants through their paces, while the performers freshed up their acts. In three weeks the show would take to the road, opening in the south to escape the frosts and to get an additional month of "season."

Caley Randall's appearance in the ring barn was the signal for a general stoppage of work on the part of those who had been with the show the season before. Randall had been a general favorite, and even the equestrian director, the autocrat of affairs in the ring, came over to greet the newcomer.

"The rest of the boys are here and have your traps all up," he told Caley, with a glance aloft where the trapeze rigging of the Bannard troupe glittered in the light filtering through the wire glass. "The other troupe is here."

"Who the mischief are they?" demanded Randall curiously. "I never heard of the Bannard troupe."

"Neither did any one else," agreed the director. "They do a ripping good casting act, though, and they'll work well in the big act. Come over and I'll introduce you."

He led the way across the tanbark to where stood a little group of men and women curiously regarding his approach. Randall was famous in the circus world, and the Bannards, accustomed to the drudgery of obscure one ring wagon circuses and small vaudeville performances, looked with awe upon this star of the big show. Some of Randall's boys were standing with the group; but, after a pleasant nod to his own men and an acknowledgment of the introduction to the strangers, Randall saw only one of the troupe, a lithe, graceful girl not yet out of her teens.

Bannard hurried to compliment Randall on his work, but Caley scarcely heard him. His attention was centered upon this queenly girl with the flashing black eyes, and when at last he moved on to the dressing room to see that his trunk was all right he turned to his "bearer," who did the catches for his leaps.

"What was the old chap saying?" he asked. "I didn't quite catch."

Clute laughed.

"Better get that idea out of your head," he advised. "The girl is the whole show with that troupe, and the old man doesn't want her marrying into another act."

"You be hanged," said Randall. "If you think you're funny I don't mind telling you that you're not."

"You agreed to a rehearsal at 3 o'clock," said Clute. "It's all right, Caley. I'd be stuck on her myself if I wasn't married. Come out and get a bite to eat."

Randall followed Clute across the lot to the hotel, where most of the performers stopped, and by 2 they were in practice dress and up in the dome of the practice ring, getting the stiffness out of their joints.

It was the custom with the show to mass all the aerial acts into one big troupe for a finish to the show. While the arena was being made ready for the hippodrome races the attention was centered upon the one big act, and in this Bannard's troupe worked with Randall's. A huge special apparatus was provided for this act, and it was to get used to this that the two acts were to rehearse together.

To his delight Caley found that Bannard's daughter did the principal leaping for their act and was to share the narrow perch from which he worked. It was scarcely more than a shelf, high above the ring, but to the gymnasts it was as secure as the ring itself, and Caley found time to chat with the girl while they worked out the details of the routine of tricks.

But once the rehearsal was over and Caley, hurrying into his street clothes, reached the exit to wait for Grace Bannard he realized that what Clute had said was right. Bannard whisked Grace and her sister off to the boarding house where they were stopping before Caley had a chance to say a word.

But opposition only made him the more determined. There was little time to talk up on the shelf where they rehearsed, for either Caley or the girl was flying through the air while the other rested, and at best conversation was fragmentary.

Two weeks passed, and Caley became more and more certain that his interest was returned. Evidently Bannard was not ignorant of the state of affairs, and he redoubled his watchfulness.

For years he had played in the small circuses. It was only Grace's work which had enabled him to get with a big show, and he was not minded to lose this advantage the first season out.

Some time, he knew, she would get married, and he would have to go back to the wagon shows where the artists had to help with the horses and even drive a van to the next stop. Meanwhile he would enjoy the comparative luxury of the more important circus when "razorbacks" were employed to get [illegible] the tent and the performers [illegible] the night comfortably in [illegible] and not have to reach the [illegible] breakfast time.

[illegible] Caley was not to be kept off. [illegible] were having their last rehearsal before the traps were taken down and put aboard the cars. Once the season opened there would be little time for courtship, and he determined to put his fate to the test.

"Next time we work it will be before an audience," he commented as he climbed to the platform to which she already had been hoisted. "No more chance for chats then."

"I should say not," she assented, with a smile. "We'll be too busy then."

Caley let his swing go and sway across the space. Clute slipped down on his swing to catch the count, and a moment later Caley shot across the space, let go of his swing to grasp Clute's hands, pirouette and catch the swing again on its return. Just as he reached the platform Grace shot past him to do her leap. She landed back on the platform presently.

"We won't have a chance to talk down below either," Caley went on as unconcernedly as though they had not both risked their necks since the preceding sentence. "I never get a chance to talk to you."

"Father doesn't like"— she commenced as Caley sprang from the platform.

"I know he doesn't," agreed Caley as he swung back and Grace jumped out. She was back in a moment, and a lesser important member of the troupe did some single trapeze work to rest the stars.

"Let's fool papa and get married this evening," he suggested. "I'll be in front of your boarding house at half past 10, and I'll have it all arranged with the minister."

Before he could get his answer the girl shot past him, and he was gone before she had returned. The next few tricks kept them too busy to talk; then came a breathing space, and he urged his cause.

He had to make good use of his time, for the act was drawing to a close, and he could not delay a trick without throwing the entire routine into confusion. He believed an assent trembled on her lips as he swung out, but his heart sank as he swung back to the perch and Grace shot past him.

This time she would not return to the platform, but would stay on the other side for the "somersault pass," which concluded the act. For this Bannard came over to his platform and swung him out on the swing, while Clute, from the other side, threw Grace to her father as Caley turned a somersault in the air and caught Clute's hands the instant after she left him.

It was a trick that brought the audience to its feet the year before, and Caley was proud of it, for it was his own invention.

The swing was properly made, and as he threw the somersault he heard a cry below him. It was only the one word "Yes," but he knew what it meant. He had been accepted in midair, and Grace would meet him that evening. He made his dive to the net and came up with his face wreathed in smiles.

"Pretty catch," commented Clute, swinging over the edge of the net and dropping beside him.

"The catch of a lifetime," assented Randall joyously, and he made off for the dressing room, leaving Clute wondering what had happened.

Venus' Flower Basket.

If, when you are in Washington, you will go into the "children's room" at the Smithsonian institution, you will see one of the most beautiful productions of the sea. So frail and artistic is its makeup that you feel sure that not nature, but man, must have produced an object of such delicate beauty. But nature did do it and made it on the bottom of the sea too. If you will go down into the waters in the region of the Philippine Islands and dig around in the mud, you might bring up a spongy looking object that resembles the white of an egg in its consistency. It looks like a flower basket and may have a hermit crab inside, for the crab lives at the same depth and likes to crawl into the basket, but he does not find much hospitality awaiting him, for the sponge closes over him and holds him forever. This product of the sea is called Venus' flower basket, so named because in its finished state it might well make a receptacle for the garlands of the goddess of beauty. This is after it is cleaned and prepared for sale, for it then looks as if it were made of fine spun glass, with its filaments spreading out from the bottom. These are called "spicules" and serve to anchor the animal to the bottom, and so firmly does it hold on that it takes a good strong pull to bring it up. The first Venus' flower basket to be cleaned and sold easily brought the price of $150. Now, however, a few dollars will buy a very beautiful one. —Pathfinder.

Mansfield and Marston.

Richard Mansfield was once in Richard Marston's studio looking over some scenes he had ordered for a new production. The famous scenic artist had known Mansfield during the short period the latter did some painting in London. Mansfield at the time had met with little success on the stage and very likely thought he could paint better than he could act.

In his commanding way he told Marston to take down a certain scene, in which he said the color was not properly laid out.

"That is not what I want," he said. "I know something about scene painting. I was a scenic artist once."

"Yes, Mr. Mansfield," said Marston, with peculiar emphasis. "I was an actor once, but I was a bad one."—Kansas City Newsbook.

Too Many Weddings.

"What brought you here, my poor man?" inquired the prison visitor.

"Well, lady," replied the prisoner, "I guess my trouble started in attendin' too many weddin's."

"Ah! You learned to drink there, or steal perhaps?"

"No, lady, I was always the bridegroom."

No Odors In His Cab.

An old lady about to hire a cab in London asked the cabman if he could take her to Trafalgar square. The cabman replied, "No, mum, I can't, and I wouldn't if I could, and the next time you want to eat onions bile 'em!"

A Pair of Them.

Church—What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for? Gotham—My wife put it there to remind me to mail a letter. Church—And did you mail it? Gotham—No. She forgot to give it to me!—Congregationalist.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1908

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

The State convention held in Boston last Friday to choose delegates to the Republican National convention at Chicago next June went off in fine style. The fight bespoken didn't materialize and harmony ruled the roost. This desirable conclusion was amicably reached by the majority yielding to the minority to pacify Senator Crane.

The Committee on Resolutions reported that the party in this State are strong for Taft, but thought it unwise to say so by resolution; so, no "preference" resolution was adopted.

Both sides claimed a victory, and both won one. Crane was satisfied, Lodge was satisfied, the convention were satisfied, and everything was lovely. The issue between the contending factions was as thin as vanity—the State is strong for Taft, and what did anybody care whether the convention said so in black and white, or not? It was simply a contest between leaders to determine the question of supremacy in the party councils.

The delegates chosen were Senators Lodge and Crane, ex-Gov. Long, and Col. Bigney.

Quite a breeze was raised in the convention when it came to electing Alternates. It was a sharp fight for a little while; but harmony, at last, got in its soothing work, and the following statesmen were chosen: Frank E. Dunbar of Lowell; Ralph O. Gillett of Westfield; Winfield S. Schuster of Douglas; James F. Shaw of Manchester.

THE METER VETO.

At a meeting of the City Council held last Monday evening the water meter bill was passed over the Mayor's veto by a two-thirds vote, as required by law.

Those who voted to override Mayor Blodgett's veto were: Ald. Andrews, Bond, Carey, Fox, Highley, Johnson, McKenna, Poole, Porter, Sullivan—10.

Those who voted to sustain the veto were: Ald. Jaquith, Nichols, Ward and President Brown—4.

Absent, Ald. Wallace—1.

It is proper that this vote, and how the ballots were cast, should be spread before the public for future use. Possibly the proceedings and names may cut important figures in times to come.

Although Mayor Blodgett may, and probably does, feel keenly his defeat by the Council, he will have the satisfaction of believing he did only his duty in refusing to sign the order after the Council had passed it. For this he gave his reasons frankly in full; but they failed to convince the Council, or, at least, two-thirds of them, that he was right.

The vote of President Brown will, doubtless, have a bearing on the Mayoralty election next fall.

DISTRICT CONVENTION.

The Republican Eighth District convention was held at Somerville on Wednesday afternoon, April 15. There was a full attendance.

Hon. Samuel J. Elder of Winchester and Hon. Edward Glines of Somerville were chosen delegates; and Hon. Edward F. Johnson of Woburn, John G. Brackett of Arlington, Alternates. Myers, who ran against Glines withdrew after the first ballot, in which Glines received a large majority.

Mr. Elder received every vote of the convention, which was a compliment that he had reason to think much of.

A resolution of "preference" for Taft was adopted by a good majority.

THE COLLECTORS.

It is needless to ask the good people of this city to contribute promptly and liberally to the relief of the Chelsea fire sufferers, for they are warm-hearted, sympathetic and generous.

Therefore, this item is written simply to notify contributors that collectors are canvassing the wards, and to ask that their tasks be lightened by cordial responses to their requests.

☞ The Republican National convention is to be held at Chicago on June 16 next. According to present signs Secretary Taft will be nominated without any trouble. On the first ballot several "favorite sons" will, the politicians say, get some votes from their States, and then all hands will turn in and nominate Taft. He will get the vote of the Massachusetts delegation all right, no doubt, which will please President Roosevelt and not turn the stomach of Senator Lodge, nor disappoint Senator Crane very much.

☞ Several Woburn politicians were handsomely entertained by Hon. Samuel J. Elder at the American House, Boston, last Friday evening. Senator Herbert S. Riley of this city was one of the speakers, and ex-Congressman Bowman said some complimentary things of Mr. Elder, who was the unanimous choice of the party for District delegate to the Chicago convention.

☞ July 7, and Denver, Colorado, are the time and place for holding the Democratic National convention. The opposition to Bryan are claiming that he is rapidly losing ground and will not be nominated. It takes two-thirds of the convention to make a choice, and they say he can't get that. Gov. Johnson's boom is growing, and Grey is coming along.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

C. A. Jones—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.

— Several Woburn people were burned out in the Chelsea fire.

— Collectors for the Chelsea fire victims were canvassing our city bright and early yesterday morning.

— Clan Mackinnon are to give their annual concert in Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening, April 22.

— Divine services have been held at Trinity church every evening this week, and will be continued this and Saturday night.

— Judge John G. Maguire is presiding in the Fourth District Court during the absence of Judge E. F. Johnson in the West.

— Picture Day at the Hanson School, Miss. Emma Hovey, principal, is to be observed by a fine entertainment on Tuesday, April 21.

— Delay in the receipt of monthly bills from the Committee cause a postponement of pay-day at City Hall from April 15 to April 17—today.

— Mrs. Levi A. Sylvester has been one of the recent applicants to the Edison Company for electric lights in her apartment at 12 Clinton street.

— It was 45 years ago last Monday, April 13, 1865, that President Lincoln was fatally shot in Ford's theatre, Washington, by John Wilkes Booth.

— On Wednesday evening, April 22, Aberjona Colony, Pilgrim Fathers, will give a "Squaw and Brave" whist—something unique in this section of the State.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Next Monday the North Woburn Company of the Boys Brigade will attend the Regimental reunion at South Sudbury, for which they are making due preparations.

— A large majority of the Woburn delegates to the State convention last Friday were well pleased with the proceedings and outcome of that great Republican gathering.

— The JOURNAL will be represented at the convention of Massachusetts Federation of Woman's Clubs in Boston next week by its Staff Correspondent, Miss Hosmer.

— On next Monday evening the telephone operators at the Woburn exchange are to give their annual ball at Lyceum Hall. They are preparing to make it a great success.

— The home of Capt. McCarthy of the Phalanx ran a narrow chance of being consumed by a brush fire at Walunt Hill last Sunday. Prompt action by the firemen saved it.

— On Wednesday the thermometers ranged from 55 to 60, and by 6 o'clock yesterday morning the mercury had fallen to away below freezing, and patches of ice were seen here and there.

— The store of Mr. W. T. Burnes was totally destroyed in the Chelsea fire Sunday afternoon. He is a brother of Mr. M. A. Burnes, proprietor of the large house furnishing establishment in this city.

— At 3 o'clock this afternoon the Woburn Woman's Club are to hold their annual meeting for the election of officers. There is to be an entertainment consisting of a farce, a monologue, and music.

— It now begins to look as if Woburn was to get its long cherished boulevard. When built it will connect with the Mystic Valley Parkway passing through the west side of Winchester.—*Winchester Star.*

— Frank Merriam, a graduate, some years ago, from Whitcher's pharmacy establishment, employed in a Chelsea drugstore, lost his dwellinghouse in the great fire there last Sunday, and his employer's store was, also, burned.

— Miss Ellen M. Dow and her sister Julia of Pleasant street are lotting on a European tour the coming summer. They expect to leave the shores of America some time next month, and accompanying them will be some of their Salem friends.

— Today is Good Friday, and next Sunday is Easter, which always comes on the first Sunday after the first full moon after the Vernal Equinox, March 21. With this in mind it is easy to determine the date in any year when Easter will fall due.

— At the Maternal Association meeting on Friday, April 24th, Miss Anna M. Fielding will speak on "The Experiences of a Visiting Nurse." These meetings are held in the First Congregational Church parlor at 3 o'clock, and all ladies are cordially invited.

— Mrs. Charles H. Taylor of Pleasant street is visiting her sister and family in New Jersey this week. A nephew, son of the sister, is about to sail for the Philippines, to be gone a considerable length of time, and Mrs. Taylor went to join other relatives in giving him a proper sendoff.

— Rural Free Delivery Carrier Moses P. Richardson thinks that the road on Menchin Hill, Woburn, is the limit. He says that he believes that Nature built the road when Squaw Sachem first settled in these parts and that Nature has evidently had a grouch against it ever since.—*Winchester Star.*

— A room in the lower part of St. Joseph's church, Washington street, Montvale, has been furnished for entertainment purposes and has been equipped with electric lights, the service for which is supplied by the Edison Electric Illuminating Company. This Company also supply the service for the rest of the building.

— Editor Wilson of the Winchester *Star* is one of the dignitaries of the Republican Editorial Association of Massachusetts which, as we learn from a circular issued the other day, propose to do big campaign work this fall, including a banquet, as usual. The *Star* is a stalwart Republican, and good campaigner.

— Last Wednesday morning Fitz & Stanley of the Boston Branch made a drop of 25 cents a barrel in the price of flour, fetching it down to $6 75; and also a drop in kerosene of 2 cents, making the price 10, instead of 12, cents a gallon. Their customers always get prompt benefit of the fall in the prices of groceries.

— A great many Woburn people went to Chelsea last Sunday to witness the fire that nearly wiped out of existence that city of 40,000 people, the smoke from which was plainly seen here all the afternoon. The steamer and hose 1 left here at 5.30 p. m. in response to a call, which was followed soon after.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

367 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

— The apartments at 31 Elm street occupied by Mr. A. C. Hinman has been provided with electric lights, the Edison Company furnishing the service.

— The alarm from box 54 at 12.30 this morning was for a fire that did considerable damage to the building occupied by Duncan's drugstore at the corner of Main street and Warren ave.

— The snowsquall of April 13, 1907, was repeated at about the same hour of the day last Monday. Although it amounted to nothing, and was speedily succeeded by clearing weather, the late lamented Mark Allen of the *Advertiser* would have given it a place in his accurately kept list of snowstorms of the season, we make no doubt.

— In 1 hour and 15 minutes after starting from here the Woburn steamer, with George W. Nichols at the helm, had streams on the Chelsea fire Sunday evening, where they worked all night, and reached home about 7 Monday morning. Hose 6, George H. Newcomb, Captain, was called later, and reached Chelsea about 9 o'clock. They, too, worked hard all night.

— James Skinner, Thomas Moore and A. W. Whitcher appeared Monday evening at a hearing by the City Council on the widening of Union street, and advocated the same. It was disclosed that the claims of abutters for land could be settled for about $4,000, and the matter was referred to the Board of Public Works to ascertain the whole cost of the work of widening the street.

— The weather man has made an egregious mistake somewhere. He has given us March weather and winds all this month so far, whereas, it should have been altogether different. For example, the temperature last Tuesday morning was only a few degrees above the freezing point, and the wind cut like a knife. Crocusses can't make much headway against such unfavorable meteorological conditions.

— Among the business men called by name in the West Brookfield Christmas Address of the Printer's Devil, mentioned in these columns last week, our venerable citizen was written about as follows:

A. V. Haynes, a man sedate,
Ranks among the good and great.
His harnesses are truly grand
As can be found in this our land;
He puts in the best of leather
That will stand all kinds of weather;
His trunks and whips are all well made,
Then go and buy, be not afraid."

— A warm copious rain last Wednesday afternoon was a good thing for the grass which begins to show signs of a disposition to be on hand on Patriots Day, although with thought, perhaps, of appearing in such a state of forwardness as history says it was on April 19, 1775. Already it is noted that buds on the trees are swelling and putting forth to leaf, which is pleasant and encouraging. Grass and green leaves will soon adorn and beautify field and woodland scenes.

— It was not a case of bribery at City Hall, but something different. A high official, who has recently become a zealous devotee of the pagan Patron Saint of dancing, and is vain of his accomplishments in that line, gave a young lady a glass of soda at a ball the other night to tell her father that the H. O. was the best dancer in Woburn. She took the message to her father all right, but unfortunately gave him the story of the bribe; and there was where the trouble came.

— At a meeting of the Board of Public Works last Monday evening Commissioner Kelley was clothed with full power to put the new baseball grounds in the rear of the Public Library into complete working order, which, he says, can be done at small expense. * * There was a long discussion over the Ellis bill for grading the grounds of the new schoolhouse. Mr. Arthur Ellis represented the contractor and supported his claim. * * There is to be considerable delay in installing the new pump.

— No Mayflowers, the scientific name of which is trailing arbutus, have presented themselves to cheer our visual or olfactory organs yet this spring, although it is about time for them to do so. The earliest and finest of them usually come from York county, Maine, but Cape Cod is a close follower, and soon, if not already, the city of Boston will resound with the hail of the vendors of the sweet and beautiful Mayflowers, which were once voted for, and came near being adopted, as the State floral emblem.

— About the same number and names represented the quality and fashion of Woburn at Towanda's annual Ladies Night last Monday evening, and the usual good time was enjoyed. There was a fine concert by the Ideal Club lasting from 8 to 10, and excellent reading by Miss Edith Arey. The hours after the music and elecutionary exercises, until 12 o'clock, were pleasantly passed by the lady guests on the bowling alleys and at pool tables. It was said to be the most satisfactory Ladies Night the Club has yet held.

— Rev. W. H. Scott, former pastor of St. John's Baptist church of this city, returned to his home here last Saturday from Philadelphia, where he attended, as a delegate and President of the Boston Suffrage League, a Congress of the National Negro-American Political League of the U. S., which assembled there last week to consider Presidential candidates. In the election of League officers he was chosen to the position of National Organizer. The Congress adopted strong resolutions against the nomination of Roosevelt or Taft at the Chicago convention, and as strongly endorsed Senator Foraker of Ohio for Presidential nominee. Mr. Scott says the League will open headquarters at Chicago, and not less than 1000 Negroes will attend as delegates and spectators, and others in the interests of their race.

— On Wednesday evening the Woburn Firemen gathered in Carpenter's Hall, Mechanics Block, the occasion being the presentation to retiring Chief Clarence Littlefield of a Morris chair. After the presentation the members sat down to one of caterer Dill's best suppers, at the conclusion of which remarks, songs and stories were in order.

— Some of the churches in this city are observing Holy Week with appropriate religious exercises. This is Good Friday, and day after tomorrow is Easter Sunday. Venerable men and women easily remember the time when Holy Week, Easter, and even Christmas, were made account of only by the Catholic church; but times and customs have changed, and are always changing; and, perhaps, bye and bye, other Catholic holidays, including St Patrick's, may be celebrated by Protestant churches. It wouldn't be at all surprising.

— In the case of a great public calamity like the Chelsea fire, for instance, our Mayor Blodgett is equal to the emergency. He is the first to get around and lend a helping hand. He does not allow grass to grow under his feet when the needy call for succor, and he hears the appeal from Macedonia. Before the smoke had fairly cleared away from the Chelsea conflagration the Mayor had his notices out for a meeting of citizens to devise ways and means for relieving the distress over there, and the call brought many men together Monday evening, who set the ball arolling.

— From present appearances it does not seem likely that Patriot's Day, April 19, to be observed, if at all, on April 20, will be made much account of next Monday in this city. It ought not to be allowed to pass unobserved, for there were stirring doings in Woburn on April 19, 1775, when scores of her brave and loyal citizens hastened to Lexington and Concord to help drive the British redcoats back to Boston. Of course, Lexington and Concord will celebrate, as usual, and possibly some of our people will go over there and help them. The fare is only 12 cents.

— Chelsea couldn't have had a worse day for a fire than last Sunday, unless it had been the day before, for the wind blew at the rate of 50 miles an hour, a velocity closely approaching that of a hurricane. On both days it was mighty, and only with considerable difficulty could strong people even stand up before it and retain their footing on the sidewalks. Elderly people, women and babycarts experienced great difficulty, and encountered some dangers, in passing, or doubling corners, where the wind had full rake, and it was no wonder that Chelsea burned up with the tremendous wind that blew all day Sunday.

— In last week's issue of the JOURNAL was printed an article entitled "The Tramp Problem," and it is here alluded to as an example of the unreliability of what is called history. It purports to give an account of the means Count Rumford, a native of Woburn, adopted to free Bavaria, Germany, of tramps, beggars and thieves, with the sanction and aid of the Elector of Bavaria. The writer of the article said that "Count Rumford, an Englishman, after an adventurous career in America, settled," etc. a statement utterly wrong, as the house in which he was born, still standing at North Woburn, is ample proof of. The writer makes other statements wholly at variance with well known facts respecting the methods employed by the Count in carrying out his successful enterprise of ridding Bavaria of a large class of undesirable people. For this work, in 1865, a fine bronze statute and monument was erected at Munich by the government, a replica of which, run in the same mould by the same artists who produced the original, was a few years ago, by the help of our government, procured by the late Marshall Tidd, at his own expense, and now adorns the lawn of our Public Library.

Woburn Co-operative Bank.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected by the Woburn Co-operative Bank on the evening of April 9, in pursuance to the nominations made some weeks before.

Mr. John C. Buck was re-elected Secretary and Treasurer, and Miss Annie Cook, Assistant.

The records show the following elections: Security Committee, Frank W. Greydon, Chairman, J. Henry Parker, Fred J. Brown; Finance Committee, Herbert B. Dow, William A. Prior; Attorney, John G. Maguire.

This is the list of officers: President and Director, James Skinner; Vice-President and Director, William F. Davis; Directors, Fred J. Brown, George Buchanan, John C. Buck, Edward Caldwell, J. Foster Deland, Herbert B. Dow, Frank W. Greydon, Arthur H. Linscott, Charles G. Lund, John Maloney, James F. McGrath, Thomas Moore, J. Henry Parker, William A. Prior, Lawrence Reade; Auditors, Arthur E. Gage, Marcellus Littlefield, Carl Jaquith.

The Bank is conducted with care and sound judgment, and is in a prosperous condition.

Resolutions.

At a meeting of the Scandinavian Republican Club the following Resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS we believe it to be of future good and prosperity for our city that no-license laws be strictly enforced after May 1, 1908:

Resolved, That we as members of the Scandinavian Republican Club will with vigilance and influence work for this cause.

Secondly, That we desire to support His Honor The Mayor Mr. W. E. Blodgett in his work of enforcement.

Thirdly, That we will help any official or citizen who sincerely seek the good of our city in this respect.

Unitarian Parish.

The annual election of the Unitarian parish was held last Tuesday evening. The officers elected were: Herbert B. Dow, Parish Clerk; James H. Linnell, Treasurer; Henry P Harrington, Collector; Edward C. Leighton, Auditor; Parish Committee, William F. Davis, Frank E. Tiley, Julius F. Ramsdell, George J. Whitbed.

The Chelsea Fire.

Last Sunday forenoon a fire broke out in Chelsea, from some cause not yet ascertained, which, before it burned itself to a standstill, or was stopped by the firemen early Monday morning, spread over nearly half of the city, and destroyed property estimated at $8,000,000. A strong wind blew from the N. W. all day, and the fire first taking hold of the most inflammable materials of the city, the Chelsea firemen were unable to check or prevent its rapid progress to other parts. They then made earnest calls for help from Boston and suburbs, which were promptly responded to; but, all together, they were unable to subdue the flames until nearly the entire city was a heap of ashes.

The burned district covered an area of several square miles, and on it not a building was left standing. More than 1200 residences were consumed, and innumerable public edifices—13 churches, banks, 6 schoolhouses, factories, hospitals, great business blocks—were speedily converted into masses of ruins. Many people were injured, not seriously, and only three lost their lives.

Thousands of men, women and children were driven from their burning homes into the streets, where they stood all the cold day, and witnessed the destruction of their homes and household goods, or sought friends and shelter in other sections of the town.

An army of people flocked to the scene of the great conflagration from every quarter, and from hills, housetops, and other points of vantage, watched the progress of the devouring flames. Chelsea, Boston, and firemen from all the neighboring towns and cities strained every nerve to get the great fire under control all through the day and Sunday night, but not until a late hour of the night was their heroic work successful. Sections of the Woburn Department left here at 5.30 and 8.30 p. m., and were soon throwing streams of water on the flames. They returned early on Monday morning.

While the fire was still raging means for the relief of the poor homeless people of Chelsea were adopted in Boston and elsewhere, and quickly food, clothing, tents, kitchen utensils, and many other much needed goods were pouring into the stricken city. Generous sums of money were also collected, and a great deal of suffering has been prevented this week by the prompt and generous contributions of sympathizing people.

There were many stirring incidents arising from the fire. The military in strong force prevented looting and preserved order.

It was a great conflagration, but Chelsea, in due time, will be all the better for it.

Prompt Action.

Answering Mayor Blodgett's call, a Mass Meeting of citizens was held in City Hall last Tuesday evening to organize for the collection of funds with which to help the Chelsea sufferers. It was well attended, and the right spirit pervaded the assembly.

An Executive Committee to head the movement were elected, of which Mayor Blodgett was made Chairman; John H. Finn, Secretary; and John C. Buck, Treasurer. Ward collecting committees were chosen as follows:

Ward 1—Alderman B. H. Nichols, E. E. Silver, S. W. Mendum, Com. James H. Kelley, Alderman Samuel D. Ward and Hon. William F. Davis.

Ward 2—Aldermen J. S. Jaquith and H. P. Johnson, Com. M. J. Kennedy, John Maloney, C. R. Rosenquist and James Skinner.

Ward 3—Aldermen W. J. Sullivan and Daniel D. Carey, J. Foster Deland, Frank E. Wetherell, and Marcellus Littlefield.

Ward 4—Aldermen John M. Wallace and John W. Fox, Thomas Moore, Capt. John M. Portal, Ex-Mayor Lawrence Reade and George F. Bean.

Ward 5—Alderman Hugh F. McKenna, James R. Wood, Capt. Thomas McCarthy, George T. Hosmer and W. H. Cadwell.

Ward 6—Aldermen Samuel Highley, D. W. Bond and Parker T. Poole, Frank W. Greydon, Charles Rooney and W. H. Curtis.

Ward 7—Aldermen John A. Porter and Henry L. Andrews, A. F. Heald, William Breslin and Charles Cummings.

The respective Ward Aldermen were made the Chairmen of the Ward Committees.

In addition to the above, Ex-Mayor Arthur H. Linscott, S. W. Mendum, and Superintendent George I. Clapp, were appointed a committee for the schools; Dr. Robert Chalmers, James F. McGowan and Terence J. Maguire, for the societies.

Boston Theatres.

THE ORPHEUM.

There will be another "first appearance" of a big English act at the Orpheum Theatre the week of April 20th, when the McNaughtons, two of the most remarkable comedians that have come from the other side, will make their Boston debut. The McNaughtons have a style of humor that is all their own. It is largely burlesque, of a most laughable character—English, but strange to say of a quality that makes a strong appeal to American audiences. This was their experiences in New York where they have been appearing almost continuously since their arrival in this country.

THE BOSTON.

At the Boston Theatre next week the attraction will be Shakespeare's comedy "The Taming of the Shrew" this being the first of this class of productions by the stock company at this theatre. The version of the play to be used is that made by Stage Director Snader and presented at the Empire Theatre in Boston so successfully when under the direction of Manager Morison a few seasons ago. The comedy is given in five acts and seven scenes with many seldom presented bits of business. When the play was given at the Empire it was accepted generally as one of the most satisfactory versions ever seen in this city. The leading characters have been assigned as follows: Baptista, William Hasson, Vincentio, Louis Theil; Lucentio, Thomas MacLarnie; Petruchio, Wilson Melrose; Gremio, Walter Walker; Hortensio, John Meehan; Grumio, Donald Meek; Biondello, Otis Thayer; Katharine, Olive L. Oliver; Bianca, Mary Sanders; and Curtis, Beverly West.

Samuel R. Dolliver.

Mr. C. W. Waldron of San Francisco, California, sends us the following news item taken from the San Jose *Mercury* of Santa Clara county:

"M. O'Brien, B. Mellen and B. W. Lorigan, appraisers of the estate of Samuel Rogers Dolliver, an incompetent, filed in the Superior Court this morning an inventory of his property. Mr. Dolliver has $20,703 82 on deposit in San Francisco banks; stocks and bonds worth $49,500, and real estate valued at $8,000.

"In petitioning for letters of guardianship of her father's person and estate Mrs. Lillian Dolliver Byington stated that he is over 83 years of age and is mentally incapable of managing his property. Mr. Dolliver is at present in a sanitarium in Alameda county."

Mr. Dolliver was, many years ago, a resident of Woburn, and still has relatives and friends here. He is a Veteran of the Civil War, having served in Company G, 5th Regiment, of which William T. Grammer of Woburn was then Colonel. For a long period he and his brother Thomas did business together in San Francisco.

Baptist Church Election.

The annual meeting of the First Baptist church was held last Tuesday evening. The following officers were chosen: Miss Annie E. Cook, Clerk; William E. Blodgett, Treasurer; Arthur F. Gage, Collector; Miss Susan A. Russell, Auditor; Standing Committee, for five years, Joseph A. Cole, for three years, Morlie A. Burnes.

Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, A Powder.

It makes walking easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Sweating feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

To Shine by Contrast.

Aunt—Your bride, my dear boy, is delightfully rich and all that, but I don't think she will make much of a beauty show at the altar.

Nephew—You don't, eh? Just wait till you see me with the bridesmaids that she has selected.

Easter Services.

BAPTIST CHURCH. SUNDAY 4 P. M.

Organ Voluntary — William Lowell Brown
Singing — The Song of Triumph — Chorus
Scripture Reading — Superintendent
Prayer — Rev. Henry B Williams
Singing — "The Plains of Peace" — *Barnard*
Arthur V. Jones.
Violin Solo — "Come See the Place Where Jesus Lay" — *Parker*
Miss Maude H. Littlefield.
Recitation — Mena Straub
Recitation — "Planting Seeds"
Manson Gates, Gerald Church, Arthur Bromley, Harry Eaton, Noble Gates.
Recitation — Esther Tobin
Singing — To the Rock is Riven! — Chorus
Recitation — Swabey Ward
Easter Selection from J. G. Beazley's Violin
Emily Bromley.
Recitation — "What do the Flower Bells Say?"
Anna Mathson, Ethel Coleman, Eleanor Johnson, Gladys Gordon, Ruth Lord.
Singing — Bells of Easter Morning — Chorus
Recitation — Evelyn Ritchie
Recitation — The Gem of All"
Roma Straub, Eleanor Stevens, Mabel Ring, Edith Bland, Ariel Buckman
Recitation — "The Easter Dress" — Helen Coleman
Recitation — "The Easter Story" — Florence Poulson
Offering
Recitation — Emily Bromley
Recitation — "An Easter Herald" — Maude Jewett
Recitation — "Glad Easter Bells." — Edna Cole
Singing — Fear Not — Chorus
Recitation — "Celestial Blooms" — Edith Eaton
Recitation — "Out of the Window" — Charlotte Burns
Recitation — "O Lord, I Thank Thee"
Helen Turner
Singing — Stars in their Golden Splendor
Muhelmadot Quartet
Recitation — "So Changed" — Gladys Anderson
Recitation — "Easter Message." — Ruth Fisk
Singing — "Hail the King who Reigns" — Chorus
Recitation. — "Easter Bells" — Eddie MacFarlane
Recitation — "The Two Easter Lilies"
Florence Jewett
Address — Rev. Henry B Williams
Singing — Hymn No. 1 — Congregation
Benediction.

UNITARIAN CHURCH.
SUNDAY 10.30 A. M.

Prelude. Marcia Religiosa, — H. W. Parker
Easter Canticle. Chant, — Mornington
Anthem. Lift Your Glad Voices, — Berwald
Gloria (ms) — F. H. Lewis
Soprano Solo. Rise, O Buried Lord, — Perry
Festival Responses. — Tallis
Response. O Holy Calm, — A. F. Burnett
Congregational Hymns.
Anthem. As it Began to Dawn, — Vincent
The Lord's Prayer. Chant, — Tallis
Postlude. Festal Song, — J. E. West

SUNDAY SCHOOL. 12 M.

Hymn. Come Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain.
Song by Church Quartet Choir.
Responsive Reading.
Soprano Solo by Miss Be[illegible].
Responsive Reading.
Carol. Ye Happy Bells of Easter Day.
Responsive Reading and Singing.
Prayer.
Response Sung by Choir.
Recitations by Hanson Foster, Norma Pierce, Mary Ryder Linscott.
Song by Mildred Linscott, Olive Gould, Faustina Wade, Adele Simonds, Harland Smith.
Recitations by Roger Whithed, Adele Simonds, Mildred Linscott.
Song by Harland Smith.
Recitation, "Easter," by Braman Chalmers, Rand Stevens, Nelson Whithed, Winn Russell, Howard Foster.
Song, "In the Meadow," sung by Marian Chalmers, Celia Whithed, Doris Carswell, Irene Foster.
Recitation, "Sunlight," by Margaret Wade, Edith Place, Emily Becker, Inez Carswell.
Carol. The World Itself Keeps Easter Day.
Address by the Pastor.
Hymn. Songs of Praise.
Benediction and Amen.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Holy Communion

Easter Hymns and Anglican Chants.
Te Deum Laudamus. — J. C. Knox
Communion Service. — Tours
(Kyrie, Gloria tibi, Sanctus, Agnus Dei, Gloria in Excelsis)
Anthem. Awake Up My Glory, — Barnby

3 30 P. M. Sunday School Carol Service.

7 P. M. Evening Prayer.

Easter Hymns.
Gloria Patri. Gregorian Chant.
Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis. — Cruickshank
Soprano Solo by Mrs. H. S. Dennison.
Anthem. Awake Thou That Sleepest. — Maker

War.

MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

For many years I have prayed daily that there be no more war, no more barbarous slaughtering of our fellow beings; prayed that all the peoples on earth and the islands of the sea have one God, one Mind; love God supremely, and love their neighbor as themselves.

National disagreements can be, and should be, arbitrated wisely, fairly; and fully settled.

It is unquestionable, however, that at this hour the armament of navies is necessary, for the purpose of preventing war and preserving peace among nations.—*Christian Science Sentinal.*

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "The Rising Christ."
12 M., Easter Service by the Sunday School.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Vandermark.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Worship.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Doctrine of Atonement."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4 30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, April 10, Margaret O'Driscoll, aged 74 years.

At Whidden Hospital, Everett, April 16, Emma E., widow of David C. Sisson of Chelsea. Funeral services Saturday, April 18, at 2 P. M. from Congregational church parlor, Woburn. Relatives and friends invited.

ELECTRICITY.

When you have sewing under way, and seams to press, then an electric flat-iron will so save steps, time and trouble that you will be glad that employment of the electric light makes it possible to use, also, this aid to convenience and better conditions.

Have you learned to be light-wise?

Much of interest and value our Sales Agent has to tell you when you write him, or call, or telephone "Oxford 3300 Collect.",

THE EDISON

Electric Illuminating Co.,

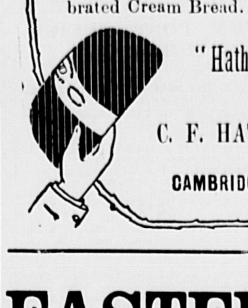
33 39 Boylston St., Boston

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Caroline A. Johnson, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to
FRANK POPE JOHNSON, Administrator.
Hotel Bellevue Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
April 8, 1908.

A Pinch of Salt

doesn't cost much but it spoils the bread to leave it out, and salt can be pure and of full strength, or the opposite. This is only a little thing, but materials count in the matter of pure food. We use nothing but the best of everything in our bread and you can rely on Hathaway's as being pure and wholesome. People wouldn't buy it year after year if it wasn't what we represent it to be. Buy Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread.



"Hathaway's Delights the Children."

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE AND WALTHAM

EASTER - -

is the time of awakening and it brings with it revival of the jewelry business. Many articles are called for, appropriate to the time and season, and the jewelry should be properly supplied. We have full lines of suitable goods:

Cuff Pins, Veil Pins, Barettes, Lockets and Chains, also Fobs and Scarf Pins, etc.

Smith & Varney,

JEWELERS.

No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN

☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

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PAT. 1906-07
SHOULDER BRACE

The latest and best inovation among all appliances for straightening and strengthening the shoulders and perfecting the figure. Made on an absolutely scientific principle, it is a "reminder not a binder."

Men's, $1.50 — Ladies', $1.00

FOR MEN AND BOYS it straightens the shoulders and develops the chest. It greatly improves the appearance of the man wearing evening dress.

FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS it effects an erect carriages, develops the chest, giving elegance to the figure. Made of the best white satin finish, elastic web, with white calf trimmings, its appearance gratifies the most discriminating, while it comfortably, yet effectively does the work of the perfect shoulder brace. Send chest measurement taken under arms.

Checks outside of Massachusetts include 10 cents for exchange.

Highest Grade ElasticStockings in America.

WALTER F. JORDAN & CO.,

Medical Appliance Specialists,

140 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Warren Cutler, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Mary Elizabeth Cutler, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of May, A.D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Abby A. Leslie, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to J. Fred Leslie, of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of April, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

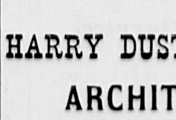
W. E. ROGERS, Register.

HARRY DUSTIN JOLL

ARCHITECT

431 MAIN STREET

WOBURN, MASS.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray

Wob rn Gas Light Co.

GAS STOVES

for cooking and heating. Welsbach lights, Welsbach and Humphry Arc lights, and for everything pertaining to gas lighting apply at office of Company.

314 Main St., Woburn, Mass,

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MISS MERTENA BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION
In this city October 1, 1907.
STUDIOS:
12 Franklin St., Woburn
6 Newbury St., Boston

WALTER LINCOLN RICE.
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Lessons at pupils residence if desired.
38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass

Marion Althea Burt
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Vivian Helena Burt
TEACHER OF PIANO
75 Garfield Ave., Woburn

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— AT THE —
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	Bbl.	Bag.
Regent Flour, the Best Flour Made	7.50	95c.
Bridal Veil,	7.25	90
Pillsburys's Best	6.75	85
Gold Medal	6.75	85
Pastry	6.00	75

25c. per bbl. allowed on Flour taken at the store.

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Tea and Grocery House,
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-1.

To assist our customers in securing pretty
Easter Gifts
we are selling our attractive line of
Box Perfumes
at 10 per cent discount from the usual prices.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN

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RELIEVED BY OUR
Laxative Cold Tablets
In cases of wasting diseases
Cod Liver Oil Emulsion
will brace you up.

Whitcher's PILL BOX
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore

Spring is Enjoyed by Housekeepers
in proportion to the pressure of their domestic cares. The use of that excellent and incomparable and germicide.

Cabot's Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS

for the Spring cleaning, will lighten many a housekeeper's burden and send her singing about her work. It's the small, yet important, things which regulate domestic felicity. None creates so much discomfort as Spring cleaning. Do away with much of the discomfort and have the house cleaning well done.
The genuine only in above trade mark packages.
THE SULPHO-NAPTHOL CO.,
Haymarket Square
BOSTON, - - - MASS.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

Let The "BLUE BELL" Sign REMIND YOU—

Of the errand you forgot to execute, and a ready way out of the difficulty.

Of the order you were asked to deliver for your firm or for your home.

Of the engagement for which you have been delayed and of the quickest way of explaining your inability to meet it.

Of the call you promised to make; but failed to make through forgetfulness.

Of a hundred ways in which, to use a quaint phrase, you may "Let your head save your heels."

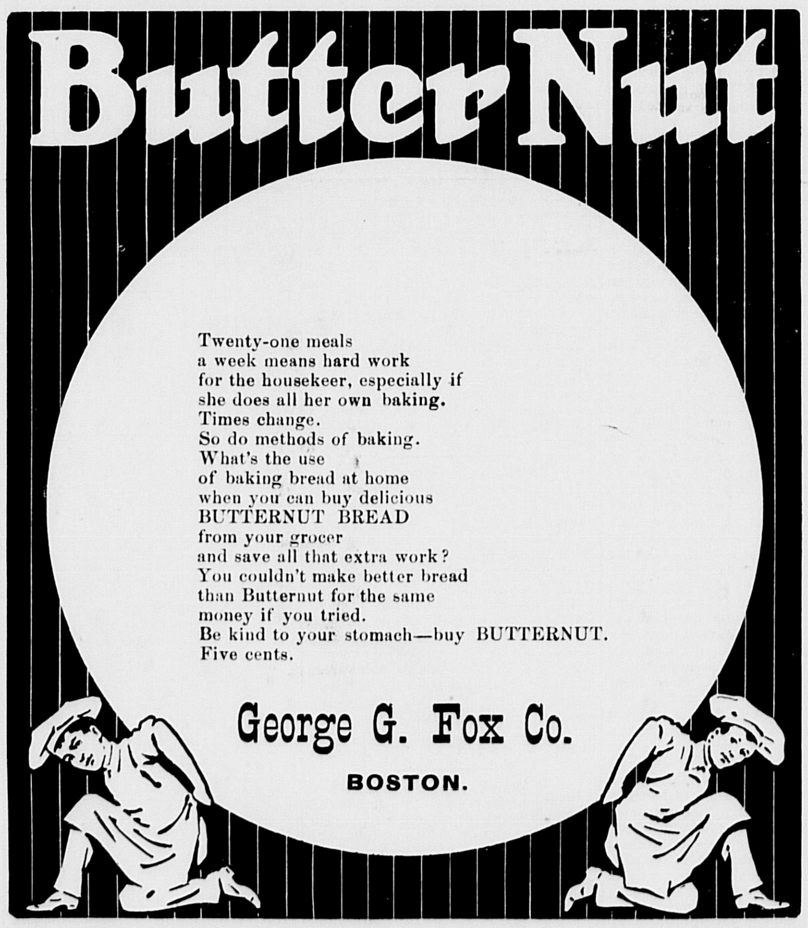
REMEMBER:

The sign indicates the presence of a Pay Station.

FROM ANY PAY STATION you may talk, at a reasonable charge, TO ANY OF 290,000 TELEPHONES connected with the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company's system in the four northern New England states.

ALSO WITH TELEPHONES IN 30,000 CITIES AND TOWNS connected with the Long Distance lines of the great Bell system.

With such a convenience at hand is it fair to your friends to "borrow" their telephones? You are liable to impede their channels of communication by making their lines "busy" when others are trying to call them.



NOT "ROGERS" ONLY—BUT
"1847 Rogers Bros."
is the Trade mark that appears on the old original brand of
Knives, Forks and Spoons.
There are many imitations—"1847" is identifying mark of the genuine, which are sold by leading dealers. Send to the makers for booklet No. 6 of beautiful new designs.
THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
Meriden, Conn.
"Silver Plate that Wears."

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adaline B. Church wishes to announce to her patients and friends that she will resume practice in Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church street.

Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.
Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appointment.

Stables To Rent.

Central House Stables. Apply to MRS. S. H. JONES, 524 Main Street, Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Sabra G. Jaquith, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate not already administered of said deceased to Maria E. Carter, of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without requiring a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of April, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary A. Frost, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil—of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Bertha Frost and Frank C. Goddard, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named without giving a surety on their official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of May, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Frank Graham, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Frank H. Graham, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of April, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John S. Wheeler, late of Woburn in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Everett P. Fox of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of May, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of April in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

WINCHESTER.

The Twombly ledge is being worked again.

An early spring is predicted by our husbandmen.

People are getting busy in their gardens, and the farmers are beginning to think of planting.

Isn't it about time to be hearing from Mr. Carter on the subject of lower railroad fares to Boston?

Our firemen have been kept busy of late fighting brush fires, many of which are the result of carelessness.

Ernst Makechni is not to be employed as Supervisor of Music in our schools after the close of the present school year.

Dr. James G. Mumford of Boston, an eminent surgeon and writer on medical subjects, delivered an interesting address at the ninth annual meeting of the Winchester Visiting Nurse Association last Tuesday.

The following are the new officers of Calumet Club elected last week: President, Wallace F. Flanders; Vice-President, J. Churchill Hindes; Secretary, Edgar M. Young; Treasurer, Henry F. Johnson; Directors for three years, George E. Willey, Harry J. Olmsted, Charles S. Tenney.

A regular meeting of Waterfield Lodge, No. 52, New England Order of Protection, will be held in Waterfield Hall this Friday evening, April 17, at 8 o'clock. Herbert M. Shaw, Grand Warden of Massachusetts, with his suite of Grand Officers will be present at this meeting, and it is earnestly desired that every member of the Lodge should be present.

In response to an earnest call for help the Fire Department of this town sent to the Chelsea fire last Sunday a steamer and hose company and men who did effective work there. Besides this, as early as noon on Monday 20 prominent citizens had subscribed $1,300 as the beginning of a Relief Fund for the benefit of the Chelsea sufferers, which, at last accounts, was being swelled by generous contributions from our people. Winchester is never found wanting in charitable deeds.

FEED ON POND LILIES.

Moose Are Exceedingly Fond of These Pretty Flowers.

At first thought it would appear impossible that such large, gaunt denizens of the forest as moose could in any way be interested in flowers. They are, however, exceedingly fond of all kinds of water lilies. Few people know that these flowers grow from thick snake-like root stocks which are so firmly attached to the bottom that the strongest man cannot loosen them. It is from these firmly moored root stocks that the much admired leaves and flowers strive toward the light.

A well known naturalist who studied the habits of the animals in northern Minnesota, where moose are more numerous than in any other part of the world, often found two or three big bulls engaged in gathering their morning meal on the lake bottom. The great beasts would slowly stalk about in three or four feet of water, and often their heads would be under water for half a minute at a time, so that their backs would look like bowlders just protruding from the stream; then a pair of magnificent antlers would come up, and the water would be shaken out of the big ears with a flapping noise that could be heard for a quarter of a mile, and then the big, long muzzle would be leisurely chewing a dripping mouthful of water lily leaves and other plants gathered from the bottom.

So intent were the huge animals on gathering flowers that several times the naturalist could row up close enough to secure a good photograph before they splashed noisily back to the shore and disappeared in the black spruce. When the moose find a good lily pond they continue feeding in it until the plants are almost exterminated.—Minneapolis Journal.

A KING'S DREAM.

Belief In the Vision Might Have Changed History.

On June 12, 1645, Charles I. slept at the little inn in Naseby village. Scouts had brought news of the approach of the parliamentary army, and the king was resolved to give them battle.

In the middle of the night the lords of the bedchamber, who slept in the outer room, were disturbed by an extraordinary noise in the king's room. Upon entering they found Charles sitting bolt upright in his bed and in a much excited state.

On asking what the noise was, the king said he had heard no noise, but that their entry had roused him from an extraordinary dream. He said that Strafford had stood at the foot of his bed and implored him not to give battle, for if he did he would be so disastrously defeated as to threaten his crown and even his life.

The next morning Charles told Prince Rupert and his generals of his dream, but declared that he would fight. They in vain tried to dissuade him. In the evening news arrived that the enemy were close at hand. That night Charles again dreamed the same dream. Strafford warned him that it was the last time he would try to help him.

The next morning the king led his army out and by sunset he had lost cannon, baggage and four-fifths of his troops and, as events proved, the war as well.

Strafford's ghost was right. Had Charles not met Cromwell at Naseby it is quite likely he would not have met his death at Whitehall.—Pearson's Weekly.

Not Caught Yet.

The young clubman had been introduced to the beautiful Russian actress. He was charmed, entranced, and he finally led her to the conservatory where they might have a quiet minute to themselves.

"Pardon me," he said, "I did not quite catch your name."

"What is it that you did not do?" she asked in bewilderment. "Oh, your language is so strange. Do you want my name?"

"Yes; your own full name."

"Will you catch it this time?"

"I'll do my best."

"Well, it's Vera Federovina Kommisarjewskaya."

He muffed it.—Los Angeles Herald.

The Sarcastic Victim.

The Barber—Your hair is coming out on top, sir. The Crank—Good! I knew it was in me. Now, for goodness' sake, don't talk to it or it will crawl back again.—St. Louis Republic.

SHOE SIZES.

The Way They Were Arbitrarily Fixed by a Frenchman.

Stockings have always been measured by the inch from heel to toe, but the numbering of shoes was fixed a long time ago by a Frenchman, and it's so long ago that only one New York dealer could be found who knew anything about it. Even he didn't know the inventor's name.

The Frenchman permanently fixed the numbers of shoes for all Europe and America. He arbitrarily decided that no human foot could possibly be smaller than three and seven-eighths inches, so, calling this point zero, he allowed one-third of an inch to a size and so built up his scale. Consequently a man cannot find out the number of his own shoe unless he is an expert at exact arithmetic. And even then he is likely to go wrong, because all shoe experts allow for the weight of the individual and the build of his foot before they try to determine what size shoe he ought to wear.

As far as women's shoes are concerned the problem is still more difficult, because many of the manufacturers, instead of keeping to the regular scale, have marked down their numbers one or two sizes in order to capture easily flattered customers. For this reason most dealers ask out of town customers to send an old shoe with their orders.

The system of measuring hats is much simpler. Any man can tell what size he wears by simply adding the width and length of the inner rim and then dividing by two. Orders can also be sent to the storekeeper by stating the circumference of the head.—New York Sun.

HOME ADDRESSES.

Britons Have to Use a Lot of Words to Write Them.

Have you ever observed, asked the man who crosses twice a year, how we have it on the British in the matter of addresses? For instance, a New Yorker will give his address in this compact fashion:

Philip Robinson,
200 W. 81st street, N. Y.

But your traveling Briton may have to inscribe himself somewhat after the following style:

Mr. Herbert R. Eustace W. Plunket-Ferguson,
Q. C., G. C. M. G., C. B.,
The Shrubbery,
3 Tankerville Terrace,
Blenheim road, Mowbray street,
Kensington, W., London, Eng.

In olden times, before the system of street numbers had been introduced at all and cities were still a maze of little streets, addresses were a very complicated affair. I once saw an authentic specimen of a professional card of the year 1769. It was that of a celebrated French engraver. It ran like this:

Papillon,
Engraver on Wood of the Society of Arts,
Paris: Bievre street, near the place Maubert,
Next door to the porte cochere on the right,
In the long alley,
On the second floor up the grand staircase.

—Harper's Weekly.

By Experience.

Quietly Jackson crept upstairs. A light was burning in the drawing room, by which he knew that his wife had been waiting for him. But he thought that if he could possibly slip into bed unheard he might gull his adored one when she arrived with the story that he had been in bed for hours.

Strains of music reached his ears. What perfect madness! One o'clock in the morning and a piano being thumped was not conducive to the friendliest relations with one's neighbors!

Hark! His wife was singing—singing some familiar song.

He strained his ears to catch the words. They floated up to him:

"Tell me the old, old story"—

He proceeded on his way.—London Scraps.

How to Be Happy Though Married.

Wives, make much of your husband. Flatter him discreetly, laugh at his jokes, don't attempt to put down his club, never tell him home truths and never cry. Husbands, praise and admire your wife, and let other men admire her too. Don't interfere in her department. Be reasonable about money if you cannot be generous and not overfond of your own voice. And both of you: Be very tolerant, expect little, give gladly, put respect before everything, cultivate courtesy, and love each other all you can. If you do all this you are sure to be happy though married.—Maud Churton Braby in Grand Magazine.

Saving Himself.

"You don't mean to say," remarked Wise, "that you made a present of that $5 to Borrowman?"

"Yes," replied Markley. "I had to to save my own self respect."

"I don't understand. I thought you loaned it to him?"

"So I did, not knowing any better. But now I don't want anybody to believe I was ever foolish enough to expect it back."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Dear Friend.

"I hear yer frien' Tamson's married again."

"Aye, so he is. He's been a dear frien' tae me. He's cost me three waddin' presents an' twa wreaths."—Dundee Advertiser.

Lack of Co-operation.

"I wish," said the revivalist, "Brother Grimshaw wasn't quite so strong on doctrinal points. As fast as I bring people into the church he tries to put them out of it for heresy."—Chicago Tribune.

The Making of Diamonds.

It is quite possible to manufacture diamonds. Indeed a famous Frenchman of science, Moissan, made very large numbers by means of his electric furnace. His process was to dissolve lumps of sugar in molten iron, subjecting the solution to enormous pressure. Lump sugar may be said to consist simply of water and diamond. It is the case that the diamond is merely crystallized carbon. There are three kinds of carbon—plumbago, graphite and diamond—the composition of all of which is identical. When charcoal is dissolved in molten iron, graphite is formed. All the diamonds found in Borneo, Brazil, India and South Africa are made in much the same manner—that is, by the action of great heat and enormous pressure. Charcoal formed from wood has been baked into diamonds, the enormous heat and pressure of the earth's interior causing the beautiful white stone to crystallize out. Although artificial (distinct from imitation) diamonds have been made for some time, the cost has been prohibitive, while the stones have been of but insignificant size and value.

Confectionery for Easter.

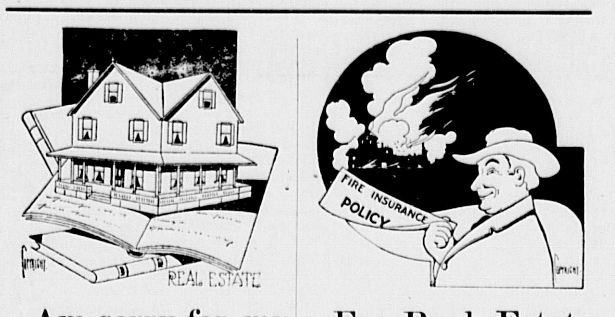
See Our Window Display of Confectionery This Week.

Good Chocolates are not only very palatable but also very healthful and take the place of solid foods.

We carry the Apollo, Criterion, Quality, Premiere, and Lowney's High Grade Chocolates, put up in dainty sealed packages from 25 cents to $2.00 a box.

A Special line of Assorted Chocolates SATURDAY and SUNDAY for 29c.

McLaughlin & Dennison,
Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.
417 Main Street, Woburn
☞ We Deliver Free by Messenger.



Am sorry for my friends who lose all. I went to Place and got insured. Shall sleep to-night and get a check in the morning.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor. Go in on the level. He will treat you on the square. Don't forget 416 Main street.

ESTABLISHED 1884
S. B. GODDARD & SON
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
..BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...
-INSURANCE-
Savings Bank Block, Woburn — Telephone 77
Boston Office, 93 Water Street — Telephone 1192 Main
ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant.

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

Black Cat Brand
Chicago-Kenosha Hosiery Company
Kenosha, Wis.

Black Cat HOSIERY
For School and Play

COPELAND & BOWSER,
399-401 Main Street.
WOBURN.

Another Memorial Day
will soon be here, and still many graves of loved ones remain unadorned.
The habit of "putting off" grows with each succeeding month. Start this Spring right and place your orders with us at once, we can please you.
Best Material. Best Workmanship.
New England Monument Co.
JOHN H. HERN — W. G. CARL ROESSLER.
117 Salem Street, opposite Woodbrook Cemetery, WOBURN

1908 **Wall Papers** 1908

Picture Framing a Specialty
Agent for the Oliver Typewriter
Repairs on Estates, and Collection of Rents. Houses For Sale and To Let.
Established in 1879.
C. E. SMITH. 439 Main St.

Great Mark-Down Sale
BEFORE STOCKTAKING AT
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Fine Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

The Hissar Emerald.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Lamson blew a cloud of smoke into the air and, with meditative eyes, watched it dissolve.

"And the emerald," repeated Coleman eagerly as he fingered the contents of his friend's gem cabinet—"I don't see the Hissar emerald. What has become of it? That was the gem of your collection."

Lamson leaned forward and drew out the lower tray of the cabinet. From an assortment of small leather cases thrown carelessly together he took one and gave it to Coleman. "There is the Hissar emerald," he said quietly.

Coleman pressed the spring and as the lid flew up uttered a startled cry.

"Why—why," he stuttered excitedly, "this is not the Hissar"— He paused interrogatively.

"It is the Hissar emerald and none other," returned Lamson, speaking with curious deliberation and distinctness. He took the case from his visitor's hand and shook the huge stone into his palm.

"It is like green glass," muttered Coleman, staring stupidly.

A piece of green stone as large as an almond, oval in shape, cut in a hundred facets that reflected the lamplight dully, rolled about in Lamson's hand.

"You are joking," said Coleman, sitting back in his chair and looking keenly at his host.

"I wish it were a joke," said Lamson ruefully as he replaced the jewel in the casket and laid it upon the table.

"I wish you would tell me about it, old man," remarked Coleman impatiently, lighting another cigarette. "Tell me about the transformation of one of the most famous jewels of the world into worthless glass."

"Of course you know its history, Coleman," began Lamson, settling back in his chair. "You know I purchased it from an old chap in Bombay for a ridiculous price—thirty gold rubles—and the man seemed to be much relieved to be rid of the stone. You know it was in my possession for ten years after my return from India, for you examined it frequently and admired its color and extraordinary brilliancy."

Coleman nodded.

"Three years ago I was in Paris," continued Lamson. "I had the emerald with me. I was considering a setting for it. Several weeks elapsed before I found time to visit a goldsmith. I cannot recollect what did detain me from going immediately on my arrival, but I do remember that one day I suddenly resolved to attend to the matter without further delay. I had been carrying the jewel in a chamois bag which was concealed in a leather belt about my waist. I removed the bag from the belt and placed it in the inner pocket of my coat and proceeded at a leisurely pace toward a certain shop in the Rue de Vignier, where there was a lapidary and goldsmith with whom I had done business.

"As I passed a small cafe I glanced carelessly through the open door, and, upon my word, Coleman, I was never more startled in my life! My gaze encountered that of a pair of the greenest eyes I ever saw, and, strange to relate, they sparkled beneath the snowy turban of a Hindoo!"

Coleman threw back his head and laughed heartily. "A green eyed Hindoo!" he chuckled. "Ye gods, what a combination!"

Lamson arose and paced the floor with long, nervous strides. As he talked he glanced furtively toward the long windows concealed by velvet draperies.

"Involuntarily I stooped and stared at the man," he continued, "and he returned my gaze calmly, coolly, insolently and with such steadiness and force in the depths of his green orbs that I felt myself drawn toward him by their very power. In less time than it takes to relate it I was seated opposite to him at the small round table with a glass of absinth before me. I looked at the fellow with fascinated interest, and he stared at me in return. He was a fine looking chap, tall, handsome, with clear dark skin in which was set those sparking green eyes, such an anomaly in a man of his race that I felt the white turban he wore must have been assumed as a disguise. With that exception his clothing was the conventional European dress.

"As I lifted the glass to my lips mechanically he leaned forward and said politely, 'You are the well known artist, Mr. Lamson, are you not, sir?' I admitted the fact and made the usual remark about his having the advantage. He spoke excellent English with a slight accent, and his reply took me by surprise. 'You are the possessor of the Hissar emerald?' he asked coolly, with the air of one who had a right to know. I stared at him and made no reply. After he had repeated the question I found breath to tell him that he might seek that information elsewhere."

"What did he say to that?" asked Coleman, with interest.

"Bowed politely and said that he would take my advice."

"And you didn't favor him with a glance at the stone?" asked Coleman, with a disappointed grimace.

"Hardly! He left me then," continued Lamson, lowering his voice to almost a whisper as he leaned toward his friend, "and I never have passed a moment since then that the fear of death did not hang over me. That green eyed devil has tracked me relentlessly around the world. I know of course that it is his intention to get possession of the emerald—possibly it was once his—and I know that some day he will wear me out and"— He threw out his hands with a hopeless gesture and sat down in the chair and stared into the fire.

"I shouldn't think he'd want it now," remarked Coleman grimly, with a side glance at the dull green stone in the case. "I can't imagine any one, especially clever chaps like those Indians, bothering over worthless glass."

Lamson sighed impatiently. "I thought you would understand," he whispered. "It's vanished. I hoped to throw them off the track—to make them believe that I had disposed of it. I had an imitation made in Paris and gave them every chance to steal that, but they would have none of it. They know I have the stone, and they are determined to have it. They are getting impatient now."

"But do you mean they are here—in New York?" gasped Coleman.

"I found this on the table when I came in after dinner. The chances are that you might have found me done for when you dropped in a half hour later."

As he spoke he lifted a small round basket woven of wicker and with a lid curiously fastened. He lifted the lid and beckoned the other man to look.

"Heavens!" Coleman stared at the gray, lifeless coils of a tiny snake. There was an odor of chloroform about the basket.

Lamson laughed shortly. "I suspected the contents of the basket. I have seen such things in India. I took precaution to stupefy the inmate—it is a deadly horned viper—before I investigated."

"How did it get in here?" muttered Coleman.

Lamson shrugged his shoulders and looked again toward the window draperies, which stirred slightly as by a sudden draft. "Give it up," he said wearily. He was silent and thoughtful for a moment and then added slowly: "I believe I will let them have it after all. I am tired of the chase. It's wearing on me. Come, let us go into the library." He placed the basket on the table and led the way to a door in a corner of the room.

Coleman followed him with an anxious gleam in his eyes, and as they entered the library and the door closed behind them he grasped Lamson by the arm and began, with affectionate concern in his voice: "Say, old fellow, don't you think that you've sort of got the emerald on your mind? Let it prey upon you, you know, and that you imagine you are being pursued"—

"Look!" Lamson interrupted him shortly. He had drawn aside a heavy curtain and disclosed a carved panel through the interstices of which the interior of the studio was plainly visible. There was the table beside the fire. On it were the gem cabinet unlocked, the emerald in its case and the wicker snake basket. Suddenly the window draperies fluttered, and a long, lithe, black garbed figure glided forward. A white turban flashed in the lamplight, and beneath it was a dark skinned face and fiercely brilliant green eyes. The man hovered over the table for a brief instant and then turned and glided back to the window. Again the draperies stirred and were still.

Coleman rubbed his startled eyes. The wicker basket was gone. The Hissar emerald was gone. He followed Lamson back to the studio and watched his friend as he closed and locked the open window. The artist then stepped to the hearth rug and lighted a cigarette.

"And the Hissar emerald"— began Coleman moodily, when Lamson stopped him with a gesture.

"Is here," he said coolly, snapping open his silver matchbox and displaying within its lid the rich green sparkle and royal splendor of the Hissar emerald.

A Good Trick.

The parrot's determination to speak his set phrases under all sorts of circumstances often produces strange situations. The story is told of a sleight of hand performer who kept a parrot that he had trained to say whenever one of his master's tricks had been finished: "That's a good trick. What's the next one?"

One day the juggler, being in a seaport town, gave his performance in a loft on one of the wharfs, which happened to get just over the place where a large quantity of powder was stored in kegs. The juggler was about to perform some feat which required the lighting of a candle. He lighted it and threw the match away without making sure that the blaze had gone out. The match, still burning, fell through a crack in the floor and dropped into one of the kegs of powder, which exploded with great force, throwing the building into the air. The parrot, who was blown up with the rest, did not stop until it reached the pinnacle of the topmast of a great ship which lay off the wharf. There he clung desperately, and, looking down to the world below, he called out in a shrill voice:

"That's a good trick! What's the next one?"

He Was a Philosopher.

A busy merchant who had not taken a holiday for years, in which time every other member of his family had enjoyed many outings, concluded to give himself a rest of a week or two and started for Scotland. When he had been gone a day he received a telegram from his wife to this effect:

Our house was entirely destroyed by fire last night. The children and I escaped unharmed. Come home at once. MARIA.

To this, after reflecting a moment, he replied as follows:

What is the use of coming home when there is no home to come to? Take the children to mother's. Stay there with them till I join you and don't worry. FRANK.

—London Scraps.

Australia.

The first civilized settlement in Australia was made at Botany bay in 1738 by some 1,030 persons, mostly convicts. In 1825 Moreton bay, New South Wales, was settled. The settlement of Western Australia dates from 1829. Explorations of Australia began in 1815 and have been kept up at intervals ever since. The greater part of the interior of the continent is little better than desert, being either sand or dense shrub or porcupine bush. In 1875 Giles traversed a territory 2,500 miles in extent which was declared "unfit for human habitation." And yet the artesian well may yet make Australia bloom like a garden.—New York American.

A Queer Joke.

A resident of Vevey, Switzerland, died some years ago and left a will, in which he bequeathed the whole of his property, of which he was supposed to possess a large amount, to the "local hospital of the town." There being two local medical charities—the town hospital and the Hospice de Samaritan—a suit at law was entered by the former in order to decide its right to the legacy. After considerable expenses had been incurred the dispute was abruptly brought to a close by the discovery that the deceased had indulged in a most unseasonable jest and, in fact, did not possess a penny to bequeath.

The Vienna Woman.

The Vienna woman is called the best dressed woman in the world, and she well deserves her title. She is more French in attire than the Parisian, and she is more elegant than the Russian. She combines the usefulness of the English with the delicacy of the Spanish. Yet she is a school of her own in dress; she is original to the last detail. To be thoroughly Viennese in dress is the dream of the well gowned European woman.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Office and the Man.

"The office should seek the man, you know."

"That's all right," replied the avowed aspirant, "but I gave it a fair chance, and it seemed diffident."—Philadelphia Ledger.

HARBOR BUOYS.

Their Different Colors Serve as Guides to the Mariner.

If you examine the buoys on entering any harbor in the world, you will find that those on your right are painted red and those on your left black. If you should see one painted in red and black horizontal bands, the ship should run as close to it as possible, because that indicates the center of a narrow channel. Buoys with red and black vertical stripes always mark the end of spits and the outer and inner ends of extensive reefs where there is a channel on each side. When red and black checkers are painted on a buoy it marks either a rock in the open sea or an obstruction in the harbor of small extent, with channel all round. If there are two such obstructions and a channel between them, the buoy on the right of you will have red and white checkers and the one on your left will have black and white checkers. When a wreck obstructs the channel, a green buoy will be placed on the sea side of the wreck, with the "Wreck" plainly painted on it in white letters, provided there is a clear channel all around it; otherwise an even number will be painted in white above the word "Wreck" when the buoy is on the right side of the channel and an odd number if the buoy is on the left.—Pearson's Weekly.

TRICKY JAIL BIRDS.

Many Ways the Convicts Have of Feigning Sickness.

"Hear the song of the dear little jail birds," said the jailer as a burst of ribald melody came down the gray corridor. "The dear little jail birds!" He shook his head and sighed.

"They are all playing sick in that ward," he resumed. "There's nobody can malinger like a jail bird. His tricks are amazing.

"To fake a fever he will whiten his tongue with chalk, flush his cheeks with a red flannel undershirt and disorder his stomach by swallowing a quid of tobacco.

"To fake consumption he will cut his gums so as to spit blood and go through a terrific kind of Swedish movement in bed so as to produce night sweats.

"Some jail birds have brought on nettle rash by temporarily poisoning themselves with smuggled crab or lobster. Some chew soap so as to froth at the mouth in fake fits. Some even thrust needles down to the lids of the eye to bring on cataract."—Minneapolis Journal.

A Bank of the Year 600 B. C.

The very earliest banking firm of which there is any record was that of Egibi & Sons, an institution which carried on advance, exchange and general financial business in Babylon in the year 600 B. C. Knowledge of this firm is obtained from certain records on clay tablets which have been found in recent excavations made by a party of English and French archaeologists near the site of the ancient city above mentioned. Bills of credit, drafts, etc., in the form of small burnt clay tablets, each bearing the characteristic signature of Egibi & Sons, have been found in many other parts of Asia Minor, and it is believed that close study will prove that some of the clay tablets found in tombs and pyramids in Egypt will finally prove to be Egibi "negotiable notes."

How He Saved Money.

A country politician in Pennsylvania managed to get elected to the legislature at Harrisburg for one term. When he came back he built himself a fine house, costing about $20,000. His old neighbors, who knew he had no money before he went to Harrisburg and who knew the salary of a Pennsylvania legislator, were curious to discover where the returned statesman got means to build the house. So one day a committee waited on the man who built the house, and the spokesman said:

"Jim, it may be none of our business to your thinking, but we think you owe it to us who sent you to the legislature to explain where you got the money with which you built this house. You didn't have a cent before you went to Harrisburg and owed everybody in the place. How about it?"

"Why," said the builder, "it's simple enough. You see, when we were in Harrisburg we didn't keep a hired girl."—Argonaut.

Freaks of the Sea.

The freaks of the sea are the anglers and bat fishes. The people of North Carolina have aptly named the angler the allmouth, for the tail begins where the mouth ends. Inhabiting the north Atlantic, the angler has been given a variety of names. On the Massachusetts coast it is known as goosefish. Rhode Island terms it bellowfish, and Connecticut gives it the cognomen of molligut. Jamaica bay calls it the carpetbagger. England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales all have their local names. The names of the English give to this one fish are expressive of its habits, to say the least. They call it toadfish, frog, fishing frog, devilfish, sea devil, nassfish, monkfish, pocketfish, widegut, kettlemaw and widegap. Thomas Pennant, who in 1776 wrote his "British Zoology," did not like the name of fishing frog, then applied to the fish, so he "changed the old name of fishing frog for the more simple one of angler."

The Way of Humanity.

Human nature is kind and generous, but it is narrow and blind and can only with difficulty conceive anything but what it immediately sees and feels. People would instantly care for others as well as themselves if only they could imagine others as well as themselves. Let a child fall into a river before the roughest man's eyes—he will usually do what he can to get it out, even at some risk to himself, and all the town will triumph in the saving of one little life. Let the same man be shown that hundreds of children are dying of fever for want of some sanitary measures which it will cost him trouble to urge, and he will make no effort, and probably all the town would resist him if he did.—Ruskin.

Couldn't Risk It.

First Sportswoman (after jumping a stile)—Come along. Do have a try! Second Sportswoman—Oh, it's all very well for you to risk your neck, but I'm going to be married next week!—Punch.

A Collector of Coin.

Ostend—Pa, what is a numismatist? Pa—A numismatist, my son, is a collector of coins. Ostend—And, pa? Pa—Well, my son? Ostend—Is a head waiter a numismatist?—Chicago News.

Sometimes a noble failure serves the world as faithfully as a distinguished success.—Dowden.

THE MONOTONY OF LIFE.

Why a Comment About It Made One Man Laugh Out Loud.

"Sometimes I think that the monotony of life wears on us far more than the duties we have to discharge," sighed a robust citizen the other evening as the car reared on its hind legs and began to creep up the shaft. "The everlasting rut or treadmill, or whatever you may choose to call it, gets on to one's nerves. Existence isn't varied for many of us; it's a perpetual grind."

His companion looked at him a moment and showed a broad grin. "I like that kind of talk," he said. "It's so truthful. Do you know what you do when anything out of the ordinary happens to interfere with your cut and dried plan and takes you a few steps out of your beaten path? I do. You throw three or four fits hand running and look and behave as if there had been a death in the family. If your wife accepts an invitation or makes an engagement for you or you're cornered so that you can't escape the theater or a concert, you're the crossest and most despondent creature on earth. And you'll invent excuses that wouldn't wash in a strong lye to dodge a visit to your relatives or an excursion or a journey to another city. You want to do the same things in the same old way day after day, and if you can't do them you sit down and cry. With you it's the morning paper, breakfast, the barber, work, luncheon, more work, home and the evening paper, and that would be your routine if you had $100,000 a year and were free to come and go as you chose. Nine men out of ten are exactly like you, and when I hear them complaining of monotony I have to laugh out loud."—Providence Journal.

STEVENSON'S PRAYERS.

They Were a Necessity to the Life of the Afflicted Writer.

"With my husband prayer—the direct appeal—was a necessity," writes Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. "When he was happy he felt impelled to offer thanks for that undeserved joy; when in sorrow or pain, to call for strength to bear what must be borne." Then in every Samoan household the day closed with prayer and the singing of hymns. She says again: "As soon as our household had fallen into a regular routine and the bonds of Samoan family life began to draw us more closely together, Tusitala felt the necessity of including our retainers in our evening devotions." To their usual evening service they were summoned by the "pu" or Samoan war conch. She does not think it ever occurred to them that there was any incongruity in this use of it.

One of these plain, patriarchal services Stevenson himself on one occasion brought to a sudden check. "He had just learned of the treacherous conduct of one in whom he had every reason to trust. That evening the prayer seemed unusually short and formal. As the singing stopped he rose abruptly and left the room. I hastened after him, fearing some sudden illness. 'What is it?' I asked. 'It is this,' was the reply. 'I am not yet fit to say, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."'"

"Piano-Organ."

"Piano-organ" seems to have got into the language—unfortunately, since the contrivance so designated is neither a piano nor an organ. "Organ," in musical language, means an arrangement of pipes or reeds, with bellows, keyboard, pedals and draw stops. The "piano-organ" has none of these. "Piano" is short for "pianoforte" and indicates a keyed wire instrument which can be played both softly (piano) and loudly (forte). Now, nobody ever heard a "piano-organ" play "piano." A possible explanation is that the first user of the bad word "piano-organ" was trying to combine "pianoforte" and barrel organ," and, of course, he couldn't call the thing a "barrelforte."—London Chronicle.

Bismarck's Comment.

In the early days of the present German empire the question as to how the kaiser's title should run divided the court into three sections. One division favored "German emperor," the second was for "emperor of Germany," while the third wished it to be "emperor of the Germans." Bismarck, who was present at one such discussion, looked up from a meal. "What's the Latin for sausage?" he asked. "Farcimentum," said one. "Farcimen," said another. Bismarck smiled significantly as he replied, "Farcimentum or farcimen, it is all the same to me."

Inconsistent.

"If You Don't See What You Want, Ask For It," is the sign displayed over a grocer's counter. And when a man went in and asked payment of a bill that had been running for six months he was shown out through the front door. He is now of opinion that grocers are not consistent.

A Juvenile Opinion.

"I suppose you will marry when you grow up," said the visitor pleasantly.

"No," replied the thoughtful little girl; "mamma says papa is more care than the children, so I guess the care of my children will be enough for me without the care of a husband."—Chicago Post.

His Descent.

"Woodby declares his grandfather descended from one of the greatest houses in England."

"Ah, yes; I did hear a story about the old man falling off a roof he was repairing once for Lord Somebody or other!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A hero or a genius, or both, is the man who guesses right most of the time and then does it.—Louisville Herald.

Every Bird a Weathercock.

"Where's the wind?" scoffed the sailor. "Why, look at the birds. They'll tell you. Don't you know that every bird's a weathercock? Stop moistenin' your finger and holdin' it up," he went on in a tone of disgust. "The practice ain't hardly cleanly. Look at the birds is all you got to do, for every bird sets with its head always straight at the wind. Every live bird in a tree is as reliable a weathercock as them dead birds on the spires."—New York Press.

A Bit Different.

Towne—There's one thing about my wife—she makes up her mind if she can't afford a thing that she doesn't need it. Browne—Something like my wife, only she buys it first and makes up her mind afterward.—Philadelphia Press.

Possibly.

Possibly the fact that the optimist sees the doughnut and the pessimist the hole is due to the further fact that the optimist has mostly doughnuts and the pessimist mostly hole.—Puck.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson III.—Second Quarter, For April 19, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John xii, 1-11. Memory Verse, 3—Golden Text, John iv, 19—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Having had a resurrection lesson last week, we now take the regular lesson, as this also sets forth the power of a resurrection life. He is now nearing the end of His ministry in a mortal body. Another week and it will all be over, but there was never a week so full as this one. It is now only six days till the Passover to which He so eagerly looked forward (Luke xxii, 15). He is again in Bethany, in the home to which He had so recently brought such joy, or if not in that home He was in the midst of those whom He had made so happy. The supper was in the house of Simon the leper (Matt. xxvi, 6; Mark xiv, 3), but whether that was also the home of Martha and Mary is not very clear. It may have been, but this is secondary. Jesus and His disciples are at the supper provided for them, and Lazarus is there, too, "at the table with Him." What a suggestive phrase that is and how helpful it would be if at all our tables we remembered it! It would tend to deliver us from much idle conversation. Martha is serving, apparently now without being cumbered (Luke x, 40), and restful service is heavenly occupation. At that last Passover Jesus said, "I am among you as He that serveth" (Luke xxii, 27), and on another occasion He said, "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister" (Matt. xx, 28). In the kingdom "His servants shall serve Him" (Rev. xxii, 3). We are saved to serve. One of the special features of this lesson is the record of Mary's anointing of our Lord. He said that she came beforehand to anoint His body for burial (verse 7; Mark xiv, 8), and I believe that she knew just what she was doing, and, believing that He was to be killed by cruel hands and that then she would have no opportunity to do this, she had obtained this precious ointment and had watched for just this opportunity, and now her love is quick to seize it, as doubtless the Spirit prompted her. On His head and on His feet she poured it and wiped His feet with her hair, and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment (verse 3; Mark xiv, 3). Luke does not mention this incident, but he does record another anointing earlier in his ministry by an unnamed woman in the house of Simon the Pharisee, who first washed His feet with her penitential tears and wiped them with her hair (Luke vii, 36-50). We must not confound these two separate anointings nor attempt to name the woman of Luke's record. Even the followers of Jesus see things so differently from Jesus Himself that this good work was condemned by some of the disciples then present. We do not wonder that the thief treasurer coveted the money which this ointment might have brought, but he was a disciple in name only, and went out from them because he was never truly one of them (I John ii, 19). It is a little surprising to hear the others talk so, but they did not understand as Mary did, and they represent a great many believers today who talk as if too much money was spent on making Jesus and His salvation known, while it seems to them all right to spend very large sums on their own church buildings or the church music, etc.

How differently He sees, and how differently we will see and think when at His judgment seat! If we could have the mind of Jesus always, how much better it would be! He never sought anything for Himself, not His own will, not His own glory, but always did that which pleased His Father who sent Him. When those who would lovingly and earnestly work good works on Him or let Him work His works in and through them are found fault with by even prominent Christians, let them hear His "Let her alone" and covet only His approval. 'Heed not what men may say. Christ is the Judge, not they." As worldwide as the gospel has His commendation of her gone. What a blessed memorial and how much better than a memorial window in a church or a church organ or even a church building unless these tend wholly to His glory and the salvation of souls. Some one has said that in these three we have an illustration of a well rounded Christian life—the worship of Mary, which was very costly; the restful service of Martha and the power of the risen life of Lazarus. If these could be seen in one person, that life would be an epistle of Christ indeed. Although we have no record of anything that Lazarus said, it is written that "by reason of him many of the Jews went away and believed on Jesus" (verse 11). In the first chapter we noticed that when men heard John the Baptist speak they followed Jesus, and it should be so that when men see our lives and hear our words they should be led to think of Jesus, not of us, and be drawn to Him. Some one said that if one from the dead should return to earth people would believe, but see the effect here. Because of the powerful testimony of the life of the risen Lazarus the chief priests consulted to put him to death (verses 10, 11). The phrase in verse 9, "Not for Jesus' sake only," is suggestive and searching and leads us to ask, Am I living for Jesus only, or is there some other motive also? We who live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake that the life of Jesus may be made manifest in our mortal flesh.

In the Dime Museum.

"What did you do with my thermometer?" demanded the doctor who had been called in to attend one of the freaks.

"I swallowed it, doc," answered the glass eater. "Thought it was my medicine."—Pittsburg Press.

Confusing English.

"I see one of our battleships reported fast in the mud."

"Well?"

"I was just thinking that a ship fast in the mud ought to be a record breaker on the open sea."—Pick-Me-Up.

Money Makes Egotists.

Money is a sort of creation and gives the acquirer even more than the possessor an imagination of his own power and tends to make him idolize self.—Cardinal Newman.

Conquering Temptation.

To conquer temptation you must live it down alone, as you must die alone, and no vicarious gift of strength can take the place of a man's own will.—London Tatler.

THE GENTLE ALLIGATOR.

Getting Him Out Into the Open For the Camera Man.

I have seen a barefoot boy when the alligator refused to respond to his call wade in the mud to his waist, explore with his toes till he felt the wiggle of the gator beneath them, then worry him to the surface, grab him by the nose before he could open his jaws and tow the creature ashore to be photographed. When an alligator that we were hunting crawled into his cave I held a noosed rope over his mouth while the boy poked a stick through the mud until it hit the creature in his hiding place, and soon I had him snared, ready to be dragged out on the prairie and tied, to be kept till the camera man was ready for him; then we turned the reptile loose on a bit of prairie, and the boy and I, armed with sticks, headed him off when he tried to escape, while the camera man, with his head in the hood of his instrument, followed the creature about, seeking for evidence in the case of reason versus instinct. When the camera man was through with him the alligator was set free, a final shot being taken at him as he walked off. Our hunter boys could never be made to comprehend our reasons for restoring to the creatures their freedom. They understood the photographing, but when this was done why not collect a dollar for the reptile's hide? Their manner implied that to this question no sane answer was possible.—A. W. Dimock in Harper's Magazine.

ECONOMY IN ITALY.

The Roman Season the Only Time When Real Luxury Is the Rule.

During the greater part of the year we have only the servants that are necessary—my husband's valet, one butler, the porter who stands at the entrance to the palace and a general utility country boy who in the afternoon puts on a livery and acts as footman. The women servants are a cook, a scullery maid, a laundress and two maids besides my own personal one. This list is not as extravagant as the same would be in America.

Wages are nothing by comparison. One can get a good lady's maid for $10 a month, a competent butler for $10, a cook for $10, a chambermaid for $6. Their fare would seem coarse to the spoiled servant of America, consisting, as it does, chiefly of bread, soup, macaroni and fruit, with tea and coffee of an inferior grade and fresh meat once a week. We spend nothing that we can possibly help until the Roman season. Then we have enough surplus to get an additional number of maids and a long row of footmen (these for the most part young women and men from the village of our own estate), and both in our country villa and in our Roman palace we open all the rooms that for eight months have been closed and for four months live in luxury.—An Expatriate in Everybody's Magazine.

The Angler Fish.

A singular superstition about the angler fish is entertained in some parts of Sweden (Bohuslan), according to Malm and Smitt. "It is so feared by many that the tackle is cut as soon as the 'monster' reaches the surface, and its captor hurries home in order to get there, if possible, before the misfortune portended by the monster overtakes him." The extreme of misfortune—death—is believed by some to be indicated. Nilsson tells that the Swedish fishermen on the banks "believe that on board the vessel on which an angler is taken some one is doomed to die soon. They therefore never or hardly ever take the angler on board, but prefer to cut the line and thus lose the hook with the fish."

An anemometrical faculty is attributed to the angler in Massachusetts. According to Storer, "among the fishermen in some parts of the bay there is a common saying, 'When you take a goosefish, look out for an easterly storm.'"

A Human Foot Warmer.

It is interesting to learn that Julius Caesar found our Celtic ancestors just suffocating themselves with smoke. Giraldus, the early Welsh historian, describes a family as sitting round their smoky central fire by day and lying round it by night. But they could have had little comfort from it, for the same historian tells us that one of their princes eked out his fire with a human foot warmer. This officer's duty was to keep his master's feet warm by cherishing them in his bosom during meals. For this purpose he squatted under the table, and no doubt it "did him proud" so to nurse the royal moccasins.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

Why He Was Angry.

"You made a mistake in your paper," said an indignant man, entering the editorial sanctum of a daily journal. "I was one of the competitors at an athletic entertainment last night and you referred to me as 'the well known lightweight champion.'"

"Well, are you not?" inquired the sporting editor.

"No; I'm nothing of the kind," was the angry response, "and it's confoundedly awkward, because I'm a coal dealer."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Thought He Was Going to Shave.

The new rubber in the Turkish bath had formerly been a barber.

Thus it was when his first patron came in that the new rubber looked him over and said pityingly, "Wash yourself sometimes, don't you?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Spare minutes are the gold dust of time, the portions of life most fruitful in good or evil, the gaps through which temptations enter.—Mrs. Thrall.

Showed Him How.

The gardener at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris gave an undergardener two of the first ripe figs to take to one of the governors. On the way the man gave way to temptation and ate one.

"Where is the other fig?" said the governor to him, having been told of the present beforehand.

"I ate it."

"But how could you do that?"

"Like this," said the servant, swallowing the other.

Diplomacy.

Delia—Ye can get a suit just like your missis' velvet wan for tin dollars in Bargain Brown Brothers. Norah—Yes, an' I can get wan fur nuthin' by telling me missis about the wan in Bargain Brown Brothers.—Harper's Weekly.

Persistent Girl.

Ethel—Have you heard of Jack's engagement to Eleanor? Harold—Dear me, no! Then Jack has finally succeeded? Ethel—No. Succumbed.—London Tatler.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect December 16, 1907.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minuts until 9 55 p m., 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6 32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9 32 p m) SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2 02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11 02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 22 p m until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m) SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Sunday, January 5, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a. m., then same as week days.

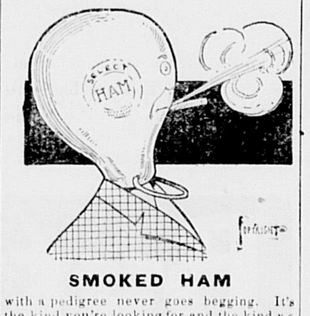
Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn January 3, 1908.



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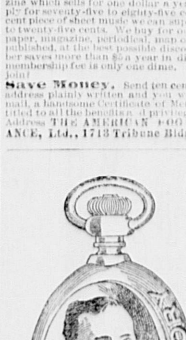

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Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then hourly until 12.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will run from Salem Square via Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, 10.00 P. M.

Returning, leave Salem for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.55, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn, every 30 minutes until 10.15, †10.45, *11.15 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30, every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
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GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb 15 1906.

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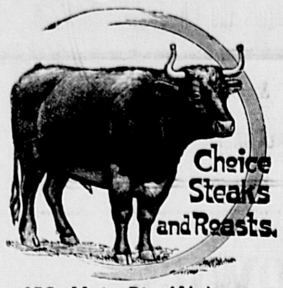

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.1[illegible] A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect December 16, 1907

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55 †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23 †10.21, †10.53, §11.01, †11.38 a. m., §12.05, †12.59 †2.00, §2.00, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.26, †5.02 †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL— †6.24, †8.22, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, §5.26, †6.42, §9.27, §11.02, †10.59, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26 †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, *Pas. Traf. Mgr.* C. M. BURT, *Gen. Pass. Ag*

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works. North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

M. J. MULKEEN,

Steamship Agent.

Notary Public — AND — Justice of the Peace.

Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN

OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

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Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.

Also, Fire Insurance Agent.

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THE JUNIOR PARTNER.

By Madeline Lewis.

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It was just one of those advertisements which hundreds who have answered them in vain term heartless: "Young lady stenographer and typist wanted in a business office. Must be quick and accurate. State salary wanted."

Of the thousands who read it and the scores, if not hundreds, who answered by letter was Kitty Burnham, daughter of a widow living in one of the suburbs of the city. She had seen and answered many such before. There was grave need that the little income left by the father should be eked out in some way.

She had little hope when the answer was sent off in its blue envelope that it would be heard of again, but to her great surprise and almost to her consternation she received a curt message asking her to call. To make her way to a business office, to be questioned by the abrupt manager, to be tested as to her qualifications and perhaps told that she wouldn't do at all—all this was a nightmare to her. Then she must state the salary wanted. That in itself showed a want of fairness on the part of the firm. It was taking advantage of the applicants.

Kitty spent an hour figuring, so much for street car fare daily, so much for lunches, so much left at the end of the week out of the sum she had made up her mind to ask. It would be only a pittance, and yet she must take it and hope for advancement. No man, old or young, could put himself in the place of a girl of nineteen applying for a situation for the first time in her life and being ushered through an office where a dozen men were at work into the sanctum of the manager. She expected to meet an ogre and to be shouted at. She had only entered the door when she would almost have given her life to be flying down the street. Next moment the feeling disappeared. There was no ogre. There was no shouting. A kindly faced man of forty-five looked up from a letter he was writing and greeted her thus:

"Ah, Miss Burnham, I was expecting you. Please sit down, and I will be through in a moment."

The kind words rallied her, and three minutes later she was answering questions and saying to herself that the man probably had a daughter of his own and was sparing her as much as possible. She had heard over and over again that there was no sentiment in business and that the woman who took a man's place in an office must expect to be treated like a man, but here seemed to be proof to the contrary.

"My name is Mr. Gray, and I am the junior partner in the firm," said the man when he had finished his letter. "As this will be your first place you cannot expect the salary of an experienced girl. What figure do you think will be right?"

"I—I had thought of $8 a week," she replied, "but if you—you think that is too much I'll take $6." She didn't want to run away now. She wanted the place, and she didn't want the firm to think her too grasping.

"Let me see as to your stenography," said Mr. Gray, with a smile. "No need to be a bit nervous. Just imagine that you have been here for weeks."

He was not a lightning dictator. He did not tramp up and down the room and interrupt himself every moment to substitute words. In a quiet, easy way he dictated a letter, and when it was finished he nodded toward the typewriter in the corner, and the girl sat down and transcribed her notes.

"It couldn't be better," he said as she handed him the sheet. "Today is Wednesday, but as I am a bit hurried you might come tomorrow instead of waiting till Monday. As to the salary, you will be worth $10 a week to start on. Good morning, Miss Burnham About 8.45 in the morning, please!"

Five minutes later she was on her way home to tell her mother the good news, and five minutes later Mr. Gray was saying to the head clerk in the outer office:

"Mr. Benson, I have a new stenographer coming in the morning—Miss Burnham."

"Yes, sir."

"It is her first place."

"Yes, sir."

"She is to be treated as a lady. Please see to it that there is no fishing for introductions by the young men. If she does not bring her lunch with her she will go out alone. Should I encounter her in the elevator or on the street I shall lift my hat to her."

"I understand, sir."

Mr. Benson returned to the outer office and communicated the news. The young men of the bookkeeping staff winked at each other and smiled. They were made up of the average young man, no better or no worse. One of them went beyond winking and smiling. He said to the mat at his elbow:

"Listen to that, will you! The old man's got a private stenog and a good looker, and we must not even wish her good morning. Got to just raise our hats and look down at our toes."

The "old man" had come into the house years and years before as a humble employee and worked his way up to a junior partnership. He had never married, and so far as any one at the store knew he had no near relatives. His home had always been a boarding house or a hotel. When he had come into the firm it was predicted that he would marry within a year, but he had made no change whatever. The boys had winked and smiled over the message from the inner office, but all of them knew that the junior partner had a deep seated respect for womanhood, and in turn they respected him for it.

For weeks and weeks after Kitty Burnham had taken her place it might have been said of the "old man" that he hardly knew that she was in the office. The work was done quietly and without mistakes. There was hardly any conversation outside of business matters. When the first month was up he quietly informed her that her salary was raised to $12 per week, and her simple "Thank you, sir," seemed to cover the occasion. There were no introductions to the clerks and no invitations to lunch. In one case out of a hundred the girl was being given a fair show. She instinctively recognized the fact and was grateful for it.

One night after a hard day's work the "old man" sat alone in his room in a family hotel and indulged in a reverie for the first time in years. He found himself thinking of a home, of wife and children, of some one to kiss him goodby in the morning and welcome him home at night. And presently there came creeping into that reverie a face that startled him. It was the face of his stenographer.

He rose like a guilty man and waved the vision away, with a laugh. But it would not depart for good. He went out on the street and walked about, but he seemed to see that face. He fought to put away the idea of wife and home, but when it still clung he said to himself that he was getting nervous from overwork and ought to take a week off. Next day when he dictated his letter Kitty noticed a change in his voice, and she marked that he avoided looking her in the face. There was some subtle change in him, and it worried her a little.

That reverie came back to the junior partner and that face came back in connection with wife and home, and finally he welcomed them. Why shouldn't he have a wife and home? He was rich enough now, and he was longing for a change from his lonely existence. At the office he was the man of business; at his own room he was the man of reveries.

By and by there came a legal holiday, and the office was closed. At such times the "old man" usually hung about for half a day anyhow, but on this occasion he did not go near the store. Instead, he took a train for the beach and saw the sea for the first time in years. Without really planning it he soon found himself in the suburb where Miss Burnham lived. He had carried her address in his head for days and days. He walked by the house. He would have laughed at the idea that he hoped to see her. At the gate he almost halted, as if he would enter and pay a call, but he caught himself just in time.

An hour later, in a seaside park half a mile away, as he sat alone on a bench with his reverie strong upon him, a young man and a girl took a seat back of him. A bush hid them from sight, but his heart gave a leap as he heard a well known voice. It was saying:

"No, Walter, there is no occasion for jealousy on your part. Mr. Gray is one of the nicest men I ever met, but he is an old bachelor and has never thought of love. Besides, he is at least forty-five, while I am only nineteen. The idea of my marrying a man old enough to be my father! Why, it's perfectly ridiculous!"

There was more conversation, but the junior partner heard nothing further. He rose softly and tiptoed away some distance. Then he sat down on another bench and held his face in his hands until the ache ceased. He forty-five, she nineteen! Old enough to be her father! Old bachelor and never thought of love! A ridiculous idea! Walter was young. Youth mated with youth.

And the reveries and the dreams and the face passed away to return no more, and the boys at the office said that the "old man" was pitching into work as if he wanted to get something off his mind.

Dividing the Trout Family.

The majority of naturalists divide the salmo, or salmon, tribe into four species—the salmon, the sea trout, the brook trout and the lake trout. Scandinavian zoologists reduce these four to two species—salmon and trout—considering all the different kinds of trout as mere varieties of one species. There is little doubt about the identity of the lake trout and the brook trout, and experiments by Mr. Cligny with the fish of northern France make it appear that there is no more doubt about the identity of the common trout and the sea trout.

If there be a difference between the adults of the two varieties there is none between the fry. The fry of the two kinds cannot be distinguished one from the other until the trout, leaving fresh water, seeks brackish water in preparation for acclimatizing itself in salt. This takes place from May to July, during which time the fry of the common or brook trout, if brought into brackish water, gradually assumes the livery of the salt water fish. There is no room for doubt, according to this French zoologist, that the sea trout and the brook trout are one and the same species. The sea trout are a branch of the brook trout. If some of them are hatched as sea trout, many others are hatched as brook trout, and these young fish in descending the rivers become true sea trout.—New York World.

Where He Was.

Pompous Judge (to little girl in the witness box)—Was your father under the influence of alcohol when your mother struck him with the poker? Little Girl—No, sir; he was under the kitchen table.—London Telegraph.

A Coveted Picture.

Some years ago a western man entered J. G. Brown's studio and seemed to gain satisfaction in finding its familiar features unchanged. He told the artist that in his boyhood he had worked in the streets of New York and, with others of his class, had served as a model for one of the pictures of street boys. He had gone west and had prospered and now had returned with a desire to become the owner of the group picture in which he and some of his boyish cronies appeared. He wanted it as a reminder of the struggles of his boyhood. He looked back on those days as being quite as happy as any he had ever known. The picture, says W. Howard Standish, discussing J. G. Brown, a painter of humble folk, had long ago been sold, and, although the would be purchaser offered to give his check for $25,000 for the work, the artist was unable to supply any clew to its whereabouts.—New Broadway Magazine.

FRIENDLY ANIMALS.

The Intimacy Between Them and Man In Yellowstone Park.

One of the most pleasant features of the drive through the Yellowstone National park is the apparent intimacy between man and the animal and bird life in the park. Thanks to the wise and stringent regulations, no shooting is allowed within its boundaries. "The result," says an English tourist, "is positively charming. Hundreds of little chipmunks, with their gaudy striped backs, scamper impudently about or peer at the passing coach from the roadside. The squirrel did not bolt for the nearest tree, but nodded a welcome. All bird life treated us likewise. Even the lordly eagle hovered near, and the wild turkey stalked unconcernedly through the rank grass. We perceived a doe and a fawn grazing by the road. Not until we were within a few feet did they seek the shelter of the woods, yet not to fly. They simply moved aside. Here at least mankind was regarded as a friend—one who could be trusted. The only animal who ran away was a brown bear. He turned tail at the sight of a coaching party. Yet it was quite a common thing for bears to approach close to the hotels at evening to feed on the refuse thrown out. It was an after dinner relaxation for the guests to watch them feeding. They munched and disputed the choicest morsels, for the most part indifferent to the company. Only when we became inquisitive and approached too near did they retire, and these animals were perfectly free and unfettered in their movements. It may read like a fairy tale, but it is solid fact."

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

What Great Britain Owes to Holland and Pepper.

It is curious to remember that when England's commercial greatness was a-making her most serious rival was Holland. But the enterprising Dutchmen ruined their chances by their greediness. There was a popular little couplet which ran:

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much.

The whole course of English predominance abroad might have been changed if the Dutch had not "asked too much."

In the closing years of the sixteenth century they had a trade monopoly with the East Indies, and they "put up" the price of pepper to such a point that the English consumer "struck."

A meeting of London merchants made one December afternoon a decision the importance of which to England cannot be exaggerated. It was nothing less than the resolution to form a London East India company. The petition of these merchants to good Queen Bess was granted in a royal charter of incorporation.

The company, founded at first to establish direct trade communication with the east and lower the price of pepper, soon took to itself larger purposes. Fleets of merchant ships came and went between England and India, and from the quarrel about pepper the corporation of merchants was destined, through Clive and its "nabobs," to give England a vast empire.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Reason.

It was Washington's birthday, and the minister was making a patriotic speech to the children of the secondary grade.

"Now, children," he said, "when I arose this morning the flags were waving and the houses were draped with bunting. What was that done for?"

"Washington's birthday," answered a youngster.

"Yes," said the minister, "but last month I, too, had a birthday, but no flags were flying that day, and you did not even know I had a birthday. Why was that?"

"Because," said an urchin, "Washington never told a lie."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mussels of Philippine.

During August and September as many as 1,000 to 1,500 sacks, each containing nearly 200 pounds of mussels, are dispatched every Wednesday from Philippine alone. Holland, Belgium and France are the best customers of the Philippine mussel farmers, but quite a number of the cherished shellfish find their way across the channel from the Dutch beds to the Britishers' dinner table. In Philippine mussels form, one may say, the staple food of the population. They are consumed in every possible manner—stewed, fried, in soups, in gravies and with particular relish alive.—A. Pitcairn-Knowles in Wide World Magazine.

A Retreating Chin.

Nothing weakens a face more than a retreating chin. Unfortunately comparatively little can be done for it. It can be remedied to a certain extent in childhood by rubbing from the throat up and out, holding the head well up during the process. Sometimes, too, the trouble may be caused by the way the jaws close on account of the position of the teeth, and a good dentist may often be of help. Bandages worn round the chin at night, so placed that the lower jaw is forced forward, will sometimes remedy the defect slightly, especially when begun on quite young children.—Exchange.

Useless Money.

Languid Lannigan—After all is said, pal, money ain't everyt'ing. Dry Deegan—I knows it frum experience. I wunst found a five dollar bill near de center uv a prohibition state.—Puck.

More men are drowned in the bowl than in the sea.—Irish Proverb.

In the Fog.

Towne—So you were in London, eh? How did you find the weather there? Browns—I didn't have to find it. It came and hunted me up and surrounded me in chunks.—Philadelphia Press.

A London Joke.

Walter (who has just served up some soup)—Looks uncommonly like rain, sir. Diner—Yes, by Jove, and tastes like it too! Bring me some thick soup. —London Tatler.

MASTODONS.

Why Their Bones Are Found Near Salt or Sulphur Springs.

"Wherever you find salt or sulphur springs," says a gentleman connected with the United States geological survey, "you may expect to find the bones of mastodons and other huge creatures that have now become extinct. Many persons suppose that the presence of these bones in great numbers indicates that the animals had a sort of common cemetery, like the llamas of Chile, which when they felt death coming on always made for the nearest stream or pond and, if they could get there, died in the water.

"That, however, is likely only a superstition. The mastodon bones in a salt or sulphur marsh indicates that the animals went there to drink the water and occasionally one got mired and was suffocated. The great numbers of the bones do not prove that a whole herd of mastodons was drowned at once, but that one being mired every year or so during several centuries would in time cause a great accumulation of bones. Missouri has a bone marsh at Sulphur Springs; there is a great mine of them at the Salt Springs in Kentucky and at several places in Ohio and Indiana where there are saline springs. A great spring in Florida, one of the four or five huge outlets which are grouped under the name of Silver Spring, is called 'the bone yard' because the bottom and sides are masses of mastodon bones."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A WAR OF MAPS.

Bolivia Wiped Out England and the British Isles.

"Bolivia is the only country that ever wiped England off the map," said Frank Roberson. "It came about this way: The British ambassador several years ago gave a dinner for the official and social circle people of Bolivia.

"When they arrived at the embassy they found that he was not married to the woman seated at the head of the table, and they left. In the name of his government he demanded an apology, whereupon the government gave him twenty-four hours to get out of the country.

"Inasmuch as little Bolivia is way off the ocean and practically lost in the eternal mountains Great Britain could not by guns get the retraction that she wanted, but her mapmakers got revenge by issuing maps wholly eliminating Bolivia.

"Finally this information reached Bolivia, whereupon with a stroke of the pen new maps were ordered for the Bolivian government and the Bolivian schools. They showed more ocean than any other maps ever printed. The British isles had been sunk into the sea. And so far as the people and school children of Bolivia are concerned there is no Great Britain."—Indianapolis News.

Why He "Let 'Em Grow."

"Yes, I've given up shaving," he told his friends. "I never could shave myself, and the last time I was operated on I was in such a blue funk that I shudder to think of it. The barber had a musical ear, and he lathered me to the tune of 'The Blind Boy,' which was being ground out by a barrel organ close by. Slow certainly, but nothing to complain about. By the time the scraping process had commenced the tune had changed to the liveliest of jigs, and the musical shaver seemed to be enjoying himself hugely as he did his best to keep time. I was afraid to take a breath for fear it would be my last.

"Then the organ stopped, but only for a second, and when I heard the strains of 'Stop Your Tickling, Jock,' I vowed that rather than run the risk of being finished off in a barber's chair by a musical maniac I would let 'em grow for the future and chance the crop."—Modern Society.

His Parting Shot.

The late Catholic bishop Raphoe, Ireland, used often to tell this story with much enjoyment. "I was suddenly called," he said, "from my home to see an unfortunate sailor who had been cast ashore from a wreck and was lying speechless on the ground, but not quite dead. 'The life's in him still, your reverence—he stirred a little,' so I stooped down and said to him, 'My poor man, you're nearly gone, but just try to say one little word or make one little sign to show that you are dying in the true faith.' So he opened one of his eyes just a wee bit, and he said, 'Bloody end to the pope!' and so died."

A Fair Jury.

In a suit some years ago between father and son before an Indiana justice of the peace the sextet comprising the jury came in after three hours' deliberation with the following impartial verdict: "We, the jury, agree to find judgment for neither plaintiff nor defendant and find that each pay half the costs." It is said the verdict struck every one as being so unusually fair that even the parties to the action were satisfied.—Case and Comment.

Not a drop of Alcohol

Doctors prescribe very little, if any, alcohol these days. They prefer strong tonics and alteratives. This is all in keeping with modern medical science. It explains why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is now made entirely free from alcohol. Ask your doctor. Follow his advice.

Ayer's We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor

Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia. We wish you would ask your doctor about correcting your constipation by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills.
Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

RAILWAY MILEPOSTS.

They Are of Use In Locating Accidents Along the Road.

"Will you explain just the practical benefit of mileposts along a railroad track?" asked an inquisitive traveler of the superintendent as they flew past one of the white painted posts.

"So far as the general public is concerned," replied the superintendent, "I don't suppose that mileposts are of any particular benefit. The traveler can tell by looking out of the car window how far he is from the terminal points, but in that he is not greatly interested.

"Some people like to figure out from the mileposts how far they have traveled or how far they have to go, and there are not a few who like to time the speed of trains by the mileposts. But that is not what the posts are for. In the office of the division superintendent is a profile or diagram showing the location of every one of these posts.

"If an accident occurs, a rail breaks, a car lets down or anything out of the ordinary happens between stations the superintendent is notified of the proximity of the mishap to some particular milepost, and thus the spot can be located, and men are sent there at once, and they can go in a hurry, for they know where the place is. Otherwise they would have to move slowly between stations until the spot was found, and this means a loss of time much more valuable than the price of the mileposts, and it would be pretty hard to railroad successfully without them." —Boston Transcript.

The Concertina.

The accordion, which was a development of a previously existing aeolina, was invented in 1829 by a Viennese named Damian and consists, as every one knows, of a small pair of bellows and a range of keys which regulate the admission of wind to metal reeds. The accordion sounds notes in one key only. The concertina proper was invented on the same date by Charles Wheatstone, who later became a famous man of science. It seems curious that a man whose reputation rests chiefly on his electrical work and discoveries, who was one of the earliest men of science to make experiments in connection with submarine cables and who, moreover, was an extraordinarily skillful decipherer of cryptographic writings, should also have dabbled in musical inventions. But, as a matter of fact, Wheatstone's musical work preceded his scientific discoveries. He went straight from school to the business of manufacturing musical instruments, and it was in 1829, at the age of twenty-seven, that he took out his patent for the concertina. But he was more interested in the scientific principles on which musical instruments are constructed than in music itself, and his acoustical and musical experiments soon drew him into the path which led to his many electrical discoveries.—London Globe.

An Emended Sign.

Many a householder at the mercy of the painter will find a bond of sympathy with the students of Stanford university in the incident taken from the San Francisco Chronicle. The score of fraternity houses on the campus were in the process of being cleaned up in preparation for the receptions and luncheons to be given to visitors on the day of the big football game. A man got the contract to paint one of the houses white with the understanding that the job must be done and dry by a certain day. After making a rush start the painter asked permission to hang out his sign. His request was granted, and he put up a conspicuous announcement over the front porch, "These Premises Being Painted by Blank Blank."

Then the work dragged. He would come one day and stay away two. So the impatient collegians added to the sign until the announcement read:

"These Premises Being Painted by Blank Blank, Now and Then."

A Calm Witness.

A lawyer was cross examining a witness with a view to getting him muddled in his testimony. The following questions and answers occurred:

"Did you see the plaintiff faint a short time ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"People turn pale when they faint, don't they?"

"No, sir; not always."

"What! Do you mean to tell me that a person can faint and not turn pale? Did you ever hear of such a case?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever see such a case?"

"I did, sir."

"When?"

"About a year ago, sir."

"Who was it?"

"'Twas a negro, sir."

The lawyer excused the witness.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Moabite Stone.

The so called Moabite stone was discovered by the Rev. F. Klein in 1868 among the ruins of Dhiban, the ancient Dibon. The stone was of black basalt, rounded at the top and bottom, two feet broad, three feet ten inches high and fourteen inches in thickness, but was unfortunately broken by the Arabs, whose cupidity had been aroused by the interest that was taken in it by the explorers. The fragments were afterward collected and laboriously fitted together, and the stone now stands in the Louvre at Paris. The inscription of thirty-four lines is in Hebrew-Phoenician characters and appears to be a record of Mesha, king of Moab, mentioned in II Kings iii, referring to his successful revolt against the king of Israel.—New York American.

Sorry He Sued.

A stranger admitted below the bar of the British house of lords was required to deposit his umbrella with one of the attendants. The umbrella was not to be found afterward, and the owner brought an action in court to recover its value. He was successful and was awarded $5. But this was a violation of sanctuary which the lord chancellor would not tolerate. Summoning the plaintiff and his attorney to the bar of the house, he only refrained from committing them both to prison on their making a humble apology and refunding the amount they had gained.

Changed His Mind.

A gentleman who once served on an Irish jury tells an amusing story of his experiences. When the hearing was over and the jury retired to their room to consider their verdict they found that they stood eleven to one in favor of an acquittal, but the one happened to be a very complacent old gentleman who rested his chin upon the head of a thick bamboo cane and announced defiantly that he was ready to stay there as long as any of them.

The hours dragged on, evening arrived, and the old gentleman obstinately held out. The other jurors wearily arranged themselves to make a night of it. From time to time the old gentleman would contemplatively suck the head of the cane.

Finally he fell asleep, and the cane dropped heavily to the floor. Then one of the jurymen picked it up and found, to his surprise, that it was nearly full of Irish whisky. The eleven passed the cane round, relieved it of its contents and then awakened its slumbering owner. Slowly he lifted the cane to his mouth, looked at his watch and then arose with the announcement, "Boys, I'm afther changin' me moind." —London Telegraph.

Inheritance of the Blind.

The blind child—the deaf blind child —has inherited the mind of seeing and hearing ancestors, a mind measured to five senses. Therefore he must be influenced, even if it be unknown to himself, by the light, color, song, which have been transmitted through the language he is taught, for the chambers of the mind are ready to receive that language. The brain of the race is so permeated with color that it dyes even the speech of the blind. Every object I think of is stained with the hue that belongs to it by association and memory. The experience of the deaf blind person in a world of seeing, hearing people is like that of a sailor on an island where the inhabitants speak a language unknown to him, whose life is unlike that he has lived. He is one; they are many. There is no chance of compromise. He must learn to see with their eyes, to hear with their ears, to think their thoughts, to follow their ideals.—Helen Keller in Century.

Sheridan's Star Actor.

When Sheridan was a manager he even indulged in such catering to the public taste as offering to the public a dog piece by Reynolds, entitled "The Caravan; or, The Driver and the Dog." Of its first presentation it is recorded that Sheridan after witnessing the performance suddenly entered the greenroom, shouting: "Where is he? Where is my guardian angel?" Presuming he meant to congratulate the author, Reynolds replied, "Here I am!" "Pooh," replied Sheridan, "I don't mean you; I mean the dog." Later one Dignum, who played in the piece, approached Sheridan one night with woeful countenance, saying: "Sir, there is no guarding against illness. It is truly lamentable to stop the run of a successful play like this, but really"— "Really what?" cried Sheridan, interrupting him. "I am so unwell that I cannot go on longer than tonight." "You!" exclaimed Sheridan. "My good fellow, you terrified me. I thought you were going to say the dog was ill."

The Life Plant.

There is a strange wild plant in Guadeloupe called the "life plant." If a leaf be broken off and pinned by the stem to the wall of a warm room, each of the angles between the curves of the leaf margin soon throws out a number of very white tentacles, or roots, and soon a tiny new plant begins to sprout and in the course of a week or two attains a height of two or three inches. When the old leaf shrivels, the new plant is cut off and planted. When carefully cultivated, the life plant produces curious red and yellow blossoms. As a plant freak it certainly is as interesting as the everlasting plant of Mexico.

Why Go to Bed?

It seems to me we make a mistake in prescribing special hours for going to bed and for getting up. Why should we thus gorge ourselves with slumber? Why should we not follow the example of the dog and take an occasional nap when we have nothing better to do? Why should we go to bed when we don't feel sleepy? Why should we not take forty winks when inclined thereto? It strikes me there is too much method and regularity about our somniferous arrangements. — Ashby-Sterry in London Graphic.

The Beauties.

Cary of Virginia surveyed the Metropolitan Opera House tier and partierre with critical eyes; then he turned to Monks.

"When is a beauty not a beauty?" he asked.

"Give it up," said Monks.

"Ninety-nine times out of a hundred," said Cary.—New York Tribune.

An Awful Threat.

That was an awful threat of a pugilist to his antagonist, "I'll twist you round your own throat until there's nothing left of you but the ends of your shirt collar sticking out of your eyes."—Pearson's Weekly.

Practical.

"I didn't notice you at the mothers' congress."

"No," replied the woman addressed. "I'm not a theoretical mother, you know. I have six."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wrong End First.

"Willie," said the infant's mother, agitated by the sudden appearance of a rich relative, "Willie, dear, kiss your Uncle John and then go and wash your face at once."—London Telegraph.

Guarding the Deposits.

Gentleman About Town—An' if a guy swiped a coin outer de cup, d'yer mean t' say de dog 'ould yelp an' grab him? Near Blind Person—Sure he would! He ain't no dummy director.—Puck.

Judicial Ignorance.

"Did the clock stop when you dashed it down cellar?" asked the police judge of the man who was charged with being disorderly.

"Of course it stopped. Did you suppose it went through to China?"

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1908

OUT OF THE FIGHT.

By the withdrawal of Hon. John M Woods as a candidate for Congress the way is left clear for Congressman McCall's renomination without a contest. Mr. Woods retires for good reasons as set forth in the correspondence between him and Congressman McCall, and the letters also show how men of character and broad experience may differ without affecting their personal appreciation of each other's ability and integrity.

Congressman McCall's popularity throughout the District raises him above the petty candidacies with which men of lesser ability have to contend, and it is doubtful if any man of equal prominence will take up the burden of contest which Mr. Woods lays down. The JOURNAL congratulates Congressman McCall on the prospect of an uncontested return to the halls where he has for so many years rendered brilliant service.—*Somerville Journal*

While differing from Congressman McCall on many points of party policy and political principles, there is no doubt at all but that Hon. John M Woods holds the able Representative from the 8th District in the highest esteem, and it is by no means certain that he ever entertained serious intention of prosecuting a campaign this fall for Mr. McCall's seat in Congress.

But Mr. Woods has settled the question in a manner highly creditable to himself, and left the track clear for Mr. McCall.

EASTER.

Until the middle of the afternoon the weather on Easter Sunday, April 19, was favorable for a full attendance at the churches, and in this city it was generally improved to that end. It was bright, sunny, and fairly warm; but in the afterpart of the day there were light April showers, and by evening chilly winds came up and wrought an unpleasant change in the atmosphere.

Easter services were conducted at our churches, many of which were handsomely decorated in honor of the day, lilies of Easter leading in the floral embellishments. The church choirs and organists treated well filled auditoriums to hymns and anthems appropriate to Easter, and sermons generally dwelt on the joys of a Risen Savior. Music, however, is regarded everywhere as a leading feature of Easter exercises, and in this city it was remarkably good last Sunday.

During the afternoon vesper services were held in a major part of the houses of worship, and although the music, both vocal and instrumental, was of a high order, specially selected, the audiences were not large. This was accounted for, no doubt, by the flocking of many people to Chelsea to view the ruins left by the great fire.

On the whole, Easter Sunday was decorously and appropriately observed in this city.

PATRIOTS DAY.

Falling on Sunday, April 19, the 133d anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, the beginning of the Revolutionary War which terminated seven years later in the freedom of the American Colonies from the British yoke, or Patriots Day, was observed in Boston and vicinity on Monday, April 20.

In this city there was nothing in the way of a celebration worthy of a paragraph in the JOURNAL, and the old saying is: "a short horse is soon curried." It was a dull day here. The streets were generally deserted; business houses were closed; there was no parade, or other signs of jollification, except the Flags and the Bells. Nearly everybody here went over to Chelsea to see the ruins.

From the old North church in Boston to Arlington there was executed an imitation of "Paul Revere's Ride" over the same ground in the early hours of April 19, 1775; but there was no attempt at observing the anniversary either at Lexington or Concord. "Battle of Bunker Hill" next.

☞ The fire which destroyed a large share of Chelsea on Sunday, April 12, was an appalling calamity. The best part of the fine city was burned to the ground. Thousands of people were made homeless, and the money loss on property was estimated at $8,000,000. All of this, however, was nothing in comparison with the Chicago fire of 36 years ago last fall. After dark on Oct. 8, 1871, Mrs. O'Leary, whose home was on the southwestern outskirts of the city of Chicago, took a lighted lamp and pail and went to the barn to milk her cow. During the operation the animal kicked over the lamp, and that was the origin of the fire in which 300 people perished; 100,000 people were rendered houseless and homeless; 18,000 buildings were destroyed; and the pecuniary loss it caused was $200,000,000. Compared with the Chicago conflagration Chelsea's shrinks in importance, the figures of the former, as given above, exceeding those of the latter many fold. But the country came to the relief of stricken Chicago in the same splendid manner that Chelsea is now receiving aid, and was soon on her feet again.

☞ First Lieutenant John L. Parker of Lynn, Historian of the Twenty-second Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry in the Civil War, recently issued a circular regarding the services of the Woburn Union Guard, which was mustered into that Regiment, as Company F, on Aug. 10, 1861. The officers of the Company when mustered in on Oct. 1, 1861, were: Captain, S. I. Thompson; 1st Lieut., John P. Crane; 2d Lieut., Walter S Davis; who were mustered out on Oct. 1, 1864. The Company consisted of 139 members, 19 of whom still survive, their names being given in the circular. Any corrections of the list should be sent to Lieut. J. L. Parker, Lynn, Mass.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

W. D. Gray—Citation.
Andreas Blume—Mort. Sale.
Woburn Five Cts. Savings Bank—Mort. Sale.

— On April 28 W. R. C. 161 are to hold a sale and provide a supper.

— Independence Day and Memorial Day both come on Saturday this year.

— The Floating Hospital May Party is to be held on May 1, in Lyceum Hall.

— The Woburn Clerks Association raised a good sum of money for the Chelsea sufferers.

— Judge Edward F. Johnson of the District Court and wife have returned from a Western tour.

— Mrs. Josephine Hayward lectures on "Mexico" before the Reading Woman's Club tomorrow.

— The Woburn Elks sent a fat purse of greenbacks to the Chelsea unfortunates. Just like the Elks.

— Rev. Dr. March has made another generous donation of books to the Harlow Missionary Library.

— Div. Supt. A. E. Myers's April card in the B. & N. St. R. "Pilgrim John" series, are as neat as a pin.

— An appeal from Rev. Fr. Keegan, Rector, brought generous donations for the Chelsea fire victims from St. Church.

— Charles J. Porter, T. J. Martin and Richard Morgan have been appointed Assistant Assessors to fill vacancies.

— Tomorrow is Arbor Day. Is it your intention to set out a tree? It is to be regretted that the Day has been permitted to fall into such general disuse.

— The Liquor License Commissioners refuse to grant licenses to druggists. Their decision has given rise to a great deal of heated debate pro and con.

— Mr. John Connolly says it is simply wonderful the way donations for Chelsea people have poured into City Hall in the last 10 days. He has had charge of the receipts.

— Rev. A. H. Herrick, transferred from Greenfield by the late Conference, preached his first sermon at the Woburn M. E. church last Sunday. His family come this week.

— The spring session of the Woburn Conference of Congregational churches is to be held in the Congregational church at Billerica next Tuesday afternoon and evening, April 28.

— Last Tuesday evening Mr. John Foley, 72 years old, of 28 Carter street, while walking on the B. & M. R. track near the Woburn Highlands station, was struck by an engine and killed.

— Last Tuesday evening Mr. Morris Carter, better known as Almy, gave an interesting and entertaining lecture on "Easter at Athos" at Trinity church parish house. He was honored with a good audience.

— Young Clancy, who was arrested the other day on a charge of setting fire to Cecil Duncan's drugstore and committing robbery, in default of $2000 bail, was sent to Cambridge jail to await further legal action.

— That "early spring" so confidently predicted by some of our weatherwise friends has not yet put in an appearance. April, so far, has been a cold, cheerless month, and corn-planting seems to be a long way off.

— Mayor Blodgett has, in an official capacity, attended and spoke at not less than three public entertainments this week. Such duties are a part of the ornamental trimmings of the office of Mayor. He seems to thrive on the discharge of them.

— The thousands of people who visited the Chelsea ruins last Monday experienced cold winds and lowering skies in their rambles over the burned district. But the weather was more severe in York State and Connecticut where snowstorms prevailed.

— Yesterday was the hottest day of the present spring, and probably the hottest April 23 on record. At 1 o'clock p. m. thermometers, in the shadiest of places, showed a temperature of 84 degrees. The heat coming so suddenly, and to such an intense degree, was simply mortal.

— The following named gentlemen constitute the Ward 1, Woburn, Chelsea Relief Committee: S. D. Ward, 18 Porter st., Chairman; Hon. W. F. Davis, 11 Arlington Road; B. H. Nichols, 27 Warren avenue; S. W. Mendum, 16 Arlington Road; James H. Kelley, 25 Stoddard street; E. E. Silver, 23 Arlington Road.

— Last Monday's Boston *Globe* contained an article from the pen of Hon. Alva S. Wood of this city concerning some of the incidents of the Battle of Lexington and Concord Fight, April 19, 1775, in which his grandfather, Sylvanus Wood of Woburn, took an active part and had the honor of capturing the first British soldier that day. Sylvanus Wood was the most important witness in an investigation of the conflict of arms at Lexington, and the facts stated by his grandson, Hon. A. S. Wood, in the *Globe* are matters of record, and authentic.

— Last Friday the Woburn Woman's Club held their annual meeting and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Alice B. Winn; First Vice-President, Mrs H. Josephine Hayward; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Elizabeth N. Parker; Recording Clerk, Miss Grace M. Leslie; Corresponding Clerk, Miss Alice Whitcomb; Treasurer, Mrs. L. Edna Foss; Auditor, Mrs. Clara I. Cottle; Federation Clerk or Press Correspondent, Miss Grace M. Bryant; Directors, (4 years), Mrs. Mary M Buchanan, Mrs. Helen B. Hood.

— The funeral of Mrs. Emma E. Sisson of Chelsea, who died at Whidden Hospital in Everett on April 16 from a shock received a few days before, and from which she did not recover consciousness, was held at the First Congregational church in this city on Saturday afternoon, April 18 Rev. Dr. March conducted the religious exercises, and the Alpine Male Quartet rendered appropriate music. Many friends were in attendance who brought floral tributes. Her death is sincerely mourned by a wide circle of acquaintances here and in Chelsea.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

367 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

— The alarm from box 23 at 12 55 yesterday afternoon was for a brush fire off Main street near the Park.

— Preparations for the Floating Hospital May Party are well advanced The lady managers tell us it is going to be the best ever.

— Last week the Flower Mission Department of the Woburn W. C. T. U. remembered the Boston work for the sick and poor children in hospitals, etc. by forwarding a generous contribution of food, and other good and useful needed things for which the good Lord will bless them in basket and store.

— Gentlemen, young, old, or middle aged, who would dress in the height of fashion, in the finest fabrics manufactured, cut and made a la mode, should step into the merchant tailoring establishment of G. R. Gage & Co., whose Easter opening of domestic and imported goods is the dandiest ever seen in this city.

— The entertainment given by the Hanson school in aid of the Picture Fund last Tuesday evening was a highly pleasing and most succesful one. As many as 400 people attended it. The vocal and instrumental program and other exercises were keenly enjoyed by the audience. The concert netted a smart sum of money.

— When the Chelsea conflagration was at its height on that terrible Sunday, and she was watching it, Mrs. Robert Holmes, who, as child, maid and matron, has had her home in the same East Boston block for 62 years in succession, began to fear that, at last, she would have to change her residence. Happily the fire did not reach her, and she is still doing business at the old stand.

— The annual concert given by Clan MacKinnon in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday evening reached the high-water mark of perfection, musically, and by way of patronage. It was a fine entertainment, and everybody appeared to enjoy it hugely. Nearly all of the old stagers of 20 years ago were missed from the platform; but their places were filled by younger and equally good performers.

— When the Company of Middlesex Yeomen was formed on Lexington Common on the morning of April 19, 1775, there were only 30 odd in line, and Mr. A. S. Wood, in his *Globe* article last Monday, significantly asks for the location of the other 100 Volunteers. The question was answered at the time by a Red Coat poetaster as follows:

"Our foe appeared like witches
Behind each tree and stump;
From the hedges and the ditches
See the cussed Yankees jump."

— If history tells us true, the weather last Monday differed greatly from that of April 19, 1775, the date on which the Battle of Lexington, the first in the American Revolution, was fought, but was more like April 19, 1875, when the centennial of that important event was celebrated at Lexington and Concord by 100,000 people In 1775 the day was hot; in 1875 it was very cold; last Monday a little snowsquall visited here. But we have always had our doubts about the trustworthiness of the statement concerning the grass waving in the wind on the day the gun was fired that, the poet says, was heard around the world.

— The Neighborhood Club of Winchester, held its second annual gentleman's night at the home of Mrs. F. E Gustin, 133 Burlington street, Woburn. All the members of the Club were present and the gentlemen partners who are usually barred out of the meetings of the Club were the guests of honor. Musical selections were given by Mrs. Fred Heald of Cambridge, Mrs. Cobb of Medford, Mrs. Buckley of Winchester, and a dialogue by Mrs. G H Newcomb and Miss Bertha Heald. The feature of the evening was an original poem by Mr. Frank Grover of Winchester, containing many witty hits on the Club members. Mrs. Gustin was presented a handsome handbag by the Club. Refreshments were served, and the guests took their departure about midnight after a most delightful evening, many of them going in autos of a new and unique pattern.

Dow—Locke.

The first post-Easter matrimonial alliance reported in this city was happily consumated last Wednesday evening, April 22, at the home of the bride's family, No. 9 Glenwood street, when Rev. William H. Osmond, Rector of Trinity Episcopal church, tied the Hymenial knot that made Mr. Louis T. Dow, son of Mrs. Emma T. Dow, and Miss M. Alice Locke, daughter of Mr. George A. Locke, both of Woburn, man and wife. It was what reporters of society functions term a very pretty wedding.

The bride wore white tulle and carried bride roses. She was attended by Miss Lydia M. Chapman of East Weymouth, who wore violet silk voile and carried white sweet peas. Percy Strout of Woburn was best man.

A reception followed from 7.30 to 9.30, 100 guests attending. The ushers were Roland Dow and Waldo P. Cutler. The house was prettily decorated with palms, Easter lilies and roses.

Upon their return from a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Dow will live at 12 Taylor street, Melrose Highlands.

Woods Withdraws.

Upon request of the members of his family and closest friends, who feel that the severe mental and physical strain of a serious political campaign might seriously impair his health, ex-Senator John M. Woods of Somerville, who three months ago announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Congress from the Eighth Congressional District, yesterday announced to the people of Somerville his withdrawal from the contest. Mr. Woods was a candidate for Congress against Congressman Samuel McCall of Winchester.

A few days ago Mr. Woods sent a letter to Mr. McCall announcing his withdrawal from the contest, stating that he had just recovered from a serious illness and was not in the best physical condition, and that his friends and members of the family urged him not to make the fight, for fear that the strenuous campaign might seriously impair his health.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

At the Boston Theatre next week the long promised production of "Shenandoah" for which preparations have been in progress for some months will be made. It is Manager Morison's purpose to make this presentation of the drama the most elaborate ever seen in this city and stage director Snader has planned some novel realistic effects which will add greatly without doubt to the success of this production. The cast will introduce the entire strength of the company with many extra people including a large number of veterans who saw service in the late civil war. It is expected that Monday evening's performance will call out a large delegation of veterans as it is to be known as "Grand Army" night.

THE ORPHEUM.

For the closing bill at the Orpheum the management will make that of the week of April 27 one in which every number will be of distinctive merit. The big comedy feature will be Al Leach, the famous character comedian and his Three Rosebuds, presenting their most amusing and humorous sketch entitled "Examination Day" in which Mr. Leach takes the part of a school teacher, and three exceedingly good comedians are the scholars. This is the act in which Mr. Leach does his famous stair climbing specialty, and there is nothing funnier in vaudeville today. Another important act is the Four Fords, unquestionably the best dancers on the American stage.

HOLLIS STREET.

Robert Edeson, who has come to be regarded as a very great Boston favorite, will play his annual engagement in that city at the Hollis commencing next Monday evening, April 27. He will be seen this year in "Classmates" a play of West Point life by William C. deMille and Margaret Turnbull. Mr. deMille, it will be recalled wrote "Strongheart" in which Mr. Edeson scored such an unqualified success last season. "Classmates" was produced at the Hudson theatre, New York, last fall and enjoyed a highly prosperous engagement there of over four months. The piece is regarded as Mr. Edeson's greatest triumph. It gives him an opportunity to portray one of those fascinating military characters in which he finds such a prolific field for his fine ability. He has the role of Lieutenant Duncan Irving and the character is said to be an ideal one. The subject matter of the play is in itself intensely interesting in that it portrays certain phases of life at the National Military Academy at West Point. It relates to the love of two men for a woman and involves a spirited, sometimes almost tragic, rivalry that carries the story through four acts which abound in interesting episodes and strong climaxes. One scene of the play disclosing a South American jungle presents a great dramatic situation and is pictorially a thing of great beauty.

Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, A Powder.

It makes walking easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Sweating feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Let There Be Light.

A revolution in street lighting is today announced by the Edison Electric Illuminating Company. Twenty-five per cent more light on the same appropriation, combined with the wonderful advantage of new lamps and improved reflectors, will put the street lighting service of this Company in a class by itself, beyond competition, and so far surpassing anything that has yet been known that its results will have to be seen before they can be fully appreciated.

The Edison Company have proved the practicability of the new Tungsten lamp for street lighting. The 40 candle power Tungsten will, from this time on, be used in place of the old style 25 candle power, and 32 candle power incandescent lamps. This new lamp will give the increased illumination and will be furnished on a basis that will make the total cost less than on the old basis in every case. The 60-candle power lamp will furnish a brilliant illumination on our highways where the incandescent lamps have been used. The arc lamps will be furnished at a considerable reduction from the former price, and it is expected that, in the course of a year or two, there will be improvements even greater than now offered for incandescents.

The Company have been working toward this satisfactory street lighting for years. The old system has been good, better than anything else in the market, but the people wanted more and better light.

The new system will accomplish these results. The Tungsten lamp gives an electric light of unusual soft whiteness, and enough of it. The new reflectors will send this light down upon the roadways not all in one bright spot with the rest of the road left in darkness, but upon an extended surface so that, without putting the lights unreasonably close together, there will be a soft illumination covering the whole surface of the highway.

The new Tungsten lamp will be an especial boon to the small suburban towns where appropriations for street lighting have been more or less limited, and they have been at slight disadvantage with the larger cities. The Edison Company has uniformly based its rates upon existing conditions, the same conditions in different towns getting them the same rate. The new schedule increases the opportunities for service under the old conditions, and thus improves the chances for the smaller places, while reducing prices all along the line.

Electricity to Solve the Servant Problem.

According to the latest dream of science the servant problem is to be solved by electricity. The third rail would, of course, merit some consideration, but the new application goes far beyond mere electrocution.

While the good housewife sits at a keyboard she can touch a button and the electric doughmixer will go to work without a word. Another button and papa's shirts will undergo a thorough massage without the operator getting a backache. The potato peeler will do its work quietly and well, without interruption by any other kind of peeler. The electric scullery maid is guaranteed to wash the dishes and the electric dishcloth to wipe them.

A Remarkable Suicide.

A man who had visited Paris was telling of an extraordinary suicide he had heard of in that gay city. "He was a Frenchman, who was nothing if not original," said the teller of the tale, "and even when he grew despondent he planned his death is a most original fashion. He locked the door of his room in the Rue [illegible] and, removing the weights of the window cord, fastened them to the window itself. He added to the weight of the window by attaching six flatirons. On the sill he adjusted a large triangular bread knife, such as is used by chefs, and made ready a small balloon, capable of lifting fifty pounds. The ingenious Frenchman then put his head out of the window after attaching the balloon to his neck and by releasing the clamp that held the window cut his head off completely with the improvised guillotine. The decapitated body was discovered several days later, but it was not until the balloon and the head were found a week later in the field of a peasant, eighteen miles from Paris, that the method of suicide was really known."

Rival Organizations.

The man who had been keeping his seat in a Lexington avenue car, the seats of which were well occupied by women, spoke at last to the woman hanging on to a strap and who had been eying him intently for some time.

"I know I ought to get up and let you have my seat, madam," he said, "but I'm pledged against that sort of thing. I have just joined the 'Sit Still club,' an organization we have formed in Harlem, and if I should violate the solemn obligation I took when I became a member of that body I should be expelled and held up to the execration of all other members."

"That is all right, sir," replied the woman. "You mustn't mind my looking at you so hard. I am a member of the 'Stand and Stare club.'"

After which she continued to stand and stare at him in such a fierce manner that he finally got up, waved her into his seat and said, "I guess I'll resign from my club and join yours right now, madam."—New York Press.

A Throne and a North Wind.

Long had Gustavus Vasa sought to rouse his fellow countrymen, the Swedes, against the infamous Danish tyrant Christian, whose memory will always be linked with that of the "blood bath" of Stockholm. But the brave Gustavus found his compatriots cowardly and slow. An outlaw himself, no voice was raised in the assembly in his favor. He called upon the people to fight, but they sat sullen around him. Suddenly a cold wind rose from the north, and an old countryman cried, "God approves of the designs of Vasa, for a north wind is always a happy presage." These simple words acted like magic. The men flew to arms and prayed Gustavus to lead them against the Danes. In a few days he had collected an army large and brave enough to give battle to the formidable troops of the king of Denmark. Victory was theirs from the first, and the capture of Stockholm in 1523 placed the crown of Sweden upon Vasa's head.—Pearson's Weekly.

West Pointers on the Battlefield.

One thing of which all West Pointers felt proud was the brotherly love and kindness shown by both sides to fellow graduates when taken prisoners or when otherwise in distress. I have heard the story told of Fitzhugh Lee that on one occasion when scouting with a squadron of cavalry in the debatable country between Fairfax Courthouse and Alexandria he captured a picket of a similar commander under Tom Height and learned that the latter was taking breakfast in a farmhouse. Fitz went in alone, found Tom at table with his back to the door, so he was able to get up to him and slap him on the back before saying, "I think, Tom, you might have put out one picket." They took breakfast together, and then Fitz sent an escort to conduct him to the Federal lines and bring back his horse, having of course first paroled him. This was to save him from Libby prison.—General S. W. Ferguson in Metropolitan Magazine.

Champagne Corks.

Champagne corks are made of the very finest Catalonia corkwood. When the tree of that wood is planted, thirty years must elapse before it becomes fit for the first stripping of the bark, and even then the cork is of no use, being much too coarse. After eight years more a second crop arrives, but that again is of but poor quality, and eight years more, making forty-six years in all, must pass before the grower can reap any material benefit from the tree. Then, again, the greatest care is necessary for the manufacture of the best champagne corks because should they be defective in size and shape the quality of the wine will suffer. For that reason they are not made by machinery, like the ordinary cork, but are cut by hand, as finer work can be done that way.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mazarin and His Pictures.

Perhaps no more ardent lover of pictures ever lived than Cardinal Mazarin, minister of the regency during the minority of Louis XIV. Being told that he had but two months to live, he was soon after seen in his nightcap and dressing gown, tottering along the gallery, pointing to his pictures, exclaiming: "Must I quit all these? Look at that Correggi: this 'Venus' of Titian; that incomparable 'Deluge' of Caracci! Farewell, dear pictures, that I have loved so dearly and that cost me so much!"

Siege of Gibraltar.

There have been many sieges of the famous rock of Gibraltar, but the greatest was the one sustained from the combined land and sea forces of France and Spain, 1779-83. For four years all the powers and resources of the science of the time were exhausted by the assailants without success. Under the inspiring leadership of Sir George Eliot the besieged more than held their own in one of the most memorable sieges in all history.

Advice to a Wife.

Advice is often too good to be taken, but a very agreeable variety was once given by James Russell Lowell to a young woman about to be married. 'Always give your husband—your own way."

ELECTRICITY.

New electric lamps are available which greatly multiply the light. They are aids to economy and will be supplied to customers at equitable rates. Their continued use will result in a large net saving.

Have you learned to be lightwise?

Our Sales Agent is ready to tell you of possible economies if you will write him, or call, or telephone "Oxford 3300 Collect."

THE EDISON

Electric Illuminating Co.,

33 39 Boylston St., Boston

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5 45 P. M , Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7 45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—First Sunday after Easter 10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Rev. Wm. H. Osmond, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Probation after Death."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4 30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, April 22, by Rev. William H Osmond, Louis B. Dow and Margaret A. Locke, both of Woburn.

In this city, April 22, by Rev. James F. Doherty, Fred J. Rice and Catherine T. Mahoney, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, April 20, Louis Jones, aged 76 years.

In Boston, April 22, Dennis E. Callahan of Woburn, aged 18 years.

At Newton Highlands on April 23, 1908, Mrs. Margaret J. Guild, widow of the late Charles H. Guild, passed away at her home No. 157 Lincoln St. Funeral services will be held at residence at 2 P. M. Sunday, April 26, 1908. Relatives and friends are invited to attend.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George F. Goode and Elvira W. Goode, his wife in her own right, of Lowell, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, a corporation duly established under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, at Woburn, in said Commonwealth, dated March 1, 1889, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 1896, Page 408, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same will be sold at public auction on the first lot hereinafter described on

Saturday, May 16, 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, except as hereinafter specified, and therein described as follows:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Beach street in said Woburn, containing four (4) acres, be it more or less, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on said Beach street and at land formerly of Horace Conn, thence the line runs a little south of east by and with said Beach street to the wall at land formerly of Rufus Wyman and others; thence a little west of south, by land last named, as the wall now stands to a large stone; thence southeasterly by same land, as the wall now stands, to a corner of the wall; thence southwesterly still by said Wyman's land, as the wall now stands, to a corner of the wall; thence northwesterly, still by last named land, as the wall now stands, to a corner of the wall, at said land formerly of Horace Conn; thence a little east of north by last named land, by the wall and fence, two hundred eighty-six and one-half feet to the point of beginning.

Also: A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, containing twenty-four thousand, three hundred and fifty-four square feet, more or less, situated on Beach street in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises, in the westerly line of said Beach street, and at land above described, from thence the line runs northwesterly by the westerly side of said Beach street, ninety-one and seven tenths feet to Cleveland Avenue; thence a little south of west, with the southerly line of said Cleveland Avenue, two hundred forty-four feet to a stake, by land now or late of Anna E. Cummings; thence east of south, by said Anna E. Cummings's land, one hundred and five-tenths feet, to said land above described; thence northeasterly by land last named, two hundred eighty five and two-tenths feet, to the point of beginning.

EXPRESSLY EXCEPTING THEREFROM a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, released by the said Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank to James J. Smith by partial release dated May 16, 1906, and recorded with said Deeds, Book 3243, Page 205, and bounded and described as follows: A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Cleveland Avenue in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely: Beginning at a point in the southerly side line of said Cleveland Avenue, at land now or formerly of W. H. Cummings, thence the line runs southerly, by and with said Cummings's land, one hundred and one feet to a point; thence the line runs a little north of east, by and with other land described in said mortgage, one hundred and five-tenths feet to a proposed street called Kendall street; thence the line runs northerly, by and with said proposed street, one hundred and seven and fifty-three one hundredths feet to said Cleveland Avenue; thence the line runs westerly, by and with said Cleveland Avenue, one hundred and six and eighty-three one-hundredths feet, to the point of beginning. Containing 10,798 square feet.

The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and other municipal liens if any, and two hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be made known at the sale.

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK,
Mortgagee. By Charlie A. Jones, President.
Woburn, Mass., April 22, 1908.

By S. R. KNIGHTS & CO., - Auctioneers

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alvin T. Morrill and wife, Ludovica Dimon Morrill, in her right, to Silas R. Carter, Edwin Irving Sawyer, and James D. Tyler, Trustees of the First Unitarian Society in Berlin, dated March 31, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 2644, Fol. 258, and duly transferred to the undersigned; for breach of condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction, upon the premises first hereinafter described, on

Monday, May 18, 1908,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:—The following tracts or parcels of land all situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts:

FIRST: A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, to wit:—Northerly by Lexington street, by land of Jacob M. Ellis and by land of the heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land of the heirs of Walter Frost, and by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; southerly by land of said Benjamin F. Flagg, by land of William B. Doyle, and by land formerly of Joseph Gardner; westerly by land of Mary G. Pierce.

SECOND: A certain lot of woodland near Horn Pond and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; easterly by land formerly of Stephen Dow; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce; westerly by land of William B. Doyle.

THIRD: A small lot of land bounded as follows, namely:—Southeasterly by Lexington street; northeasterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; northwesterly by Garden street.

FOURTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Locust street; easterly by land now or formerly of James B. and Horace W. Pearsons and by Garden street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by Willow street.

FIFTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Willow street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by land of the heirs of John Weston; northerly by land now or formerly of Doherty, and by John Cummings.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes, tax bills or other municipal liens.

$300 will be required to be paid by purchaser at time of sale. For further particulars apply to Andreas Blume, Attorney-at-Law, 27 School street, Boston, Mass.

ANDREAS BLUME, and JAMES W. SPRING, Trustees, under the will of William Phipps, Mortgagees.

Boston, April 22, 1908.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John Dever, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to John M. Devir, of Malden in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eighteenth day of May, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in said estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty second day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Ups and Downs.

Whether times are good or bad during the ups and downs of prosperity or depression the diamond, above all other assets one may have, remains at par. It grows in value every year. Cupid's demands must be met at any cost, and there is nothing the prospective groom could invest in that would please his fiancee more than saving up before marriage and investing in a diamond.

Smith & Varney,

JEWELERS.

No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN

☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

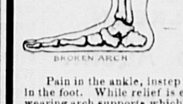
WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

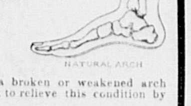
INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.



Scientific Arch Supports
— AT —
Reasonable Prices.



Pain in the ankle, instep knee or back is frequently caused by a broken or weakened arch in the foot. While relief is easy to find, yet many, misinformed, seek to relieve this condition by wearing arch supports which are stiff and unsympathetic.

The bones of the foot have the same action as the bones of the hand, therefore an Arch Support that is resilient and will respond to every action of the foot, and still retain its gentle sustaining power on the muscles, is what is wanted. Such a support will give almost instant relief and a foot comfort that is otherwise unknown. The JORDAN ARCH SUPPORT is the only one on the market that brings this relief. Owing to the enormous demand for these goods we are enabled to sell them at the extremely low price of $2.00 PER PAIR. Send for pamphlet. In sending by mail state size of shoe. Checks outside of Massachusetts include 10 cents for exchange.

Highest Grade Elastic Stockings in America

LADY ASSISTANT ALWAYS IN ATTENDANCE.

WALTER F. JORDAN COMPANY,

140 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Warren Cutler, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Mary Elizabeth Cutler, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of May, A.D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary A. Frost, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil—of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Bertha Frost and Frank C. Goddard, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named without giving a surety on their official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of May, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

HARRY DUSTIN JOLL

ARCHITECT

431 MAIN STREET

WOBURN, MASS.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Wob rn Gas Light Co.

GAS STOVES

for cooking and heating. Welsbach lights, Welsbach and Humphry Arc lights, and for everything pertaining to gas lighting apply at office of Company.

314 Main St., Woburn, Mass,

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MISS MERTENA BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION
In this city October 1, 1907.
STUDIOS:
12 Franklin St., Woburn
6 Newbury St., Boston

WALTER LINCOLN RICE.
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Lessons at pupils residence if desired.
38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass

Marion Althea Burt
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Vivian Helena Burt
TEACHER OF PIANO
75 Garfield Ave., Woburn

Right Flour
— AT THE —
Right Prices.

	Bbl.	Bag.
Regent Flour, the Best Flour Made	7.75	1.00
Bridal Veil,	7.25	90
Pillsbury's Best	6.75	85
Gold Medal	6.75	85
Pastry	6.00	75

25c. per bbl. allowed on Flour taken at the store.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-1.

To assist our customers in securing pretty
Easter Gifts
we are selling our attractive line of
Box Perfumes
at 10 per cent discount from the usual prices.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN

La Grippe
RELIEVED BY OUR
Laxative Cold Tablets
In cases of wasting diseases
Cod Liver Oil Emulsion
will brace you up.

Whitcher's PILL BOX
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore

Spring is Enjoyed by Housekeepers
in proportion to the pressure of their domestic cares. The use of that excellent and incomparable and germicide,
CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol
LIQUID CLEANLINESS
for the Spring cleaning, will lighten many a housekeeper's burden and send her singing about her work. It's the small, yet important, things which regulate domestic felicity. None creates so much discomfort as Spring cleaning. Do away with much discomfort by using Sulpho-Napthol, and keeping well.
The genuine only in above trade mark packages.
THE SULPHO-NAPTHOL CO.,
Haymarket Square
BOSTON, - - - MASS.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

Let The "BLUE BELL" Sign
REMIND YOU—

Of the errand you forgot to execute, and a ready way out of the difficulty.

Of the order you were asked to deliver for your firm or for your home.

Of the engagement for which you have been delayed and of the quickest way of explaining your inability to meet it.

Of the call you promised to make; but failed to make through forgetfulness.

Of a hundred ways in which, to use a quaint phrase, you may "Let your head save your heels."

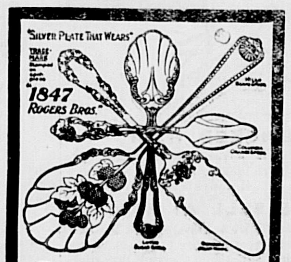
REMEMBER:

The sign indicates the presence of a Pay Station.

FROM ANY PAY STATION you may talk, at a reasonable charge, TO ANY OF 290,000 TELEPHONES connected with the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company's system in the four northern New England states.

ALSO WITH TELEPHONES IN 30,000 CITIES AND TOWNS connected with the Long Distance lines of the great Bell system.

With such a convenience at hand is it fair to your friends to "borrow" their telephones? You are liable to impede their channels of communication by making their lines "busy" when others are trying to call them.



Correct Silverware
Correct in character, design and workmanship—is as necessary as dainty china or fine linen if you would have everything in good taste and harmony. Knives, forks, spoons and fancy pieces for table use will be correct if selected from goods stamped
"1847 Rogers Bros."
Remember "1847," as there are imitation "Rogers." For Catalogue No. 6 address the makers
International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John S. Wheeler, late of Woburn in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Everett P. Fox of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of May, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of April in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Caroline A. Johnson, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

FRANK POOLE JOHNSON, Administrator.
Hotel Bellevue Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
April 8, 1908.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adaline B. Church wishes to announce to her patients and friends that she will resume practice in Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church street.

Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.
Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appointment.

Pipes and the Lips.

The constant habit of smoking pipes has a perceptible effect upon the face. The pressure of the lips to hold the pipe in position increases the curvature of the lips round the stem, and the muscles become more rigid here than in other parts. Thus the lips at a certain point become stronger, and the pipe is unconsciously held in the same habitual position. After long continuation of the habit small circular wrinkles form parallel with the curvature of the lips around the stem. These are crossed by finer lines caused by the pressure of the lips to retain the stem in position. In the case of old men who have smoked a pipe for years the effect upon the lips is very marked, not only altering the form of the lips, but of the one entire side of the face, causing the wrinkles that are the result of age to deepen and instead of following the natural course of facial wrinkles to change their course so as to radiate from the part of the mouth where the pipe is habitually carried. Furthermore, one or both lips often protrude, just like the lips of people who used to suck their thumbs when children.—Medical Record.

WINCHESTER.

The High School Baseball team opened the season last Monday morning in a game with Reading High.

Easter services in the churches were about the same as usual. There was a notable profusion of Easter lilies, and very fine music.

The Republicans of this town seem very much pleased over the election of Samuel J. Elder a delegate to the Chicago convention.

Fishing in the town's source of water supply seems to be a bone of contention with some of the public authorities. The Board of Health is mixed up in it.

I will venture to say that no town in this vicinity has done more for the Chelsea sufferers than Winchester. Our people are generous hearted and openhanded.

There was not much doing here on Patriots Day. There were some games, some fishing, and a good deal going to Chelsea. Business houses were closed, but the weather was not favorable for outdoor enjoyments.

The following are the newly elected officers of the Visiting Nurse Association: President, Mrs. Joshua Coit; Vice-President, Mrs. William B. French; Secretary, Mrs. Edwin C. Gilman; Treasurer, Mrs. Ellen E. Metcalf; Finance Committee for three years, Mrs. Frederick H. Means, Mrs Charles T. Main, Mrs. Joseph M. Witmer, Mrs. Harry C. Sanborn; Supply Committee for three years, Miss Alice Richardson, Miss Alice Pattee; Committee on Nursing for three years, Mrs. Frank Thompson, Mrs. John Suter, Mrs. Edgar J. Rich.

Norwich and Herring Pye.

For many centuries the city of Norwich, in respect of the manor of Carleton, was liable to provide annually twenty-four herring pies for the royal kitchen. Blomefield in his "History of Norfolk," referring to this quaint service, prints a letter from the household officers of Charles I., making "divers just exceptions" to the quality of the pies which had been forwarded by the city sheriffs.

The main exceptions read as follows:

"First, you do not send them according to your tenure of the first new herrings that are taken.

"Secondly, you do not cause them to be well baked in good and strong pastye, as they ought to be, that they may endure the carriage the better.

"Thirdly, whereas you should by your tenure bake in these pastyes sixscore herrings at the least, being the great hundredth, which doth require five to be put into every pye at the least, we find but fower herrings to be in divers of them.

"Fourthly, the number of pyes which you sent at this tyme we find to be fewer than have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken.

"And, lastly, we understand the bringer of them was constrained to make three several journeys to you before he could have them, whereas it seemeth he is bound to come but once."—Chambers' Journal.

A Rule of Life.

In all the affairs of life let it be your great care not to hurt your mind or offend your judgment. And this rule, if observed carefully in all your deportment, will be a mighty security to you in your undertakings.—Epictetus.

Example.

One watch set right will do to set many by. One that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood, and the same may be said of example.—Dilwin.

The good things of life are not to be had singly, but come to us with a mixture.—Lamb.

The Queen's Lesson.

One of the ladies in waiting to the late Queen Victoria had a very bright little daughter about four years old and of whom the queen was very fond. The queen invited the child to have lunch with her. Of course the mother was highly pleased and charged the little girl to be very careful about her table manners and to be very polite to the queen.

The little girl came home in high glee, and the mother asked her all about the luncheon. "Were you a very polite little girl? And did you remember to do all I told you at the table?" asked the proud mamma.

"Oh, yes; I was polite," said the little girl, "but the queen wasn't."

"The queen wasn't!" said the mother. "Why, what did she do?"

"She took her chicken bone up in her fingers, and I just shook my finger at her, like you did at me, and said, 'Piggy, piggy, piggy!'"—Philadelphia North American.

Over the Eggs and Bacon.

He scraped with his knife a bit of butter off the sporting page.

"The writer of that poem on flying is accused of plagiarism now," he said.

"It's awful," she exclaimed, "the way these men go about the country marrying innocent women! Wipe your mustache, dear."

He wiped his mustache and, with a frown, inspected the result upon his napkin.

"Plagiarism," he said, "means a literary theft."

"Stole some books, did he?"

"No, no; he stole ideas. They say a woman wrote the poem years ago."

"And now they bring it up against her, eh? Oh, these newspapers! But look at the mess you've made there with your coffee. I do wish you'd try to be a little more careful."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Cure For Dipsomania.

Flesh food is the chief cause of dipsomania. When men are properly nourished upon noninflammatory diet that is rich in proteid and nerve and tissue building substance—such as nuts of all kinds and their products, cereal foods (wheat meal, oatmeal, macaroni, rice, etc.), legumes (haricots, lentils and peas), fruits of every sort and dairy produce (cheese, milk and eggs)—they do not crave for strong drink, nor are they in danger of taking alcohol to excess.—London Health Record.

Old Maps of Louisiana.

An interesting exhibit in the Louisiana State museum is a collection of old maps that show the state of Louisiana extending from Canada, which was then called New France, on the north to the gulf of Mexico on the south and from Virginia and Carolina on the east to the Pacific on the west. These maps were printed in Italy and Holland and France and were evidently largely works of fancy and imagination on the part of the geographers, as they depict mountain ranges where none exists and lakes and rivers distributed around in places where they are not found today. One of the most charming of these maps represents the Mississippi river as making a graceful turn along what is now the roadbed of the Louisville and Nashville railroad and emptying into the gulf in Florida. Along a strip of this country about where English Lookout and peaceful Bay St. Louis are located is a fearsome spot marked as the land of the man eaters.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Model Friend.

What true friendship consists in depends on the temperament of the man who has a friend. It is related that at the funeral of Mr. X., who died extremely poor, the usually cold blooded Squire Tightfist was much affected.

"You thought a great deal of him, I suppose?" some one asked him.

"Thought a great deal of him? I should think I did. There was a true friend! He never asked me to lend him a cent, though I knew well enough he was starving to death!"

PSYCHASTHENIA.

A Physician Says This Is One of the Causes of Panics.

The panics that start in Wall street often begin in the morbid financial fears of overstrained brains—psychasthenia. Psychasthenia makes panics, writes Dr. Clarence Hughes in the Alienist and Neurologist.

"We once knew a mind overburdened, brain overstrained man suddenly conclude he was coming to want and would not be able to pay his taxes when his income was $40,000 annually. He milked his own cow, he harnessed his own horse and cared for it (sold the others), dismissed all his servants and his wife's and had insomnia, but finally recovered completely. Others with less income or more fall through brain overtax into the same morbid way of feeling and thinking.

"One kind of insanoid is a man who under mental stress of any kind acts as though he were insane, but has not the disease of real insanity to excuse his actions.

"He hovers on the verge, but does not pass over into real mental aberration as he appears to be going. He does and says such odd, unreasonable and annoying things that his friends often wish he would pass into genuine insanity, so that he might be properly and lawfully restrained or that he might happily extinguish himself by suicide. Sometimes he does commit suicide or become really insane, and we then know where to place him."

A LITTLE BIT BEHIND.

The Old Man Was Not Very Well Posted on the News.

In the midst of the heated dissension on points connected with certain historical sensations which their teacher had sought to impress on them the two grandchildren appealed to their grandfather, who sat musing and puffing his pipe in the corner, for support.

"Grandpa," cried the eager brother, "who was it killed Caesar—Cassius or Brutus? I say Cassius."

"Waal," replied the grandfather, suddenly becoming grave and taking his pipe from his mouth, "it war one or t'other. Let me see. Yes, I guess 'twar th' man you said."

"And sis says it was Marie Antoinette who got put to death in France," again cried the youth, triumphantly glancing toward his sister, "but I say it was Mary, queen of Scots."

"Now, you may be right there, too," ventured the involuntary vindicator after fidgeting in his chair. "Come t' think of it, 'twar Mary, queen of Scots, that war electrocuted in France."

At this the young girl's eyes flashed.

"Grandpa," declared she, stepping before him and eying him sternly, "you don't seem to know anything about it."

The old man's head went up as if shocked. "Th' truth is, children," he then admitted as he passed his free hand over his head helplessly, "your grandfather ain't read th' newspapers very careful this week. I'm a leetle mite behind."—Bohemian Magazine.

An Unwelcome Gratuity.

An American merchant bitterly opposed to the custom of "tipping" public servants for each inconsequential service was astonished to find the practice in Europe more general than in America. While in London he had occasion to employ a cab and upon being driven to the desired destination drew forth a handful of change, counted out the exact fare and tendered it to the driver.

"Beg pardon, sir!" exclaimed the cabby in a tone of injury. "'Ow long 'ave ye been saving up for this 'oliday?"

Suppressing his annoyance at the driver's effrontery, the tourist sought a restaurant and upon receiving the dinner check again tendered the exact amount of his bill. The waiter bowed, assisted his guest into his coat, then, selecting a bright new sixpence, offered it to his patron with:

"Beastly weather, sir! 'Ere's coach fare!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Rat.

The rat's sins are manifold. The damage which he does in a year to crops, cargoes, stores, granaries, poultry and game, dairies and outhouses, foundations, walls and drainage cannot be calculated exactly, but it must be enormous. He is ubiquitous. He swarms in fields, hedges, coverts, farmyards, cellars, sewers, docks and ships. He is clever in getting out of difficulties, extremely courageous, able to exist on almost any kind of food and horribly prolific.—London Spectator.

The Retort Direct.

"See here," cried the artist, who had come to complain about the materials he had bought, "I can't imagine anything worse than your paints."

"That's strange," replied the dealer. "Don't you ever use your imagination on your painting?"—Exchange.

Hopeless.

"We wish, madam, to enlist your aid in influencing your husband for the public good. He holds the key to very interesting situation and"—

"I don't see how I can be of any assistance to you. John never could find a keyhole."—Houston Post.

Frenzied Arithmetic.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, if your father had twenty dozen eggs in his store and found that eighteen of them were bad, how much would he lose? Tommy—Nothin'. You don't know pa. —Pathfinder.

The Mean Part.

Phil O. Sopher—Don't worry, old man. Chickens always come home to roost, you know. Discouraged Friend—Yes, after they have laid their eggs in some other fellow's barn.—Judge.

Tenure of Office Act.

The tenure of office act, passed by congress in February, 1867, during its bitter fight with President Andrew Johnson, was a bill limiting the powers of the president in removals from office. Among other things it took from the president the power to remove members of his cabinet except by permission of the senate, declaring that they should hold office "for and during the term of the president by whom they may have been appointed and for one month thereafter, subject to removal by and with the consent of the senate." The president vetoed the bill, but it was passed over his veto.—New York American.

Fooled.

Lazy Lewis—I was told dat de farmer wot lives on dat hill paid his hands jist de same whedder dey worked er not, so I went an' hired t' him. Tired Thomas—Den youse played off sick, I reckon? Lazy Lewis—Yes, an' at de end ov de month I found dat he never paid nobody nothin' nohow.—Chicago News.

The French Tramp.

The vagabond who is kin to the wolf is a special product of civilization. You do not meet him in England or Germany, though something like him exists among the half yellow Slavs of Russia. He is eminently Latin. In every sense of the word he is a rebel against society. He has had some education—few Frenchmen can escape it. He has read a little, perhaps enough to kindle his brain of a wolf, and he has two aims in life—to live the free life of the wolf on the hill and to injure as much as he can that great, monstrous, law driven machine, civilization. The lonely farmhouses are defenseless against him. When all are busy afield he creeps in and pillages. If need be he kills. He has a distinct hatred for those who work and garner. As he passes he fires the hayricks—barns and buildings go up in smoke. That is where the Latin shows in him. Once out of the law he is an anarch. So long as he is cross tied in innumerable acts of parliament the Latin is merry and amiable. When the ropes are off he makes revolution—or fires hayricks.—Vance Thompson in Outing Magazine.

Gave It In Full.

An old Scottish minister took it into his head to marry his housekeeper. His precentor being ill on the day when the banns were to be proclaimed, the minister, not caring to make the intimation himself, arranged with his herd boy to do it. "Now," he said, "you just call out in a loud voice, 'Proclamation of marriage between the Rev. Mr. Murray of this parish and Jean Lowe o' the same!' Ha, ha!" laughed the minister as he concluded. "Wha'd hae thocht it!" The Sabbath came round, and the congregation assembled. When the moment arrived the lad, who had duly prepared himself, rose and called out: "Proclamation of marriage between the Rev. Mr. Murray of this parish and Jean Lowe o' the same! Ha, ha!" he laughed, thinking this to be a part of the proclamation. "Wha'd hae thocht it?" The effect on the minister and the congregation can be imagined.

Two Waterloos.

It is a very curious fact that a good many people do not know that two battles were fought at Waterloo. Both of these were fought against the French, the first under the command of the Duke of Marlborough on Aug 17, 1705, who on this date actually occupied the same ground as the Duke of Wellington did a little more than a century later, June 17, 1815, the only difference being that the former was marching on Brussels and the latter was marching from Brussels. In the first battle the French were defending Brussels. They marched out to meet Marlborough, but owing to the slackness on the part of Schlangenburg, the Dutch general, who was fighting with him, it was not a success, Marlborough only taking a few of the French troops as prisoners. The following one, fought against Napoleon by Wellington, proved to be one of the greatest victories ever recorded in the annals of England.

Couldn't Be Divided.

In Felix Moscheles' "Fragments of an Autobiography" occurs the following: Mme. Schumann was wanted to play at a little musical reunion, but she did not respond. Mr. Moscheles was deputed to approach her. "Was she inclined to play?"

"Particularly disinclined," was the discouraging response.

The envoy tried again and mentioned her husband's "Carnaval." "One part I particularly love, the 'March of the Davidsbundler.' If I could only hear you play just that page or two!"

This roused her. "Page or two, indeed!" she cried. "Wenn man de 'Carnaval' spielt, spielt man ihn ganz." (When one plays the "Carnaval," one must play it all.) And she played the whole.

They Must Be Hardy.

An official of the department of agriculture referred at a dinner in Washington to the amateur florists who spring up in the suburbs every spring by thousands.

"More florists perhaps than flowers spring up," he said.

"In a seed shop one day I heard one of these amateurs complain about the last batch of seeds he had bought. After he had ended his complaint he began to ask floral questions.

"'Oh, by the way,' he said, 'what is a hardy rose?'

"'It is one,' growled the dealer, 'that doesn't mind your wife pulling it up by the roots every day to see if it has begun to grow yet.'"

Respect More Essential Than Love.

The most essential thing in marriage is respect. It is above love, above compatibility, above even the priceless sense of humor. Respect will make even the "appalling intimacy" endurable and will bring one through the most trying disagreements with no bruise on the soul, whatever wounds there may be in the heart. Therefore, men and women, never, never marry any one you don't really respect, however passionately you may love.—Grand Magazine.

A Diplomat.

Benners—What makes you think that Brown is such a diplomat? Jenners—When he was shown his friend's baby for the first time he said it had its father's intellect and its mother's beauty.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Gentle Hint.

"Life at best is but a gloomy prison," said the moralizing bachelor.

"So much the worse for men who deliberately choose solitary confinement," remarked the girl who had her trap set. —Bohemian Magazine.

To His Benefit.

A Tennessee congressman enjoys telling a story of a darky in his district who in a way is something of a philosopher.

Some one was saying to Mose one day: "You're always in trouble, Mose. Why can't you try to do better? You're a likely sort of darky, and you could get along very well if only you'd behave yourself—keep a steady job instead of drinking bad whisky and getting yourself behind the bars half the time."

"Excuse me, boss," said Mose, with a grin, "but it looks to me like I makes more money this way. When I works hard I gets $7 a month and my board. When I gets arrested the jedge he says to me that it will be $10 or thirty days. How kin I afford to work for $7 a month when I'm worth $3 more in de lockup?"—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Broke the Charm.

"Well, you are a good little boy. Are you usually as quiet as this?"

"No fear, but mother's going to give me a clockwork engine if I don't say anything about your dreadful red nose!"—London Opinion.

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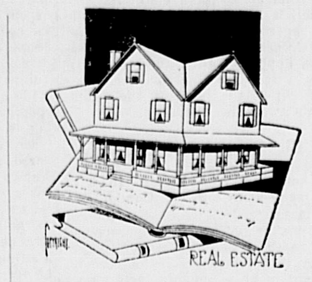

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AMERICAN CONSULS.

Their Duties Are Misunderstood by Many of Our Citizens.

In almost every city and town in Europe—or all over the world, for that matter, if the city is of any size—there is an American consul or consul general. And, while the office of these functionaries is commercial in reality, looking after the imports and the exports between our country and others, still they take a friendly interest in American citizens traveling and are always ready to go out of their way even to be obliging in personal things. I explain this somewhat in detail, says an experienced traveler in the Delineator, as so many people, especially women, seem to have a notion that a consul is created for their especial benefit. And one of the most serious troubles these men have is with those who if their money runs short expect the consul to furnish them with some and often get insulting and threatening if it is not done. The same may be said in regard to our ambassador, for, while their positions are political and diplomatic, their offices are always open, and any information is always cheerfully given in case an American is in difficulty.

There are always certain public reception days at the homes of our consuls and our ambassadors, to which it is not difficult to obtained invitations. In fact, it is often announced in the daily papers that Americans in general are welcome, say on days like Thanksgiving, Fourth of July, and so on. In this way it is possible for one to see something of the lives of one's compatriots away from home.

A CUSTOM HOUSE TALE.

The American Who Landed In Germany With a Box of Candy.

Germany is jealous of the foreign candy maker and exacts a rigorous toll upon anything in the shape of confectionery that comes across its borders. Ignorant of this, one of Uncle Sam's sons disembarked from a liner at a German port carrying in his hand a five pound box of candy bearing a New York trademark. At sight of the box the Teutonic customs officials exhibited marked activity and prepared to seize upon it.

"Not for mine," said the American. "I won't give up a sou. I'd rather eat the stuff here and now." He opened the box and commenced to dispose of its contents without delay. Everybody in sight was offered a handful. Nobody declined except the customs officer, who said blandly that he had not a sweet tooth. The traveler himself ate many pieces. It was not long before the last bit had been eaten.

As soon as the box was empty the official seized the traveler by the arm. "The gentleman," he announced, "will accompany me to the bureau, where we'll make out his bill for duty. Come. It is at the other end of the dock."

"Never!" said the American. "You have no right to charge me duty. I didn't bring it in. I'll see my consul right away, and he'll send a big fleet and bombard this blooming town."

"Softly," said the officer. "You'll pay duty, all right. There are fifteen witnesses to prove that that candy of yours was consumed on German soil."

The duty was paid, and the consul has not as yet been consulted.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ancient Enamels.

It is certain that glazes having the composition of good enamels were manufactured at a very early date. Excellent glazes are still preserved, and some of the bricks which have been found among the ruins of Babylon have been ascribed to the seventh or eighth century B. C. The glaze on the Babylonian bricks was found upon examination to have a base of soda glass, or silicate of sodium. Glazes of a similar character were also manufactured by the Egyptians as early as the sixth dynasty. There can be little doubt that the Greeks and Etruscans were also acquainted with the art of enameling. —New York American.

The Living Present.

He that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness who loses all these pleasures and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns. Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly, for this day only is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow. But if we look abroad and bring into one day's thoughts the evil of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will never be, our load will be as intolerable as it is unreasonable. —Jeremy Taylor.

Fountain Pens.

It is a popular fallacy that fountain pens are quite a modern invention. As a matter of fact, an old work of reference published in 1795 contains an illustration of a fountain pen, the appearance of which is very much like those sold at the present time. Its construction, however, was somewhat elaborate and clumsy, the pen consisting of various pieces of metal which had to be screwed and unscrewed before the pen could be used.

A Pessimist.

Agent—How long do you intend to remain in Washington? Reformer—Until congress passes a couple of necessary laws that— Agent—Gee! You don't want to rent a house. You'd better buy one.—Washington Herald.

An Undercut.

Ruby—Charlie took me in to dinner the other night. He and Fred tossed up, and Charlie— Beryl—Lost, as usual. Will he never learn better than to gamble?—Kansas City Newsbook.

His Ears.

"If Smithers undertakes to pull my ears," said a fellow at a street corner, "he will have his hands full."

The crowd looked at the man's ears and smiled.—London Telegraph.

Some people make the mistake of thinking they are sure just because they are slow.—Puck.

Pretty Short.

Barber—Pretty short, sir? Customer—Well, yes, I am. Just put it down on the slate, will you? Much obliged to you for speaking of it.—London Tit-Bits.

The carrier pigeon was in use by the state department of the Ottoman empire as early as the fourteenth century.

Modern Facilities.

"Who was dis Rip Van Winkle?"

"An old time guy wot slept in de mountains."

"Didn't have no public libraries, I s'pose, in his day?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In the Drinking Days.

A once well known individual who had lived every day of his life and gained from it a great experience left the following advice—and little else—to his sons: "Drink slow; do not mix your liquor; never sit with your backs to the fire." It was an excellent precept for the era in which it was given—the times when the dining room door was kept locked that there might be no shirking the claret and when the only chance at the circuit mess of escaping intoxication was to drop under the table "like the rest," as Lord Cockburn tells us he did, and lie quiet—nay, even when our judges resented that discredit should be brought on drinking by misconduct. Everybody drank, and much too much, in those days, but especially the upper classes. A well known politician discharged his coachman for overturning him in his carriage. "I had certainly drunk too much, sir," urged the poor man, "but I was not very drunk, and gentlemen, you know, sometimes get drunk." "I don't say you were very drunk for a gentleman," returned his master, "but you were exceedingly drunk for a coachman!"—London Illustrated News.

Cage For a Queen Bee.

When a queen bee becomes unproductive through old age, it is necessary for the bee keeper to supply the colony of bees with a new queen. This he does in the following manner: The old queen is removed from the hive and the bees are left alone for about twelve hours or longer, during which time they find out that they are queenless. The new queen is then put into a cage made of wood and wire cloth, with an opening through one end. This opening is filled tight with a mixture of honey and sugar. The cage thus prepared is laid upon the tops of the frames in the hive. The bees soon discover the new queen in the cage and set to work upon the honey and sugar. In the hive bees recognize friends and strangers by their sense of smell, and a strange queen entering a hive would be very quickly killed by the bees. By the time the queen is liberated from the cage she has acquired the scent of the hive and is therefore no longer a stranger.—London Globe.

Eccentric Editions of Books.

Mr. George Somes Layard in a book entitled "Suppressed Plates, Wood Engravings, Etc.," writes of the ridiculous people who value such books as the first issue of the first edition of Dickens' "American Notes" just because there is a mistake in the pagination, or a first edition of Disraeli's "Lothair" because the prototype of "Mgr. Catesby" is divulged by misprinting the name "Capel," or "Poems by Robert Burns," first Edinburgh edition, because the Duke of Roxborough appears as "the Duke of Boxborough," or Barker's "Breeches" Bible of 1594 because on the title page of the New Testament the figures are transposed to 1495, or the first edition in French of Washington Irving's "Sketch-Book" because the translator, maltreating the author's name, has declared the book to "traduit de l'Anglais de M. Irwin Washington," and in the dedication has labeled Sir Walter Scott "barronnet."

Cornish Humor.

The magistrate at the Liskeard police court might well have excused the laughter which greeted the remark of a police witness only a short time ago who said with all seriousness: "He was drunk, your honor, and couldn't stand. I told him to go away, and as he wouldn't I locked him up."

The laugh in another court was against the solicitor who severely asked, "Were you present when you heard this?"

Mixed metaphors are not a peculiar nor indeed a common failing of the Cornishman, but a certain eloquent town councilor quite recently got entangled when in the course of a protracted debate on the momentous subject of the local dust bins he declared indignantly, "It is time we put our foot down with a loud voice."—English Illustrated Magazine.

Fastidious Smokers.

"Did you know," asked one member of a group in the hotel lobby, "that an Indian is much more fastidious than a white man in the matter of smoking? I saw when I was in Montana several of their war dances and the councils afterward. You know, they sit in a circle on the ground and pass the pipe of good fellowship around in silence. Each man takes two or three puffs and then hands the pipe to his next neighbor. But if you notice you will see that in the whole circuit which it makes the mouthpiece is never wet. The red man merely lays the end of the stem against his lower lip and, keeping his mouth partly open, draws a deep breath. Removing the pipe, he exhales the smoke and then perhaps repeats the process, but he never puts the mouthpiece into his mouth in the common 'paleface' fashion. If he is asked to smoke a peace pipe after a white man, he first wipes off the end of the pipestem where it has been in the previous smoker's mouth."—New York Times.

The Lecturer's Subject.

"I call my lecture 'Glass,'" said the lecturer, "not because it says anything about that subject, but because of the nature of it. To begin with, it is the sort of lecture that anybody can see through. Then I am liable to make a number of breaks in its delivery, after which it will be full of funny cracks. In addition, it requires a lot of sand to produce it, to say nothing of the hot air employed. The agents have blown it pretty much to the committees.

"Another point of resemblance between my lecture and glass is that when cut it is much more valuable. I shan't refer to the subject any more, though it is not a safe one to drop. The principal reason for my selection of this name anyway is my knowledge of the fascination foreign titles have for the American people."

But noticing that the audience had hurried away the lecturer desisted.—Chicago News.

Every One of Them a Bird.

A current newspaper item is as follows: "The wife of a Methodist minister in West Virginia has been married three times. Her maiden name was Partridge; her first husband was named Robin, her second Sparrow, and the present one's name is Quayle. There are now two young Robins, one Sparrow and three little Quayles in the family. One grandfather was a Swaun, and another was a Jay, but he's dead and now a bird of Paradise. They live on Hawk avenue, Eagleville, Canary Islands, and the fellow who wrote this article is a lyre bird and an interesting relative of the family."—St. Louis Republic.

Youth is the opportunity to do something and become somebody.—Munger.

Story of a Foot Race.

A voluble negro who was discovered pacing a fast heat across the Tenth street viaduct the other night explained his haste to the policeman who arrested him.

He explained that he had been to a swell dance and had paid the sum of $2.50 for the rent of the startlingly correct attire in which he was clad. During the progress of the dance a short yellow man had repeatedly bumped against him in a most offensive manner. He related the story with dignity and unction.

"Thish yere yellow nigger, he kep' a-bumpin' inter me till I ses to him, I ses, 'I'll see you after this dance outside,' I ses to him.

"He ses, 'Very well, suh; I'll see you after this dance.'

"I didn't like the looks of him nohow, and when we gits outside he pulls a big razzer, and he ses, 'I'll ca've you,' he ses, jes' that er-way.

"I thinks of that suit I pays $2.50 fer, and I gethers up all the rabbit they is in me, and I starts to runnin', and I runs fast. I runs like a jack rabbit ontell I gits to the vi'duc', and a big police he hollers to me:

"'Hey, there,' he hollers. 'Whar you-all gwine so fas'?'

"'I's jis' a-runnin' to ketch a cyar,' I hollers back. But he grabs me, and he ses:

"'Ketch a car, nigger! Why, youse passed four cars a'ready!'"—Omaha World-Herald.

Rarest of Trades.

"Mine is the rarest of all trades," said an Englishman. "I am a maker of instruments of torture. I suppose that at this moment in Siam and China yellow men are bleeding and howling in the clutch of machines of my make."

He lighted his pipe. "Pleasant thought, eh? But we must make our living somehow. In Birmingham mine's made. There for seventeen years I have been turning out racks, hair and nail drawers, thumbscrews, skinners, needle beds, searing irons, bone breakers and what not.

"Siam and China have bought their instruments of torture from Birmingham for generations. Some of these contrivances are very costly and ingenious. There's a water dropper which works by clockwork that costs $500. There's a— But that's too terrible to talk about. The Chinese instruments, by the way, are a million times crueler than the Siamese."—New York Press.

Sanson and Louis XVI.

Three letters written by Sanson, the executioner of the "terror," are printed in the Paris Gaulois. One of the most interesting of them is short enough to be quoted in full:

"Citizen—I have just learnt that the rumour is current that I am selling or causing to be sold locks of the hair of Louis Capet. If any have in fact been sold, this abominable trade can only have been carried on by impostors. The truth is that I have not allowed any one in my house to carry away even the smallest relic."

Sanson, it appears, had in his private capacity much sympathy with the king whose head it was his duty in his professional capacity to cut off. In another letter he attributes the courage with which he met his death to the firmness of his religious principles, and when he himself died in 1806 he bequeathed money to pay for masses for his victim's soul.

Evolution.

In the days when the higher education of women provoked more discussion than it does at the present time a number of Cambridge university men, among them Arthur Clement Hilton, who was born a wit and died a clergyman, were discussing the establishment of women's colleges. Hilton, says his biographer, Sir Robert Edgecumbe, expressed himself in favor of the movement.

"Of course," he said, "when women get their degrees they will not be bachelors, but spinsters of art, and then after awhile they will proceed to the degree of M. A.—ma."

Why He Was Anxious.

Buloz, the editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes, once had at his country house in Savoy a numerous company of literary people, one of whom was Victor Cherbuliez. Cherbuliez contributed regularly every other year a novel to the columns of the Revue, and a story of his was at that time running in the periodical. The guests had been out for a walk and had amused themselves with gathering mushrooms, which were cooked for dinner. As the company were sitting down, it occurred to one of the party that undoubtedly some of the people who had taken part in gathering the mushrooms knew nothing about them and that there might be poisonous fungi in the collection.

This reflection so affected the company that all the people present, with the exception of Cherbuliez, declined to partake of the dish. He alone attacked it with gusto.

Thereupon Buloz showed sudden and intense alarm.

"Cherbuliez! Cherbuliez! What are you about?" he exclaimed. "Remember that you haven't finished your story in the Revue!"

Greatly to his relief, the mushrooms turned out to be innocuous, and the story was finished.

It Was a New "Team" to Him.

Heinrich Conried told the following story once when chatting of his experience as an operatic director: "It happened in Chicago," said he. "I went there to superintend our first season in Chicago. I got there early in the afternoon. As I was registering at the Auditorium a young, a very young, newspaper man came up and talked to me. He begged for an interview. I told him I had arranged to see the press at 5. That did not satisfy him. He was on an afternoon paper. It would be a feather in his cap if he could scoop the town. 'Very well,' said I to him, 'I shall give you an interview, but it will have to be while I am taking my bath.' He seemed an intelligent and earnest young man, and I was willing to do that much for him.

"I turned on the water and divested myself of my coat, and the interview proceded.

"'What do you open with?' said he.

"'I open with "Tristan und Isolde,"' I answered.

"'Have they ever been here before?' he queried."

Real Dialect.

At a traction line ticket office in Dayton, O., the other day I overheard the following conversation, the parties thereto being a German woman and the ticket agent:

"A dicket tsoo Zinzin-nay-tee."

"One way?"

"Zwei ways."

Then as he stamped the ticket the purchaser asked:

"I haf dime to vaidt how much?"—Chicago News

Right to the Point.

"The following letter," said a traveling man, "was received by a friend of mine who was drumming up trade in New England for a New York necktie house:

"'We have received your letter with expense account. What we want is orders. We have big families to make expenses for us. We find in your expense account 50 cents for billiards. Please don't buy any more billiards; also we see $2.25 for horse and buggy. Where is the horse, and what did you do with the buggy? The rest of your expense account is nothing but bed. Why is it you don't ride more in the nighttime?

"'John says you should stop in Boston, where his cousin George Moore lives. John says you should sell Moore a good bill. Give good prices—he is John's cousin. Sell him mostly for cash; also John says you can leave Boston at 11:45 in the night and get to Concord at 4:35 in the morning. Do this and you won't need any bed. And, remember, what we want is orders.'"

Trading as a Fine Art.

A grocery store in Nelson, Lancashire, was managed by a collier's wife. One night the good woman was compelled to leave the shop for a short time in charge of her husband, giving him full instructions how to act and especially cautioning him that in the event of a customer presenting a jar or pot and asking for treacle, jam or pickles he "must be sure and weigh th' pot."

Full of confidence, the collier installed himself behind the counter. In a short time a lad ran into the shop and piped out:

"I want two pound o' pickles fur mi faythur, and here's th' pot."

The good man carefully weighed the pot and exclaimed:

"Nay, lad, th' pot weighs enough bowt pickles, but I'll gi' thi one or two anyway."—Liverpool Mercury.

Their Fears Realized.

A noted English statistician was discussing in New York the statistics of marriage—marriage statistics are his specialty.

"The last statistics," he said, "show us one pleasant change, one grand improvement. Aged men of wealth are no longer marrying beautiful, mercenary young women as frequently as they used. In fact, these hideous marriages are becoming in this country so rare that the newspapers don't hesitate to comment very forcibly upon them. I approve of these cruel comments. They keep such mockeries of marriage down. In a little town in Herts last month," he said, "a millionaire of seventy-nine years married a young and pretty milliner of twenty-two. The local paper printed the next day this editorial paragraph on the matter:

"'Six months ago, when Mr. Blank's venerable wife died, his children and grandchildren feared that he would go crazy over the sad bereavement. Their fears have now come true.'"

Perjury Penalties.

Perjury, besides being one of the oldest of offenses in the catalogue of crime, has always been very severely punished. With the advance of civilization, however, fiendish punishments have been replaced by more humane if still severe penalties. In the days of the Roman empire any one who committed perjury was thrown from a precipice, while the Greeks branded their false swearers. It is interesting to note that when the latter embraced the Christian religion the punishment was altered to that of having the tongue cut out, a sort of punishment which was considered to fit the crime in the early centuries. In the middle ages some countries adopted the system of giving the perjurer the punishment for the crime he falsely accused another of. Thus if he swore a neighbor had committed murder and the charge was disproved the perjurer would be sentenced to death, and the other penalties of the penal code were exacted for the particular crime alleged.

A Well Kept Murder Secret.

That the identity of the man who killed Campbell of Glenure on May 14, 1752, should still be handed down from father to son a solemn trust among a few members of the Stewart clan is one of the curiosities of history:

The mute trees know who fired that shot,
But the secret well they're keeping.

The highlanders refused it to Robert Louis Stevenson. Andrew Lang says that, like William of Deloraine, "he knows, but may not tell." Mr. Mackay, the author of this most complete and interesting account of the crime and trial, leaves us a little doubtful whether he is among the initiated. "I should be the last," he writes, "to make public a secret that has been so well kept. Its antiquity makes it sacred."—London Spectator.

What He Would Do.

An individual applied to the cab company for a situation.

"Do you know how to drive?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know that you must be polite with all your passengers?"

"Ah!"

"And honest. For example, what would you do if you should find in your cab a pocketbook containing $25,000?"

"Nothing at all. I should live on the income."—London Tit-Bits.

Unselfish.

"Why don't you go to work?"

"Work?" rejoined Meandering Mike. "Look at de thousands of poor fellows dat is lookin' fur work an' feelin' miserable widout it. Now, work ain't necessary to me, an' I ain't goin' to butt in an' reach fur it merely fur de sake of havin' somethin' to brag about."—Washington Star.

Some Famous High Notes.

Melba, F sharp; Jenny Lind, B in alto; Christine Nilsson, G in alto; Evangeline Florence, G in alto; Ellen Beach Yaw, C two octaves above; Tetrazzini, D in alto; Carlotta Patti, D in alto; Adelina Patti, C in alto.

A Comparison.

The old gentleman was very angry. There could be no doubt about that. Threatening the other with his fist, he shouted, "If your brain was put in a mustard seed it would have as much room as a shrimp in the Atlantic!"

"One should always breathe through the nose when asleep," says a physician. If you awake and find your mouth open, get up and shut it.

Very Handy.

Closefist—It cost me over $5,000 to give Harry that course in industrial arts. Herdso—But he must be quite handy with his tools now? Closefist—Yes, and the first job he did was to put up awnings on the shady side of the house.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IV.—Second Quarter, For April 26, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John xiii, 1-20. Memory Verses, 3-5—Golden Text, John xiii, 34—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

After the anointing of last lesson He made His public entry into Jerusalem and wept over the city. He cleansed the temple and healed many poor people, and from day to day he taught the people concerning the two sons, the vineyard, the marriage supper, tribute to Caesar, the resurrection, the great commandment, the widow's mite, the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, and also gave to His disciples the great Olivet discourse of Matt. xxiv and xxv. Then followed the preparation by Peter and John of this Passover at which we now find Him and which is more fully described in Luke xxii, 7-38, today's lesson giving us an incident omitted by the other gospels. In every Passover study we must look back to Ex. xxi and onward to the yet future and greater deliverance of Israel, always finding for our own hearts the comforting assurance of perfect safety under the precious blood of the Lamb and the privilege of fellowship with Him in His sufferings while we daily feed upon Him, with loins girded ready for His call.

Many a time His enemies who wanted to kill Him could not touch Him because His hour to give Himself up had not yet come, but now His hour was come and He was about to let them take Him and kill Him, yet see how it is called a departing out of this world unto the Father. Doubtless this includes His resurrection from the dead and His ascension, but we know that for all who believe in Him death means "absent from the body and present with the Lord, a great gain, a very far better" (II Cor. v, 8; Phil. i, 21, 23). There is an hour—or a time—for every event in His great purpose, and when the hour strikes the event comes to pass. It is most restful thus to leave all to Him, abiding in His unchanging love, which loves to the end or to the uttermost (verse 1; Jer. xxxi, 3), and which, having received all things from the Father (verse 3; iii, 35), is therefore able to do for His own all that His heart desires. Elsewhere we are assured that all things are ours, and He said to His Father that He had also given us the glory which had been given to Him (I Cor. iii, 21-23; John xvii, 22). Judas had received from the devil the thought of betraying Christ, and, having allowed the thought to enter his mind, he next allows the devil himself to enter into him (verses 2, 27). We must resist every wrong thought and thus give the great adversary no foothold.

It was customary to have water for the feet on entering a house or after a walk (Gen. xviii, 4; Luke vii, 44), but no one seems to have attended to this. What an opportunity this was for one of the twelve to have thus ministered to the others, but specially to Him, yet they all missed it. It is to be feared that we, in our selfish thoughtlessness, miss many such. He gave them full time to seize the opportunity, and, all failing, He Himself took the basin and towel and washed and wiped the feet of each disciple. He was ever ministering. After His resurrection we see Him ministering to them at the sea of Tiberias (John xxi, 13), and in heaven He ever liveth to make intercession for us. We hear of no objection or remark from any of the disciples until He came to Simon Peter, and to Peter's question of surprise He replied, "What I do thou knoweth not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." We give this saying a far reaching significance and make it cover all the many events which are to us now so dark and mysterious, and it is doubtless true concerning these, for now we know in part, but then shall we know as we are known (I Cor. xiii, 12). It may be, however, that the Saviour's reply had immediate reference to the lesson of humility which Peter learned more fully before he wrote that which we find in I Pet. v, 5-10.

The Saviour's reply to Peter's refusal to be washed—"If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me"—led to Peter's extravagant request to have his hands and head included, and we all need cleansing, for all that is signified by head and hands and feet in the Mosaic ceremonial (Lev. i, 6-9). Our Lord's reply to Peter's last request (verse 10) sets forth two great truths: If we are redeemed by that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin and makes whiter than snow (I John 1, 7; Ps. i, 7; Isa. 1, 18), then in the sight of God we are clean every whit (xv, 3), washed, sanctified, justified (I Cor. vi, 11), made even as Christ is before God; this is the standing in Christ, before God, of all the redeemed. But as to our daily life in this world and in our conflict with the world, the flesh and the devil we need continual cleansing, and this is provided for by I John i, 7, 9.

Possibly the pride in the hearts of the disciples led each one to shrink from doing this menial act of feet washing for the others, but now the Lord had taught them a lesson which they could not easily forget. When we say, "Lord and Master, whose I am and whom I serve," may we not forget the example here set before us and His words, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Exaggerated.

Among the begging letters recently received at the office of a benevolent society was one running thus:

"This unfortunate young man is the only son of a widow who died childless, and his earnings maintain his aged father and infant brothers, whose sole support he is."

The secretary of the society wrote on the margin of the epistle the following note:

"The circumstances of the case are evidently exaggerated."—London Tatler.

The Combination.

Fellaire (formerly Rusty Rufus)—Well, what do you want? Tuffold Knutt—You wuz kind 'nough wunst, mister, to give me a dollar an' a kick. Ef the two go together, sir, I'm ready fur 'em again.—Chicago Tribune.

He Didn't Go.

Magistrate—The next person who interrupts the proceedings of this court will be expelled from the room. Prisoner—Hoo-ray! Whooper-ee! Now lemme go!—Illustrated Bits.

Flying Fish.

At one time it was widely credited that flying fish possessed the power to accelerate their passage through the air by flapping their "wings," as their enormously elongated pectoral fins are sometimes called. Had this been proved these fish would have actually shared with bats, birds and insects a power which has been denied to all other living creatures. But men of science are now agreed that the motion of the fins sometimes seen when the fish leaves the water is merely a continuation of its swimming movement and in no way aids the passage of the fish through the air. The method of the fish's flight is this: It rushes through the water at high speed, hurls itself into the atmosphere and, spreading its huge winglike fins, glides rapidly forward until its momentum is exhausted. Then it drops back again into the water. So great is the impetus gained that these fish under favorable conditions will "fly" for a distance of 500 feet. But when once the impetus is exhausted the fish is quite unable to sustain itself in the air by muscular effort.—Scientific American.

Where the Joke Lay.

He was an Englishman, taking a trip on a Welsh excursion steamboat, and he was watching a group of Welsh colliers larking with one another, when they suddenly seized one of their companions and swung him to and fro. The victim shrieked in terror as the ringleader shouted:

"Now, boys, overboard with 'im!"

So real was the horror of the collier that the Englishman jumped up and interfered successfully. The collier picked himself up and backed to a safe seat next the Englishman, who sternly reproved him for uttering such nerve shattering cries.

"It was only a joke, and you must have known it," he said.

The collier wiped his forehead.

"Iss, I knowed famous it wass a joke," he retorted, "an' that's why I did screech blue murrdurr. Eu don't know the boys, surr. The joke with them wass to chuck me overboard. Thank eu kindly forr stoppin' 'em!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Didn't Want to Tell.

The late Professor Greene, author of Greene's Analysis and the English Grammar with which so many have wrestled in their school days, was one of the most genial and fatherly of men. During the later years of his life he was professor of mathematics and astronomy in a New England college. There was in one of his classes a somewhat slow witted though studious young man, whom we will call Jones. On a certain occasion after Jones had repeated carefully the text book statements about the effects of the motions of the earth and was trying to remember what came next in the book the professor interposed with:

"Were you ever in the shadow of the earth, Mr. Jones?"

Jones (slowly)—No, sir.

Professor—Where do you spend your nights, sir?

Jones didn't want to tell.—Universalist Leader.

Banquets In Elizabeth's Time.

In Queen Elizabeth's time the first course of a banquet is given as wheaten flummery, stewed broth or spinach broth, or smallage, gruel or hotch pot. The second consisted of fish, among which are lampreys, poor John, stockfish and sturgeon, with side dishes of porpoise. The third course comprised quaking puddings, black puddings, bag puddings, white puddings and marrow puddings. Then came veal, beef, capons, humble pie, mutton, marrow pasties, Scotch collops, wild fowl and game. In the fifth course all kinds of sweets, creams in all their varieties, custards, cheese cakes, jellies, warden pies, suckets, sillibubs and so on, to be followed perhaps by white cheese and tansy cake; for drinks, ale, beer, wine, sack and numerous varieties of mead or metheglin.—New York Tribune.

Chamois Maker Is a Magician.

Most everybody uses chamois, and everybody imagines it comes from the graceful goats of the Swiss Alps, but it doesn't. It really hails from the cavernous depths of tanneries of Peabody, in New England. Peabody tanners make beautiful leathers of sheep pelts. The chamois maker is a magician of the leather trade. To his door he draws sheepskins from the great ranches of Montana or their possible future rivals on the plains of Siberia, the pampas of Argentina or the fields of Australia. Mary's little lamb, masquerading as brave Swiss chamois, has a wonderful career.

Natural Anxiety.

A very talkative little boy was allowed to accompany his father to a friend's house on the understanding that he should not speak until somebody asked him a question. He remained silent for half an hour. "Father," he then murmured, "when are they going to begin asking me questions?"

She Speaks Out.

"You aren't earning very much."

"But, my darling, two can live as cheaply as one."

"I don't yearn to live cheaply, young man."—St. Louis Republic.

Instinct.

What is instinct? It is th' nachral tendency iv wan whin filled with dismay to turn to his wife.—Mr. Dooley.

Great Success.

"Were the amateur theatricals good?"

"Splendid! I never saw anything worse."—Life.

Too Much Collection.

A Scottish gentleman paying a visit to London was taken by his nephew to a service in St. Paul's cathedral. He had no acquaintance whatever with the liturgy of the Church of England. He picked up a prayer book and became very much interested, but as he turned over the leaves his face became clouded with a look of intense anxiety. He placed the prayer book carefully down, looked cautiously around, picked up his hat and crept stealthily to the door. His nephew followed him and said:

"Are you ill, uncle? What is the matter?"

The uncle replied: "No. But it is enough to make any man ill to see the number of collections made in this kirk!"

"Collections!" said the nephew, in surprise. "If there is any at all, there certainly won't be more than one."

"Well," said the uncle, "they should no' mark so many in the book. There's naething but 'collect' and bits of prayer, then 'collect' and more prayers, and 'collect' again. And says I to mysel', 'If I bide here until all these collections are ta'en, I'll no' have a bawbee in ma pocket!'"—London Tit-Bits.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect December 16, 1907.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutss until 9 55 p m., 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11 02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m)

SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

William E. Maloney, Div. Supt.
Albert E. Myer, Div. Supt.
Thomas Lees, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Sunday, January 5, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

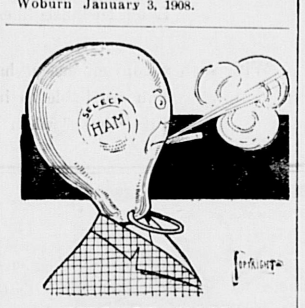
Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10 37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

Albert E. Myers, Div. Supt.
Thomas Lees, Supt.
Woburn January 3, 1908.



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Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.45, 7 15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10.30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 55, †11 15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11.15 P M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb 15 1906.

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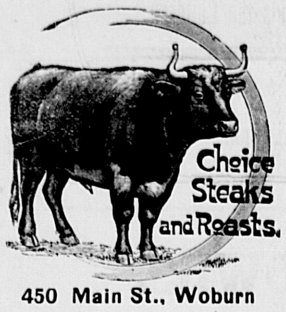

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5 30, 5.45, 6 00, 6 30, 6 45, 7 00, 7.30 A M. and every 30 minutes until 10 30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5 20, 5.50, 6.05, 6 20, 6,50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5 40, 6.10, 6 25, 6 40, 7 10, 7 25, 7 40, 8 10 A M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6 45, 7 00, 7.30, 7.45, 8 00, 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6 50, 7 05, 7 20, 7.50, 8 05, 8 20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11 50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6 40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8 10, 8.25, 8.40, 9 10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11 40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6 30, 7 30, 8 00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6 50, 7 50, 8 20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8 50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10 10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington rof No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect December 16, 1907

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55 †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23 †10.21, †10.53, §11.01, †11.38 a. m., §12.05, †12.59 †2.00, §2.00, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.26, †5.02 †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL— †6.24, †8.22, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, §5.26, †6.42, §9.27, §11.02, †10.59, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2-26 †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, Pas. Traf. Mgr. C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Ag

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

Box.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works. North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street. opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

M. J. MULKEEN,
Steamship Agent.
Notary Public
— AND —
Justice of the Peace.
Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN
OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

TELEPHONE 6-3.
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director
241 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR,
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Office: 549 Main St., Woburn.

Cupid and an Easter Hat.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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Conservative Lake City was treated to three sensations in one week.

First, James Douglas, from Glasgow, Scotland, by way of Chicago, opened "The Fair," Lake City's first real department store, with "red letter" and "special hour" sales, a gleaming soda fountain and all the other features of up to date shopping life.

Second, among the frock coated floorwalkers installed in this modern shopping hive was old man Douglas' own son, Carter, late of Harvard and more recently returned from a pedestrian trip through the British isles. And, what is more, he was curtly informed by his paternal parent that he would be expected to keep the regular hours and live off the salary drawn by other eighteen a week floorwalkers of the establishment.

And, thirdly, Marjorie Davis, after a prolonged and most unpleasant hour with the family lawyer, who had found that the late Henry Davis had left nothing but a heavily mortgaged home and some worthless wildcat investments, defied the family council of uncles, aunts and cousins who offered herself and mother the pick of various homes.

She would make her own way, she announced with spirit. And the very next day all Lake City society was shocked to hear that Marjorie Davis was behind the ribbon counter at "The Fair."

Just the same, after recovering from the shock, Marjorie's little world flocked to her counter, just as shrewd old James Douglas had figured they would, and besought the one time popular debutante to twist and turn ribbon into bows of all sorts and conditions.

And while Marjorie's relatives stormed and Mrs. Douglas wept the old man chuckled.

"Fine woman that Davis girl! No nonsense about her! And as for that boy of mine, no man ever learned business methods bending over a ledger. I made my money pleasing the public, and you don't study the public in a stuffy rear office. I can get ten dollar a week clerks to keep my books. I want my boy to be a merchant prince."

A fourth party, altogether invisible, also took a hand in the game of commerce, and his name was Cupid. He saw his chance and began to choose arrows.

All of these, however, missed the mark. Young Douglas watched from the tail of his eye Marjorie's deft, slender white fingers flashing in and out of the shimmering ribbon, but her glance seemed glued to her work. A formal "Good morning" or a request for a credit check or his signature on a deposit marked the limit of their conversations.

For as the other salesgirls openly angled for the young man's favor Marjorie held herself more and more aloof. She was not ashamed of her occupation, but she proposed to maintain her position as a gentlewoman.

And Carter Douglas misunderstood He knew her history, and he thought, not without some bitterness, that she wanted to make him feel that even in her poverty he remained outside her social pale. The Douglas family were distinctly "new." The Davis family were of the city's innermost social circle, hedged in not by wealth, but by pioneer blood, family estates and war records.

Such was the situation when Easter loomed up on the horizon. Marjorie, bending over wonderful bows for spring millinery, realized with a faint sense of amusement that this year her Easter hat was a real problem. Of course she had only to drop a hint before Aunt Sylvia that she needed one and a hat would be forthcoming, but so far her salary and the tiny income of her mother had sufficed to keep them independent and quite content.

This had meant the dyeing of all her old time finery, and that was just why the Easter hat was a problem. A veritable riot of dyeing to meet the demands of mourning had exhausted even a well stocked wardrobe, trunks, hat boxes and all. She would simply have to buy a complete spring hat.

This meant $10 at least, and Marjorie realized that with her present knowledge of values, to say nothing of the store discount, she could duplicate for $10 any hat for which she had paid $20 or $25 in the old days. So she viewed with great satisfaction a roll of crisp dollar bills, ten in all, which she had saved for just such an emergency.

So matters stood when her mother was seized with the grip. The doctors ordered calf's foot jelly, white grapes and eggs and sherry.

Four days before Easter and the ten dollars had dwindled to five. She compromised on a smart sailor with three toned ribbon bows to match, She would buy it on the morrow. And the next day word came to the store that one of the cash girls must be operated on at once or lose her hearing. Marjorie's name headed the subscription list.

This afternoon in a frenzy or despair she bought the three toned ribbons, and the next morning the charwoman of their little cottage sent word that her baby had died and there was not a cent in the house! Marjorie had just closed her purse when the postman handed her a square envelope addressed in chirography which she recognized at a glance.

An opera star was to sing at the procathedral on Easter morning, Carter wrote. Admission was by card only, and he was fortunate enough to have secured two. Would she accompany him to the Easter service?

Marjorie's one vulnerable point was music. There was no time to answer the letter by mail, but that morning while young Douglas was signing a credit check for her and the other clerks were busy farther down the aisle she said to him:

"It was so kind of you to think of me. I do love music, and I have never heard Mme. ——."

"I'll call for you at 10," he said, with a most businesslike flourish of his pencil, as a cash girl came running up And Cupid laughed for the first time in many days.

That night the deluge. In her delight at the prospect of hearing wonderful music Marjorie had forgotten the distinctly feminine problem of an Easter hat. Laying forth the wonderful new blue green bows, she ransacked every trunk in the house for a straw shape that was even possible. But dye and rain had done their worst. No shape was forthcoming. In twelve hours Carter Douglas would call—and she would be hatless!

"I'm worse than a three dollar a week cash girl. Of course I can go in my winter hat. It may turn cold and stormy."

Easter morning proved balmy and sunlit beyond her greatest fears. She looked at the velvet hat, its black feathers the worse for various dyeings, and her feminine pride was touched. She spent the last 15 cents of her ten dollar millinery fund to send a small messenger with word to the Douglas mansion on the hill that she was too ill to attend the services at the procathedral.

It did seem as if never in all her life had she wanted to go out as she did that day. The little cash girl in the hospital would be glad to see her; the charwoman's heart was heavy and her children would no doubt enjoy some candy Easter eggs. But again pride forbade. She would live out her miserable lie.

At 3 in the afternoon, glancing out the front window, she gave a gasp of dismay and ran from the living room, leaving her mother to admit the tall, correctly garbed Carter Douglas. A few minutes later the puzzled little mother came upstairs.

"He says he's so sorry to hear you are ill, and, oh, Marjorie, such Easter lilies as he has brought! Just like when your poor dear father lived. But you didn't tell me you were ill. Oh, my dear, you are so self sacrificing"—

Marjorie fluffed her hair and patted her nervous mother's cheek in a whirlwind of unpleasant emotions. Then suddenly she flung up her head and ran lightly downstairs, pausing in the doorway before the astonished young man, a vision of slim, graceful, healthy young womanhood.

"I owe you an apoligy, Mr. Douglas," she said, with a lovely flush. "I was not ill—just foolishly proud about a trifle. I—I failed to make connections with an Easter hat and so"—

Carter Douglas had wisdom beyond his years. He did not laugh. He just dropped the Easter lilies on the old mahogany table which had been in the Davis family for seven generations and took both her hands.

"I don't care about the music. I don't care about anything except that at last I am here with you. You are the most wonderful girl. The old man thinks so too. It would just tickle him to death if we hit it off. Do you think you could care about me?"

Marjorie withdrew her hands from his firm clasp and for a second or two gazed at him in startled wonder. Then something in his face, in his honest gray eyes, sent the color flying to her face again.

"Oh, you funny, funny boy!" she said, but her tones were not full of laughter. The rang with tender joyousness. And she hid her face in the lilies, great masses of faint scented beauty, the price of which she realized with feminine humor devoid of romance would have paid for two hats!

Poor Economy.

"Considering the risks and the penalties," said a customs official, "smuggling is poor economy. It reminds me of a Philadelphia woman. Worn out with the winter's gayeties, this Philadelphia woman went to Atlantic City to pass Lent restfully. She departed in a very weak, rundown condition, and her husband was dreadfully shocked—yet not incredulous either—when he received one day this wire:

"'Come down to Atlantic City at once. I am dying. Helen.'

"The wretched man slammed down the lid of his desk, grabbed his hat and reached Atlantic City by the first express. In a ravishing toilet his wife was at the station to meet him with the hotel motor bus.

"'But—but,' he stammered, 'what did you mean by that telegram about dying?'

"'Oh,' she explained, laughing, 'I wanted to say that I was dying to see you, but my ten words ran out, and I had to stop.'"

A "Find" Indeed!

Many are the stories of precious English first editions found among rubbish heaps, and if you will face the fatigue of back and forearm and will turn the ear marked contents of the portfolios of prints and drawings your luck may be as brilliant on occasion as it is generally dull. It is not so long since an Englishman lighted upon an original Rembrandt drawing on a stall under the very windows of the Louvre. With a rather guilty feeling that it might be and should be hanging with its fellows in a gilded gallery on the other side of those windows, he somewhat hurriedly thrust it into his overcoat pocket, and a certain crease shows on it to this day as witness to the sense of shame which befalls the man who purchases for a franc what is worth a thousand.—London Sketch.

Man and Plants.

M. Camille Saint-Saens says: "I do not pretend to adduce irrefragable evidence in support of my theory that man began his earthly career as a plant. I do maintain, however, that an impartial examination of my theory must allow that my assumption and hypotheses are sufficiently plausible to be considered justifiable."

Keeps Him High Strung.

"The manager always keeps back a portion of the villain's salary."

"Why does he do that—afraid he'd skip?"

"No, but he always acts his part better when he's mad."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Losers.

"To what do you attribute your success in acquiring money?"

"Partly to the success of other men in letting go of it," replied the great financier.—Philadelphia Ledger.

HE WAS QUALIFIED.

The Clergyman's Visitor Finally Got What He Was After.

"In that crisis," said a theatrical manager, speaking of a stage blunder he had committed, "I made a mistake, as queer a mistake as one that was made by a friend of mine, a clergyman.

"The clergyman had advertised for a butler, and the next morning after breakfast a well dressed, clean shaven young man in black was ushered into his study.

"'Name, please?' said the clergyman.

"'Hilary Arbuthnot, sir.'

"'Age?'

"'Twenty-eight.'

"'What work have you been accustomed to?'

"'I am a lawyer, sir.'

"The clergyman started. This was odd. However, as he knew, many were called in the law, few chosen.

"'But,' he said, 'do you understand the conduct of a household?'

"'In a general way, yes,' murmured the applicant.

"'Can you carve?'

"'Yes.'

"'Wash glass and silver?'

"'I—er—think so.' The young man seemed embarrassed. He frowned and blushed. Just then the clergyman's wife entered.

"'Are you married?' was her first question.

"'That,' said the young man, 'was what I called to see your husband about, madam. I desire to know if he can make it convenient to officiate at my wedding at noon next Thursday week.'"

AN ICONOCLAST.

His Views on Visiting the Birthplaces of Great Men.

If you like you may visit the house where Longfellow was born, but I have never myself done so. It seems rather foolish to make pilgrimages to the birthplaces of distinguished men. You are certain to be disappointed. There is Shakespeare's—at least, it is conjecturally his, a wretched, squalid hole of a garret, which only makes you sorry for the poet. And there is the birthplace of Robert Burns, transformed into a peepshow of tawdry "relics." What does it matter where a man was born? There is no particular merit in being born. No one who is born has any choice in the matter. He is just born because he has to be. The real thing to consider is what he does with himself after he has been born. I feel a reverential thrill when I enter Sir Walter Scott's noble book lined study at Abbotsford and see everything just as it was when he was still alive—his leathern chair and his desk, at which he wrote each morning before his guests were out of bed. But where he was born is of no earthly consequence. Shakespeare and Scott and Burns and Longfellow must all have looked alike when they were babies, rather red and given to squalling and doubtless smelling of sour milk. No; Longfellow's birthplace I will not visit. I like to think that when he was a man he, too, walked on Congress street wearing rather gorgeous waistcoats. But to my mind Portland is not so much an object of admiration because of Longfellow as Longfellow is to be envied because he had the good luck to be born in Portland.—Bookman.

Ice Explosions In Siberia.

A Siberian traveler relates: "At Sadonsk in the intensely cold nights the silence was sometimes broken by a loud report as of a cannon. This was the bursting of one of the ice bubbles in the river, a phenomenon I had neither heard nor read of before. The streams coming down from the hills were frozen on the surface some six to nine inches thick. The water beneath flowed faster than it could escape, and the pressure, on the principle of a hydraulic press, became irresistible. First the elasticity of the ice was seen by the rising of circular mounds from six to eight feet in diameter and from four or five feet high. The bursting point came at last with a report like an explosion. The water escaped, but soon froze again. I have seen scores of these ice hillocks in a few versts of the river."

A Strange Test of Manhood.

The ancient clan Macleod used to exercise a strange test to prove the manhood of their chieftains. At Dunvegan castle, island of Skye, there is preserved the large horn known as "Rory More's horn." This capacious vessel holds rather more than a bottle and a half of liquor. According to the old custom, every laird of Macleod was obliged on his coming of age to fill this horn with claret and without once laying it down to drain it to the dregs. This was taken as a proof of his manhood, and he was then deemed a worthy successor to the lairds of the past.—Dundee Advertiser.

Fire at Weddings.

Fire is an essential in some wedding celebrations. In Persia the service is read in front of a fire. In Nicaragua the priest, taking the couple each by the little finger, leads them to an apartment where a fire is lighted and there instructs the bride in her duties, extinguishing it by way of conclusion. In Japan the woman kindles a torch, and the bridegroom lights one from it, the playthings of the wife being burnt then and there.

The Dusters.

The Vicar (to sexton)—Why don't you see that the seats in the church are dusted now and then, Tombs? Tombs (the sexton)—I do, sir; the congregation does it every Sunday morning, sir."—London Tatler.

A man's conversation is the mirror of his thoughts.—Chinese.

Part of the Trade.

Plumber—Have you got all we want for Brown's job? Boy—Yes. Plumber—Wot? You 'aven't forgotten nothin'? Bless my soul, 'ow d'you expect to make a plumber?—Bystander.

Subtraction.

"If an empty barrel weighs ten pounds, what can you fill it with to make it weigh seven pounds?"

"Have to give it up."

"Fill it full of holes."

Jewelry Protection.

"The general public is not aware of the carefully worked out system by which the large jewelry houses continue to protect their splendid wares long after these have been sold and passed out of their hands," said a detective, discussing daring modern burglaries. "Most large establishments dealing in precious metals and gems have a carefully organized and very efficient detective system, which makes it easy for a patron to recover stolen goods without charge and with little or no delay in the institution of the search. In the safes of these large jewel houses are minute descriptions of every piece of valuable jewelry which goes out from the establishment. Each piece is numbered too. When the gems are missed the patron telephones the shop in which the articles were purchased At once a special detective, thoroughly acquainted with the business in hand and armed with a detailed description of the jewelry, is hurried to the scene of action. This is without expense to the client."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Something Hotel Clerks Remember.

"There's lots less danger of the night clerk forgetting an early call left by some guest than most travelers imagine," remarked a hotel manager the other day. "The fact is," he declared, "the average night clerk could not forget one of those early calls if he wanted to. You know, it's a mighty lonesome job the night clerk has There is little for him to do, few arrivals to take care of and little to break the monotony of his long vigil About the only fun the night clerk has is those early morning calls. When I was a night clerk I used to count the hours until I could start in on those early calls. There was nothing else to do or think about, and it would keep going through my mind what fun it would be to make some guest share my forlorn state by getting him out of his warm bed all sleepy eyed. I could not any more have overlooked one of those early calls than I could have overlooked my breakfast when the time came."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In the Jaws of a Lion.

A lion comes at its enemy at full speed, galloping low, and dashes a man standing upright to the ground by the full impact of its body. Major Inverarity states that "the claws and teeth entering the flesh do not hurt as much as you would think," but that the squeeze given by the jaws on the bone is really painful. When knocked over he was still keenly conscious and felt none of the dreamy sensations experienced by Livingstone.

Major Swaine, struck down by a lioness going full gallop, was unconscious for some minutes and did not know what had happened till he found himself standing up after the accident. "I felt no pain," he writes, "not, I believe, owing to any special interposition of Providence, but simply that the shock and loss of blood made me incapable of feeling it. There was no pain for a few days till it was brought on by the swelling of my arm on the twelve days' ride to the coast."—London Spectator.

A Woman Governor.

Queens have ruled many nations, but Pennsylvania is the only one of the United States that ever had a woman for governor. A passage unearthed from Armor's "Governors of Pennsylvania," page 126, says:

"On the 30th of July, 1718, William Penn died, at the age of seventy-four. By his will his wife, Hannah, was made his sole executrix and assumed the management of colonial affairs, executing this difficult task with rare tact and business capacity. 'She became,' says Watson, 'in effect our governor, ruling us by her deputies or lieutenant governors during all the term of her children's minority.'"

Lion and Unicorn.

The animosity which was supposed to exist between the lion and the unicorn, as referred to by Spenser in his "Faerie Queene," is allegorical of the deep rooted ill will which anciently existed between England and Scotland. Ever since 1603 the royal arms have been supported, as now, by the English lion and the Scottish unicorn in token of the fact that St. George and St. Andrew had at last shaken hands and forgotten their old difference.

An Explanation.

The passionate rhythms of "The Merry Widow" waltz floated through the office, and the boss looked up from his desk impatiently.

"Frederic," he said, "I wish you wouldn't whistle at your work."

"I ain't workin', sir," the office boy replied calmly. "I'm only just whistlin'."—New York Press.

A Japanese Joke.

Guest—Do you know that fellow of Sayama is telling all kinds of lies to defame your character? Host—If he is telling lies I don't care, but if he'd begin to tell the truth I'll throttle him. Guest—Oh, you will, eh?—Japan Current

Alcohol not needed

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is not a strong drink. As now made, there is not a drop of alcohol in it. It is a non-alcoholic tonic and alterative. Ask your own doctor about your taking this medicine for thin, impure blood. Follow his advice every time. He knows.

Ayer's We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

Ask your doctor, "What is the first great rule of health?" Nine doctors out of ten will quickly reply, "Keep the bowels regular." Then ask him another question, "What do you think of Ayer's Pills for constipation?"

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

A Sentimental Legacy.

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

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It was impossible to convince Marion Earle—she was only nineteen and very pretty—that the course of true love never does run smooth. Indeed, she believed that there was danger of its running too smoothly.

Had she not been engaged one whole month to Gregory Holbrook without the suggestion of even of a cloud on the horizon of their happiness?

"You don't find it monotonous, do you, Gregory, just loving me this way?" she asked him unexpectedly one evening.

"Monotonous!" he echoed, caressing the brown head on his shoulder. "I should say not! I hope we'll go on loving each other this way forever."

"But I don't," piped up Marion, suddenly sitting bolt upright.

Gregory could not believe his ears.

"You don't want me to go on loving you this way, sweetheart?" he gasped

"Oh, yes, of course, with interims, dear," sighed Marion. "But couldn't you manage to misunderstand me sometimes?"

"Well, I certainly do not understand you now," replied Gregory.

"Oh, that's an entirely different thing," Marion explained.

Gregory shook his head in perplexity.

"It's one thing not to understand a person at all," explained Marion patiently, "and another thing to misunderstand him—to disagree with him and to quarrel."

"You don't want me to quarrel with you, dearest?" Gregory asked in amazement.

Marion nodded her head.

"Um—hum," she admitted. "It's such fun to make up."

As Gregory burst out laughing a spark of something very like real anger kindled in Marion's brown eyes.

"You're making fun of me," she challenged.

"Of course I am, you foolish little girl," chuckled Gregory, gathering her into his arms in a mighty hug and smothering all her protests.

"Well, that was a failure," emphasized Marion as soon as she could get her breath.

"The hug?" asked Gregory seriously.

"No, of course not," asserted Marion before she could catch back the words. "I meant the quarrel. Just the same, Gregory, I shall think up some way to make our courtship exciting yet."

In spite of this warning Holbrook was completely surprised when he received within forty-eight hours the following note from Marion:

"Dear Gregory—I've thought of something. Aren't you glad? The inspiration came to me while reading the letters of the Brownings. Just imagine our being engaged a whole month without any chance of writing each other love letters! Why, we might have gone on and been married without having a single billet-doux to tie up in ribbon and put away in an old trunk for our grandchildren. So I'm going away You'll find my address below. No, you can't see me off, but be sure to have a long letter to meet me. Oh, isn't it going to be fun? Goodby, dearest. Your devoted MARION.

"P. S.—This will be the first letter in your collection, so be sure to save it."

Holbrook shoved aside a pile of unopened mail and proceeded to write Marion exactly what he thought of her—a strange medley of mild reproach and extravagant endearment. This he sent off "special" and then turned listlessly to his business correspondence.

But as his mind wandered every now and then to the thought of getting a big, bulging envelope from Marion the next morning he became more reconciled to the situation—in fact, quite feverish with anticipation. Marion was right, after all. It was exciting, and absence certainly did make the heart grow fonder.

The next morning Holbrook found his mail, as usual, assorted in classified piles on his desk. Taking up the batch marked "Personal," he began to run it over eagerly. He stopped suddenly as a colored postal card popped unexpectedly into sight. He held it up closer in order to decipher the almost illegibly fine writing.

"Dearest boy," he made out, "it is lovely here, although you may not think so from this P. C. You were a perfect dear to have that long letter waiting here for me. Isn't the scheme working out beautifully? No time for more now. Write as soon as you get this. M."

For a few wrathful moments Holbrook sat chewing viciously on the end of his penholder. Suddenly, with the manner of one who has made up his mind, he threw it down and called his stenographer.

"My dear Miss Earle," he dictated, "thinking you may find it more convenient in our future correspondence to have on hand some of my self addressed business envelopes, I am having a dozen of them sent to you under separate cover. More will be forwarded as soon as the supply is exhausted.

"You failed to state in your recent communication how long you think it will take for your scheme to materialize. Please do not fail to notify me on this point at your earliest convenience. Respectfully yours," etc.

Sooner than Gregory had deemed it possible the post brought back to him one of his "half addressed" envelopes. He opened it with mingled emotion of curiosity and apprehension.

"My dear Mr. Holbrook," he read, and looked very sober as he did so, "you see I have taken your hint, or, rather, am obeying your orders. I regret that the postal card offended you It was at the time my only means of communication.

"May I request, however, that in 'our future correspondence' you favor me with written rather than dictated letters? Undoubtedly you were driven to this expedient by the press of business.

"As to the length of time it will probably take for the fruition of my scheme, I am sorry to say that from the way things are progressing at present it is impossible to predict any definite date.

"Sincerely yours (by which I mean I'm not joking),

MARION EARLE."

"Well, bless her fiery little heart!" exclaimed Holbrook mentally. "This will never do at all. She shall have all the love letters she wants to tie up in ribbons." And he started to suit the action to the words.

He had proceeded no further than "Dear in my heart," however, when a telegram was handed him.

"Coming home," he read, with amazement. "Need not write. Meet me, 4:30 train. MARION."

Holbrook signed for the message with an exuberant flourish and tore his affectionate salutation into undecipherable fragments.

When, later in the afternoon, Gregory was seated before a hearth fire with Marion's curly brown head on his shoulder, as of old, he asked with mock solemnity:

"You don't find it monotonous, do you, Marion, loving me this way?"

For answer Marion drew from some mysterious hiding place two very crumbled letters and, holding them up, looked at her fiance sternly.

"Isn't that a romantic collection to hand down to one's grandchildren?" she asked him accusingly. "Just two letters, and one a typewritten call down!"

"As romantic as mine, anyway," retaliated Gregory, displaying a picture postal card, a self addressed envelope and a telegram.

"The postal card made you mad, didn't it, dearest boy?" teased Marion.

Gregory refused to commit himself.

"I knew it would," continued Marion, laughing at him. "That's why I sent it."

Gregory tore the card in two and threw it, with all the rest of their correspondence, into the fire.

"Oh, Gregory!" exclaimed Marion tearfully as she darted toward the rescue of her "love letters."

But Gregory restrained her forcibly, and together they watched their sentimental legacy blaze up, flicker and disappear.

When Gregory looked down into Marion's face, wonderfully beautiful in the firelight, he was surprised to see her smiling—indeed, almost laughing.

"Isn't it all lovely?" she asked him roguishly.

"What's lovely?" asked her big, puzzled lover. "I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Why," Marion made clear to him, "we've really quarreled, and now comes the fun of making up, you old stupid."

Scientific Fun With a Spider.

It occurred to a scientist in Washington to try what effect the sound of a tuning fork would have on a spider. He had a strong suspicion that the spider would take it for the buzzing of a fly. Selecting a large, fat spider that had long been feasting on flies, the man of science sounded the fork and touched a thread of the spider's web.

The owner was at one edge of its web, and the thread selected was on the other side. Over its wonderful telephone wires the buzzing sound was conveyed to the watchful spider, but from its position it could not tell along which particular line the sound was traveling. It ran to the center of the web in hot haste and felt all round till it touched the thread against the other end of which the fork was sounding. Then, taking another thread along as a precautionary measure, it ran out to the fork and sprang upon it.

At this point it found out its mistake. It retreated for a short distance and stopped to survey this new buzzing creature that should have been a fly, but was strangely unlike any insect it had ever seen. At length, apparently convinced that the object at the outer edge of the web was more suitable for amusement than for an article of diet, it got on it and danced with pleasure. It was evident that the sound of the fork was music to it.—Washington Star.

A Story of Saint Gaudens.

The eminent and lamented sculptor Saint Gaudens while living in Rome had a fountain in his studio which he declared to be the source of his inspiration, and when he returned to America he missed the sound of the trickling waters. It occurred to him that a substitute for the genii in the fountain might be obtained by tying down the faucet in the lavatory and thus having a constant flow of soul inspiring aqua, a delightful accompaniment to hard work. The arrangement worked very well, and the delusion was perfect, so far as sound, if not sight, was concerned. Work progressed rapidly and well with the inspiration of the genii in the faucet, and the day came when the finished work must be removed to other quarters, which removal required the assistance of the janitor. The sculptor rang the bell for that dusky person, and after repeated summons receiving no reply Saint Gaudens descended to the regions below, where he found the man of all work pumping away for dear life.

On Saint Gaudens inquiring why he had received no reply to his summons the negro replied that he was sorry not to be able to answer, "but somehow I can't keep no watah in this here tank, sir."—American Art News.

Honest Graft.

"Jones made the best part of his money by grafting."

"Why, I thought he had such a high reputation for honesty."

"So he has. He must graft, though, for he keeps a fruit nursery."—Baltimore American.

Curiosity.

If you want to find out how busy men are, paint a red ring on your door. Every man who passes will stop to find out what it is for and then wait until the next man comes along that he may tell about it.—Atchison Globe.

Trollope's Recipe For Novel Writing.

Mr. Trollope wrote immensely and never waited for inspiration. He said the best recipe he knew for novel writing was a patch of cobbler's wax on his chair and to take great care he sat on it.—"Leaves From a Life."

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1908

THE MERGER.

Opposition to the absorption of the Boston and Maine Railroad by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Company appears to be gaining strength rapidly. The last large association to voice its opposition to the scheme was the Boston Chamber of Commerce which adopted strong resolutions last week hostile to it, and chose a committee of its leading members and prominent business men as a Legislative force to head off, if possible, the proposed merger. Mr. Elwyn G Preston of this city, Treasurer of the R. H. White Company of Boston, and former Secretary of the Chamber, is one of the committee of five, and Franklin P. Shumway, a well known Boston business man, is another. The committee are instructed to do all that lies in their power to swamp President Mellen's project to swallow the B. & M. Previously, the State Board of Trade, a powerful organization, had set its face firmly against the merger, and taken steps to put up a vigorous fight against it. At last accounts the Massachusetts Antimerger League had a membership of over 20,000 business men of the State, with daily important additions.

With such forces arrayed against it, the Merger, it would seem, will have a hard time in getting through the Legislature, if, indeed, it comes anywhere near doing so, which is exceedingly doubtful.

OF COURSE!

A week ago today, towit, April 24, the Massachusetts House of Representatives voted, 89 to 74, to increase the salaries of the members of both branches of the present Legislature from $750 to $1000, notwithstanding the strong public sentiment against it.

Looking over the rollcall we were highly gratified to find the names of Andrew R. Linscott of Woburn, and James W. Killam of Reading, Representatives from this District, recorded in opposition to the measure.

It was a shortsighted as well as an unjust piece of legislation on the part of the majority, and Messrs. Linscott and Killam, being men of sterling character, sound sense, and unquestioned probity, their action was no surprise to those acquainted with them.

WHERE ARE THE FLAGS?

By command of a statute law of this State the American Flag must fly over public schoolhouses every day in the year when the schools are in session. The law is mandatory, and must be obeyed.

The War Veterans and Grand Army men are redhot over the absence of the Flags from the schoolhouses in this city for the last 10 days, or more. They want to know why the neglect, or indifference, on the part of the authorities to which the absence of Flags is due. And they are bound to find out, too.

MOVING ALONG.

The Congressional Committee on appropriations for public buildings reported last week in favor of $500,000 for the Boston Custom site; $100,000 for Federal building in Chelsea; and sums for several other Massachusetts towns and cities, including Woburn.

Thus things are coming our way surely, if slowly, and the erection of a government postoffice building in this city at no distant day is an assured fact.

NOT TO CUT WAGES.

The announcement was made last Wednesday that the Boston & Maine Railroad Company have reconsidered their decision to reduce the pay of the employees, and that there will be no cut-down at present, at least.

This good news for the employees indicates better business and increasing prosperity for the company.

☞ An agent of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston gave a talk at the meeting of the Board of Public Works last Monday evening which ought to result, speedily, in a more satisfactory system of lighting the streets of this city than now exists. He showed, clearly, and in a convincing manner, that the antiquated and mossbacked moon system now in vogue here might be changed to a modern and more sensible one of every night illumination to 1 o'clock, a. m., moon, or no moon, at very little, if any, additional cost. This is made possible by improvements in the mode of lighting. Why will not the Council embrace this opportunity to get out of the ruts, and show that the city is alive? The JOURNAL has been, for a long while, urging a better way of lighting our thoroughfares, and it may be that this offer of the Edison Company will soon bring about a change.

☞ In a communication to the City Council Mayor Blodgett makes it plain that he does not believe the Council have legal right to fix water rates in this city; on the contrary, he contends that such power is lodged in the Board of Public Works. What the Council may think about it remains to be seen. City Solicitor Converse takes issue with the Mayor, and decides in favor of the Council. The water takers foot the bills, and, naturally, it can't make much difference to them who fixes the rates.

☞ It looks as though Secretary Taft would be nominated on the first ballot at the Chicago convention next month. There will, doubtless, be votes for "favorite sons," but they can hardly muster strength enough to overcome the solidly organized Taft forces, or prevent them from sweeping the board on the first heat. Taft has delegates enough in sight to warrant such a conclusion.

☞ Last Wednesday Mayor Blodgett suspended Lieut. Thomas Mulkeen of the Police Department for a period of 10 days. The reason given for the act was "solely because of your relations with Frank Clancy;" and then the Mayor goes on and specifies those relations so far as they had a supposed bearing on the Duncan store fire.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

E. F. Johnson—Citation.
C. D. Adams—Mort. Sale.
W. E. Blodgett—Statement.

— The Library playground is being put into working order by city employees.

— The Jogalongs are to play ball at Reading tomorrow. And may the best man win.

— A great many Woburn people went to Chelsea last Sunday to see the fire ruins.

— The venerable A. V. Haynes is under the weather at his home on Montvale avenue.

— A letter from an esteemed Illinois friend, Mr. R. D. Boice, was perused by us the other day with lively interest.

— About $70 was contributed at the Congregational church last Sunday for the Chelsea sufferers. That was doing firstrate.

— The First Church of Christ Scientist, Woburn, collected $24 last Sunday, which was sent to Chelsea Relief Fund.

— The congregation at St. Charles church were treated to a good, sound talk on temperance by Fr. Russell last Sunday, and liked it.

— Last Saturday's registration for attendance at the Industrial School was 560—217 in woodworking, 204 in sewing, 139 in cooking.

— The new pump for the waterworks is finished and about ready for installation. Some of the parts were shipped to this city several days ago.

— The South End Social Club gave a fine minstrel show last Monday evening. It was their 10th annual burned cork performance, and attracted a large audience.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Delegates and others from the Woburn First church attended the spring session of the Woburn Conference of Congregational churches at Billerica last Tuesday.

— In his marriage notice it should have been printed Louis H. Dow, instead of Louis T., or Louis B. Dow. Mistakes sometimes happen in the best regulated families.

— Mr. Lamprey, local agent of the American Express Co., was called to his home at Hampton last Monday by the death of his father. He expected to be absent several days.

— Carl, Thad and Irene Foster of Church avenue were star performers on the cornet, violin, and dancing, at an entertainment given by the Reading Rebekahs last Tuesday evening.

— Today the Board of Assessors enter upon the task of listing property for taxation in this city. About Aug. 1 look out for the result of their work, and prepare to draw your wallets.

— Miss Annie Skinner and John Cole Andrews, printer, were the fortunate winners of the prizes at the delightful whist party given by Miss Dora A. Winn last Saturday evening.

— It was Miss Dora Buss and her lady assistant to whom the JOURNAL returned thanks the other morning for "comps" to the Floating Hospital May party to come off in Lyceum Hall this evening.

— There is not as much building of residences going on here this spring as those interested in the prosperity of the city would like to see. Still, the Barker Lumber Co. are doing something all the time.

— Last Sunday collections were taken up in the several churches in this city in behalf of the Chelsea sufferers. Responses to appeals were liberal. Our people have contributed generously to the Chelsea Relief Fund.

— The angry stir that the War Veterans are making over the absence of the American Flag from the gables of our schoolhouses for the last 10 days is likely to cause the school authorities to get a move on. They know the law, or ought to.

— Landlord Doherty of the Central House is undecided as to his business plans for the "dry" year that begins today. He has not seriously thought of buying or renting a hotel in Boston, a good deal of talk to the contrary, notwithstanding.

— The posters executed by the pupils of our schools for the Medico ball to be given on May 6 showed fine work with pencil and brush. They were appropriate, and neatly done. Some 70 pupils tried their skilled hands at producing the pictures and lettering.

— Ald. B. H. Nichols of Warren avenue kindly remembered the JOURNAL the other morning while distributing some russet apples from his farm at Hope, Maine, among friends. They were fine specimens of the excellent fruit which orchards on the Penobscot yield.

— Custom, crystalized into law, forbids the donning of straw hats before June 1 of any year, and, yet, several violations of it were observed on our streets last Monday, one among the offenders being Librarian Cutter. There was no police interference with the guilty parties.

— On July 1 next Harry B. Blye & Co., hardware dealers, are to take up their new business quarters at 359 Main street, opposite the Common, the store now occupied by Parker, the jeweler. It is only three doors from their present store, and one of the best trade locations in the city.

— Mrs. Annie B Phillips is at the home of Hon. Eugene N. Foss, originator and promoter of the late Canadian Reciprocity movement, on Jerusalem Road, Cohasset, where she will visit for a few weeks. She has been the guest of Mrs. Eustace Smith in this city for a few months past.

— A wardrobe, a coat in it, a pocket in the coat, a pipe in the pocket, spark of fire in the pipe—this combination brought the hose companies to the store of Mr. Thomas Moore at 2 o'clock last Monday afternoon who promptly nipped in the bud what might have been the biggest kind of a blaze.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

367 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

"I would like to be Mayor in a No License year."

To the People of Woburn:

Last Fall I spent a good sum of money advertising that sentiment in the local press. By substantial decree of the voters, for which I am deeply appreciative, the wish is now fulfilled.

I fully understand that to me and those under my supervision and control is committed the authority and duty to enforce the No License regime. We look forward to the work with eagerness. Meanwhile I ask the public to have in mind two facts:

1st. If an intoxicated man is seen on the streets it does not necessarily mean that the law has been broken in this city. He may have gotten his liquor out of town or it may have been legally transported into the city. On this latter point we intend to exercise particular vigilance.

2nd. If you have reason to know or believe that the liquor law is being violated here, it is the part of good citizenship not to simply cry out that No License is a failure, but to tell your story to either the Chief of Police or myself, and give us an opportunity to stamp out this particular case.

I wish to say in closing that while we shall welcome this form of assistance, we by no means purpose to depend on suppression of this traffic through volunteer sources; each officer will be held to strict accountability for conditions within his domain.

Respectfully submitted,

WM. E. BLODGETT.

— Last Saturday the Woburn High School baseball team beat the Peabody team 13 to 6. It was the first game of the season by the Ball League, and our boys felt proud of the honor of winning it, as well they might. Here's hoping that the Woburn lads may be as successful all through the season.

— The May party for the benefit of the Floating Hospital Fund is to be given in Lyceum Hall this evening. A fine program is to be executed, including fancy dances and other entertaining performances, the same to be followed by a general dance. Hern's Orchestra, the best, is to furnish music for the party.

— The Bay State Rifle Range, of which Capt. John M. Portal of this city is Superintendent, is to open for business tomorrow, May 2. Capt. J. M. Ellis and his crew of men are doing the preparatory work. The enlarged Range will contain 100 targets. It is a popular resort for Boston and other riflemen.

— If, because of the refusal of the Board to grant liquor licenses to druggists, people, who need a pint of rum to bathe a sprained ankle with, must have a doctor's prescription in order to get it, which will cost him a dollar, at the least, it will be a good thing for the Boston liquor dealers, whose Woburn business will be greatly increased thereby.

— Today ushers in the reign, for one year, at least, of no license for the sale of intoxicating liquors; or, in other words, the "dry" season. Nobody expects, we suppose, that the town is to be absolutely, literally "dry" during the next twelvemonth; but with Mayor Blodgett hold of the reins, and Chief McDermott a close second, it will come pretty near it.

— Open street cars were out in full force last Sunday, and loaded with excursionists. A few were seen on Saturday and previous days, but a complete change from the close winter car to the open and pleasanter one did not materialize until Sunday. It was a great day, with the mercury ranging from 80 upwards, for trolley riding, and everybody, nearly, improved it.

— The entertainment given last week by High School pupils in the assembly hall of the school for the benefit of the H. S. A. A., was handsomely patronized by the public. Mr. Charles T. Grilley of Boston, a prime favorite with Woburn audiences, was the reader and impersonator; and the H. S. Orchestra, and Miss Deborah Curtis added interest to the excellent program.

— The Christian Endeavor Society are to give a musical farce called "College Days" in the vestry of First church next Tuesday evening, May 5, for the benefit of the C. E. mission. It is said to be a pleasing composition, of standard character, and the purpose of the young people is to present it in a manner that will delight the audience. Preparations for this choice entertainment are well advanced.

— Nathaniel Upton has recently arranged with the Edison Company for electric lights in the boat-house on Sturgis street. Joseph W. Kelley has had the house at 2 Tremont street fitted up with electric wiring and has become a customer of the Edison Illuminating Company. The house at 51 Burlington street has also been given this up-to-date improvement and is now occupied by Alexander Porter.

— Mr. Frank Carter will continue to fill the office of Superintendent of the Warren Academy Free Industrial School this summer, with especial charge of the woodworking department. The sewing and cooking classes are to be taught by Miss Gordon and Miss Chadwell. Mr. Carter has had charge of the School for several years, and prior to taking it was, for a long time, at the head of similar institutions of learning in Boston. Under his intelligent management, and as a reward for faithful service, the Warren Academy School has proved a highly gratifying success, and been the means of doing a great deal of substantial and permanent good. Attendance and interest increase year by year.

— No more beautiful and refreshing spring weather than that of yesterday morning ever laid outdoors. It was charming, and its genial breath made vegetation laugh and grow fat.

— Woburn has done well by the Chelsea sufferers. First, the people responded generously to the appeals of the Ward committees for the General Relief Fund; then the churches came forward with money to help their Chelsea brethren; G. A. R. Posts and W. R. Cs, benefit societies, fraternities, clubs, etc., followed; and, take it all around, this city has done the handsome thing by the stricken people of Chelsea.

— It is very doubtful indeed if anyone remembers of ever having seen foliage on the elms and shrubbery develop so rapidly as it has this week. With hand behind his ear one might easily imagine that he could hear the buds on the trees burst and the leaves grow; and as for the lilac bushes, they are beginning to wear quite a summer-like appearance, barring, of course, the sweet scented blossoms. Likewise, currant bushes and grassland.

— Alderman H. L. Andrews and lady, with friends, after viewing the Chelsea ruins last Sunday, repaired to Revere Beach and enjoyed a bangup fish dinner. According to the report which he submitted to the JOURNAL on Monday, the Beach wore anything but a Sunday appearance, the amusement plants being wide open, games and entertainments going on, and some bathers were seen disporting themselves in the breakers on the sands.

— Last Wednesday evening Mr. Charles E. Tripp gave a stereopticon lecture in Montvale chapel on "A tour to California and Return" which pleased an intelligent audience of good size very much. For several years past Mr. Tripp has personally conducted excursion parties to the Pacific Coast and elsewhere over the U. S., in which he has gathered a deal of useful information, which, imparted with pictures, is highly entertaining.

— At a regular meeting of the School Board last Tuesday evening Master Owen of the High School, and Miss Lena M. Page of the Rumford School, were given leave of absence for the remainder of the school year. The contracts for supplying the schools with coal were awarded to Cummings, Chute & Co. and Carter, Eames & Carter. Messrs. Dow and Linscott and Miss Norris were appointed a committee to consider the petition of teachers for a raise of salary.

— It is reported that Rev. Lawrence W. Slattery, who was formerly curate of St. Charles church in this city, and, 10 years ago, was appointed to St. Mary's church at Georgetown, has been assigned as rector of the new Catholic church in Cambridge. While here he was very popular as a minister and citizen, and still has many friends in this community who will be pleased to learn that his fine abilities and devotion to his profession are recognized by the church authorities.

— Last Sunday evening Miss Florence Merriam, a teacher in the Stoneham public schools, passed away at the residence of Mr. Charles F. Buck, 27 High street in that town, where she boarded, after a short illness of pneumonia. The funeral was held at Stoneham on Wednesday afternoon. The deceased was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Merriam of this city, and a sister of Mr. Frank Merriam, a Chelsea druggist. She was born in Woburn where many friends and acquaintances will sincerely mourn her death.

— In another column of this issue of the JOURNAL is a piece taken from the Boston *Transcript* of April 27, instant, respecting the discovery of the famous Baldwin Apple, and the alleged errors of the inscription chisseled on the monument erected in Wilmington which was meant to be a reliable account of such discovery made by Samuel Thompson in 1793. This goes to sustain the contention of many people that true history can't be written, and that Horace Walpole, the great English statesman, was not far out of the way when he said: "Don't read me history, for I know that can't be true."

— This is May Day; "who will be Queen of May, Mother?"

— The Ladies Charitable Society Alliance will meet in the Unitarian church parlor Tuesday afternoon, May 7 at 3 o'clock. There will be an address upon "Liberal Religion in Holland" by Mrs. J. T. Horner followed by a tea. The Sunshine Club will hold a sale throughout the afternoon.

— An immense crowd of people attended the Elks concert in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday evening. All classes of society were represented, and the great company had the time of their lives. The Elks promised the best entertainment ever given here; it filled the bill, and more, too. It didn't leave room for the slightest criticism. Miss Jennie Trecartin, the popular soprano soloist, and Herbert Clarke, the famous cornetist of Sousa's Band, were the star performers and drawing cards, and the greetings they received from the throng of ladies and gentlemen must have done them proud. The managers of the grand affair were entitled to extra praise for the admirable manner it was carried out. Elbert Foland, the humorist, and A. B. Stockbridge, the cello soloist, came in for a big share of the liberal applause vouchsafed to the whole performance, and deserved it, for their parts pleased the audience immensely. Elks and everybody else were delighted with this, the best, concert of the season.

— There is to be a Civil Service examination of applicants for appointment to the position of rural delivery carrier in Woburn to fill a vacancy. All applications to take examinations must be in the proper Department in Washington, D. C., on, or before, May 13, 1908. Blanks for this purpose, and all necessary information to enable the applicant to proceed properly, can be obtained at the Woburn postoffice.

— Last Sunday was another record breaker for heat. The temperature ranged about the same as on the Thursday before, April 23, the maximum figure reaching 82 in the shade in this city, but higher than that in some other localities. Such extreme heat so early in the season is rare. On Monday the thermometers indicated about 70 degrees; but the sky was overcast by clouds and the sun's rays failed to get a good purchase on the weather. However, real summer is not here yet.

— The Woburn Medical Association are to give their second ball in aid of a tubercolosis camp here on Wednesday evening, May 6, in Lyceum Hall. The first one given by them was a complete success in every respect, and the managers are looking for more people to be present next Wednesday evening, and more net money, if possible, than at the initial performance. They think the reason for giving these entertainments appeals strongly to public favor, is appreciated, and that, therefore, the patronage will be generous.

Inscription is Wrong.

In Wilmington there is a monument to the alleged discoverer of the Baldwin apple, Samuel Thompson, who was a surveyor on the old Middlesex Canal. The memorial was erected by the Rumford Historical Association, and the inscription sets forth that the discovery was made in 1793. At the annual meeting of the Association Loammi F. Baldwin, who occupies the old Baldwin mansion in Woburn, called attention to the evidence which indicates that the inscription on the monument is all wrong. He says that the estate where the first Baldwin apple tree was found was occupied by his family since 1666, several generations previous to 1793, so that it must have been discovered long before the latter date. He also stated that there is in the Baldwin mansion a letter written by Governor Bowdoin, dated Feb. 14, 1784, or nine years previous to the date of the "discovery," in which he writes:

Mr. Bowdoin presents his respectful compliments to Colonel Baldwin and begs him to accept his thanks for ye barrel of apples he sent, for which he is much obliged to him, and the more so, as the apples are ye produce of so uncommon a tree.

On the back of this letter is the following copy of the letter which was sent with the apples:

Mr. Baldwin of Woburn presents his compliments to Mr. Bowdoin and begs him to accept a Barrel of a particular species of apple which proceeded from a Tree that originally grew spontaneously in the woods about fourteen miles north of Boston. Woburn, Feb. 13, '84.

As a result of the discovery of this evidence a committee of three, consisting of Judge E. F. Johnson, M. Littlefield and L. F. Baldwin, has been appointed to investigate, so that the story told by the monument to future generations may be a true one.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Cotton Mill South.

Twenty cents in stamps or otherwise sent to the Boston *Evening Transcript* Boston, Mass., will secure for anyone interested the series of articles started Saturday, April 25, in that paper on "The Cotton Mill South." These will appear regularly each Saturday and Wednesday in five articles. They are by the Rev. P. H. Goldsmith, D. D., minister of the First Church of Salem, Mass. (the first church in New England) who is a Southerner by birth, a Northerner by residence. This is an exceptional opportunity to get this series from a man of high standing and character whose viewpoint on this interesting theme is singularly excellent.

ELECTRICITY.

New electric lamps are available which greatly multiply the light. They are aids to economy and will be supplied to customers at equitable rates. Their continued use will result in a large net saving.

Have you learned to be light-wise?

Our Sales Agent is ready to tell you of possible economies if you will write him, or call, or telephone "Oxford 3300 Collect."

THE EDISON Electric Illuminating Co.,

33 39 Boylston St., Roston

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—2d Sunday after Easter.
10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Rev. Wm. H. Osmond, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Everlasting Punishment."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In Somerville, April 28, by Rev. W. H. Persons, Arthur F. Heald of Woburn and Ella M. Coburn of West Somerville.

In Lowell, April 28, by Rev. Michael Lowan, Charles E. Page of Woburn and Katherine Coleman of Lowell.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In Boston, at Mass. Gen. Hospital, April 29, Mary E. F., wife of Alonzo D. Carpenter, of Woburn, aged 68 years, 8 months.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George F. Goode and Elvira W. Goode, his wife in her own right, of Lowell, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, a corporation duly established under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, at Woburn, in said Commonwealth, dated March 1, 1889, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 1896, Page 408, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same will be sold at public auction on the first lot hereinafter described on

Saturday, May 16, 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, except as hereinafter specified, and therein described as follows:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Beach street in said Woburn, containing four (4) acres, be it more or less, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on said Beach street and at land formerly of Horace Conn, thence the line runs a little south of east by and with said Beach street to the wall at land formerly of Rufus Wyman and others; thence a little west of south, by land last named, as the wall now stands to a large stone; thence southeasterly by same land, as the wall now stands, to a corner of the wall; thence southwesterly still by said Wyman's land, as the wall now stands, to a corner of the wall; thence northwesterly, still by last named land, as the wall now stands, to a corner of the wall, at said land formerly of Horace Conn; thence a little east of north by last named land, by the wall and fence, two hundred eighty-six and one-half feet to the point of beginning.

Also: A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, containing twenty-four thousand, three hundred and fifty-four square feet, more or less, situated on Beach street in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises, in the westerly line of said Beach street, and at land above described, from thence the line runs northwesterly by the westerly side of said Beach street, ninety-one and seven tenths feet to Cleveland Avenue; thence a little south of west, with the southerly line of said Cleveland Avenue, two hundred forty-four feet to a stake, by land now or late of Anna E. Cummings; thence east of south, by said Anna E. Cummings's land, one hundred and five-tenths feet, to said land above described; thence northeasterly by land last named, two hundred eighty five and two-tenths feet, to the point of beginning.

EXPRESSLY EXCEPTING THEREFROM a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, released by the said Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank to James J. Smith by partial release dated May 16, 1906, and recorded with said Deeds, Book 3243, Page 205, and bounded and described as follows: A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Cleveland Avenue in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely: Beginning at a point in the southerly side line of said Cleveland Avenue, at land now or formerly of W. H. Cummings, thence the line runs southerly, by and with said Cummings's land, one hundred and one feet to a point; thence the line runs a little north of east, by and with other land described in said mortgage, one hundred and five-tenths feet to a proposed street called Kendall street; thence the line runs northerly, by and with said proposed street, one hundred and seven and fifty-three one hundredths feet to said Cleveland Avenue; thence the line runs westerly, by and with said Cleveland Avenue, one hundred and six and eighty-three one-hundredths feet, to the point of beginning. Containing 10,798 square feet.

The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and other municipal liens if any, and two hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be made known at the sale.

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK,
Mortgagee. By Charlie A. Jones, President.
Woburn, Mass., April 22, 1908.

By S. R. KNIGHTS & CO., - Auctioneers

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alvin T. Morrill and wife, Ludovica Dimon Morrill, in her right, to Silas R. Carter, Edwin Irving Sawyer, and James D. Tyler, Trustees of the First Unitarian Society in Eerlin, dated March 31, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 2644, Fol. 258, and duly transferred to the undersigned; for breach of condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction, upon the premises first hereinafter described, on

Monday, May 18, 1908,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:—The following tracts or parcels of land all situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts:

FIRST: A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, to wit:—Northerly by Lexington street, by land of Jacob M. Ellis and by land of the heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land of the heirs of Walter Frost, and by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; southerly by land of said Benjamin F. Flagg, by land of William B. Doyle, and by land formerly of Joseph Gardner; westerly by land of Mary G. Pierce.

SECOND: A certain lot of woodland near Horn Pond and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; easterly by land formerly of Stephen Dow; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce; westerly by land of William B. Doyle.

THIRD: A small lot of land bounded as follows, namely:—Southeasterly by Lexington street; northeasterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; northwesterly by Garden street.

FOURTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Locust street; easterly by land now or formerly of James B. and Horace W. Pearsons and by Garden street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by Willow street.

FIFTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Willow street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by land of the heirs of John Weston; northerly by land now or formerly of Doherty, and by John Cummings.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes, tax bills or other municipal liens.

$300 will be required to be paid by purchaser at time of sale. For further particulars apply to Andreas Blume, Attorney-at-Law, 27 School street, Boston, Mass.

ANDREAS BLUME, and JAMES W. SPRING,
Trustees, under the will of William Phipps, Mortgagees.
Boston, April 22, 1908.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John Dever, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to John M. Devir, of Malden in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eighteenth day of May, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in said estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty second day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

makes a lot of difference in the kitchen, especially when one is baking. It makes a great difference in a big bakery too. All our bakers—all our employees in fact—are obliged to dress neatly and to maintain that degree of personal cleanliness essential to the best results. In buying Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread you may rest assured that it is not only made right and baked right but handled with the same care that you would give your own bread in your own home.

"Hathaway's Delights the Children."

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON
CAMBRIDGE AND WALTHAM

Ups and Downs.

Whether times are good or bad during the ups and downs of prosperity or depression the diamond, above all other assets one may have, remains at par. It grows in value every year. Cupid's demands must be met at any cost, and there is nothing the prospective groom could invest in that would please his fiancee more than saving up before marriage and investing in a diamond.

Smith & Varney,
JEWELERS.
No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

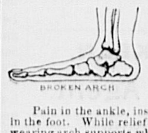
SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS,

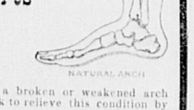
INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

Scientific Arch Supports
— AT —
Reasonable Prices.





Pain in the ankle, instep knee or back is frequently caused by a broken or weakened arch in the foot. While relief is easy to find, yet many, misinformed, seek to relieve this condition by wearing arch supports which are stiff and unsympathetic.

The bones of the foot have the same action as the bones of the hand, therefore an Arch Support that is resilient and will respond to every action of the foot, and still retain its gentle sustaining power on the muscles, is what is wanted. Such a support will give almost instant relief and a foot comfort that is otherwise unknown. The JORDAN ARCH SUPPORT is the only one on the market that brings this relief. Owing to the enormous demand for these goods we are enabled to sell them at the extremely low price of $2.00 PER PAIR. Send for pamphlet. In sending by mail state size of shoe. Checks outside of Massachusetts include 10 cents for exchange.

Highest Grade Elastic Stockings in America

LADY ASSISTANT ALWAYS IN ATTENDANCE.

WALTER F. JORDAN COMPANY,
140 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Warren Cutler, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Mary Elizabeth Cutler, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of May, A.D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary A. Frost, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil—of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Bertha Frost and Frank C. Goddard, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named without giving a surety on their official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of May, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

HARRY DUSTIN JOLL
ARCHITECT
431 MAIN STREET
WOBURN, MASS.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

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GAS STOVES

for cooking and heating. Welsbach lights, Welsbach and Humphry Arc lights, and for everything pertaining to gas lighting apply at office of Company.

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Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

WALTER LINCOLN RICE,
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Lessons at pupils residence if desired.
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TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Vivian Helena Burt
TEACHER OF PIANO
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QUAKER
Wheat Berries
7c. Pkg.

Always sold for 10 cents.

These goods are made from the whole grain of the finest Northern Wheat puffed and baked to a delicious crispness in a temperature of 400 deg. Fahr. Very palatable and nutritious. Try them with maple syrup, cream or fruit juices.

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Tea and Grocery House,
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FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-1.

To assist our customers in securing pretty

Easter Gifts

we are selling our attractive line of

Box Perfumes

at 10 per cent discount from the usual prices.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN

La Grippe
RELIEVED BY OUR
Laxative Cold Tablets
In cases of wasting diseases
Cod Liver Oil Emulsion
will brace you up.

Whitcher's PILL BOX
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John S. Wheeler, late of Woburn in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Everett P. Fox of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of May, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of April in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
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ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adaline B. Church wishes to announce to her patients and friends that she will resume practice in Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church street.

Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.
Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appointment.

Extension Telephones

Saves Time—Energy—Patience.

Convenient for the aged.

Comforting to the invalid.

Invaluable to the business man who regards his time in money equivalents.

Indispensable to the housewife who may have to go up-stairs or down-stairs to answer a telephone call or to send a message.

The convenience tremdously out-weighs the cost. Ask your neighbor who has one, or, for further particulars call up the Local Manager. (No charge for such a call).

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

ButterNut

Butternut Bread
is sold by the thousand loaves daily.
Why?
Because it is what people want.
It meets the demand for a richs wholesome satisfying bread at a moderate cost. It leads in sales because it excels in quality.
BUTTERNUT BREAD is totally different from MILK Bread, Cream Bread or Malt Bread.
It is as nourishing as butter, as sweet as a nut.
Isn't it worth a trial?
Try it.
Be kind to your stomach—buy BUTTFRNUT.
Five cents

GEO. G. FOX CO.,
BOSTON.

Antimerger—State Board of Trade.

The Mass. State Board of Trade, a powerful organization, recently adopted the following resolutions against the Merger:

"WHEREAS the question of the proposed control of the Boston & Maine Railroad by the New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. Co. is of vital and far-reaching importance not only to Massachusetts but to all New England; and

"WHEREAS the evident intention of the Legislature of 1907, as expressed in the so-called Cole Bill, and as repeated in the report of the Commission on Commerce and Industry, was that before any control was exercised by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company over the stock of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, the subject should be carefully investigated and reported upon by the Board of Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts after public hearing; the said Board having power to examine witnesses under oath, and to require books of account and records. Owing to the neglect of the New Haven Company, no opportunity for such an examination having yet occurred, it is believed to be unwise and unbusinesslike that the proposed control should not be permitted until the wise provision of the Legislature of 1907 is carried out. Therefore be it

"*Resolved* that the Executive Council of the Massachusetts State Board of [illegible] respectfully petition that before [illegible] action favorable to the proposed any [illegible] of the Boston & Maine Railroad control [illegible] York & New Haven Railroad by the Ne[illegible] other railroad company road Co., or [illegible] permitted, the question is authorized or [illegible] be referred to the of such control [illegible] Commissioners for Board of Railroad [illegible] in accordance examination and report, [illegible] of the with the evident expectat[illegible] Legislature of 1907."

Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, A Powder.

It makes walking easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Sweating feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

In announcing the first stock production of David Belasco's famous play "The Girl of the Golden West" at the Boston Theatre next week Manager Morison gives another evidence of his desire to secure for his patrons all that is latest and best in the line of dramatic literature. It is less than six months since the play was seen in this city at the prices charged at the combination houses and Manager Morison has exceeded all previous limits in the way of royalties in order to give its first presentation here at the popular prices possible in stock company productions. In order to present the play under the best possible auspices Manager Morison has contracted for the use of the entire stage outfit designed and constructed under Manager Belasco's supervision for the original New York production.

CASTLE SQUARE.

By special request, or rather as the result of a score or more of requests, that greatest of all emotional dramas, "East Lynne," will be given in an elaborate revival at the Castle Square Theatre, the week beginning May 4. As an evidence of the popularity of this play, may be stated that it fell only a few votes behind the winners of last years' Play-goers Contest, and was second in the forty-five plays. The last time given at this theatre, people were turned away at each performance. The Boston Museum version of Mrs. Henry Wood's novel will be used in the present production of "East Lynne. This is, by all odds, the best of the versions made. It is in five acts and twelve scenes, and a special scenic vestment is being made for the production.

A Salary Grab.

Of course the bill to raise the salaries of members of the present Legislature from $750 to $1000 will be defeated, before it gets to the acting Governor; but if the Republican members of that body are really anxious to give their constituents cause for looking around for some successors, they can very easily do so by voting for the passage of the salary grab. There is no popular demand for the increase of salaries of Legislators in Massachusetts, especially just now when the aim of every Legislator should be to keep taxes down as low as possible; but when the members of the Legislature talk of increasing their own salaries, they are talking of a flat salary grab, and they know it. They knew exactly what their salary would be, when they were elected. And to take advantage of the trust reposed in them to, use their positions for their own enrichment would be such an impudent and inexcusable breach of public trust that every Legislator guilty of participation in it should be held responsible by his constituents, if any such law passes.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Literary Notices.

Herman Pfeifer's beautiful prize cover gives much distinction to the May WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Another notable art feature of this magazine is a full-page reproduction of William Balfour Ker's painting, Memories An aged Civil War veteran is carrying his company's colors in a Decoration Day parade, his eyes almost closed in reverie. Behind him crowd the vague, shadowy forms of the gallant youths who followed the colors with him nearly half a century ago. Dr. Edward Everett Hale gives some good advice to young married folk. In Are We Ready for Our Children? The May issue is rich in fiction—Dog-in-the Manger, A Heart Specialist, Pancake Neighbors, The Gentle Highwayman, are titles which will give some idea of the entertainment this magazine contains.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

W. C. T. U.

The regular meeting on Monday, April 27, was well attended and various communications received by the Secretary were considered. It was decided to defer, until later, any contribution for the Chelsea sufferers, as nearly all had given through other channels, and some through several, to this work.

Five dollars was voted for the Willard Y Settlement in Boston, an organization under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. for helping poor girls. There was a little hesitation at first, in sending so much from a small Union; but, as our practical President remarked, "if we need more money in the fall, we must go to work and earn it.

One new department will be taken this year, that of work for soldiers and sailors, Mrs. Ward being chosen Superintendent.

Delegates were chosen to the Middlesex County convention, which will meet May 20, at Watertown. Attention was called to the L. T. L. convention, which meets soon in this city.

PRESS SUPT.

WINCHESTER.

The fishing question is still agitating the public mind.

Patriots Day passed off quite unheeded by our people.

The bowling interests of the town are to be continued in the hands of Judge Littlefield, the ablest exponent of the high art tenpins in Massachusetts.

The stores in the center of the town are not to have victuallers licenses this year, but the restaurants are to get them. Large petitions influenced this decision of the Selectmen.

The town responded generously to the urgent call for help for the Chelsea sufferers. Our people sent money, clothing and other things in great abundance. The K. of C. gave $50

The Democracy of this town are solid for Bryan for President. The caucus voted that way to a man. Brother Tuck, the Democratic wheelhorse, and Bryan manager, with a man by the name of McCarthy, was elected a delegate to the State convention, and he will probably go to Denver.

The Selectmen have made the following appointments: Special Police man, Peter McInnis; Police Patrolmen, Thomas P. Dotten, John A. Harold, James V. O'Connell, James P. Hargrove, Thomas McCauley, Daniel P. Kelley; Fire Engineers, Irving L. Symmes, Dr. C. J. Allen, David H. DeCourcey; Forest Warden, Irving L Symmes; Registrar of Voters for three years, James H. Roach.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE

By virtue of and in pursuance of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John R Carter to John M. Harlow, Trustee under the will of Charles Choate, late of Woburn, Mass., deceased, dated May 24th, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Libro 2369, Folio 385, which mortgage was duly assigned to Isaac Sprague, Trustee for Helen O. Sprague, under the will of said Charles Choate, by assignment dated December 10th, 1903, and recorded with said Deeds, libro 3075, folio 235, and again assigned by said Isaac Sprague, Trustee as aforesaid to Herbert B. Dow and Charles D. Adams, Executors of the will of Lydia G. Choate, late of said Woburn, by assignment dated January 31st, 1906, and recorded with said Deeds, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on

Monday, the twenty-fifth day of May, A. D., 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:—

A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing about one and one-half acres, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on the easterly side of Main street, at land of S. Franksford Trull, from thence the line runs southerly by and with said Main street, one hundred and fifty and 73-100 feet to a stake at my other land; thence turning the line runs northeasterly on and by said other land one hundred and fifty-four and 27-100 (154.27) feet to a stake; thence turning the line runs south 9° 50′ east by my said other land and by land of Fred H. Burdett, one hundred and six and 16-100 feet to New Boston street; thence turning the line runs northeasterly by and with said New Boston street, twenty and 44-100 feet to land of Everett P. Fox; thence turning the line runs northerly on and by said land of said Fox, one hundred feet to a corner; thence turning the line runs north of east still by said land of Fox sixty-seven and 2-10 feet; thence more northerly by land of Adeline Place, one hundred seventy-three and 8-10 feet and thence slightly deflecting to the left still by said land of Place forty-eight feet to an angle; thence turning the line runs northerly still by land of said Place, ninety-five feet to land of Pierce; thence turning the line runs westerly on and by said land of Pierce, one hundred and forty-five and 2-10 feet to a stake at my other land; thence turning the line runs southerly by my said other land eighty-one and 3-10 feet, to a stake; thence westerly again by my said other land and by land of S. Franksford Trull aforesaid, two hundred forty-two and 5-10 feet to the point of beginning. Being the same premises, in part, described in a deed to the grantor from Adaline Place dated May 24, 1895, and subject to the restrictions therein referred to.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, tax titles, or assessments, if any.

Terms: $500. at time and place of sale, balance in ten days.

HERBERT B. DOW and CHARLES D. ADAMS, Executors of the will of Lydia G. Choate, assignees and present holders of said mortgage.

Chas. D. Adams Atty.
10 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Annie C. McCormick, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Edward F. Johnson, of Woburn in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-first day of May, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

The mark of QUALITY

On Silver Plate can only be determined after long years of actual service unless you purchase ware bearing a well known trade-mark. For over half a century Spoons, Forks, etc., stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros"

Have been in use and given perfect satisfaction. They are sold by leading dealers everywhere. For catalogue No. 6 of new designs send to the makers

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.,
Meriden, Conn.

Take no substitute
Remember 1847

Middlesex Base Ball League.

The following games will be played in Middlesex league this season:

May 2, Saugus at Peabody.
May 13, Peabody at Saugus.
May 16, Woburn at Stoneham.
May 20, Saugus at Woburn.
May 23, Stoneham at Peabody.
May 27, Stoneham at Saugus.
June 6, Peabody at Woburn.
June 10, Saugus at Stoneham.
June 13, Woburn at Saugus.
June 20, Stoneham at Woburn.

How a Hat Is Sized.

C. writes that the size of a hat is calculated on a curious principle. It is the length plus the breadth divided by 2. Thus a head 8¾ inches long and 5¾ inches broad would require a hat size of 14½ divided by 2, which is 7¼ —Gladstone's size.

Your correspondent C. is perfectly right in his description of the curious way in which the size of a hat is obtained, writes G., but his sample dimensions are slightly misleading. Such an "oval" as 8¾ inches by 5¾ inches would scarcely be met with twice in a lifetime. The normal difference between the length and width (technically called the "oval") is invariably through the gamut of sizes 1½ inches. Thus an ordinary 6¾ hat would measure 7½ inches long and 6 inches wide and a 7¼ (four sizes bigger) 8 inches long and 6½ inches wide. The longest head I have measured in many thousands was 8⅝ by 7⅝, which is the equivalent of a 2¾ inch oval. Needless to say, the inside of the hat was the shape of a canalboat. — Manchester Guardian.

It Did Not Work.

Mrs. Billings was installing the new cook, a maiden from Finland, to whom the kitchen contrivances of America were new and wonderful. "This, Ina," said the lady, indicating a perforated wooden board that hung against the kitchen wall, "is the order list. See, it says 'butter, eggs, sugar, coffee, tea, molasses'—everything that we need to eat. Whenever we are out of any of these things all you need to do is to place one of these little pegs in the hole opposite the name and the things will be ordered."

Mrs. Billings is not a methodical housekeeper. There were several consecutive days when she completely forgot the existence of the order list in the kitchen, but Ina labored with it faithfully.

"Meesis," pleaded Ina, after struggling with the order board for three days, "I tank dose board must be out of order. I push dose peg in yust so far as I can, but notting will come—no egg, no butter, no nottings."—Youth's Companion.

The Voice and the Phonograph.

A vaudeville monologue man met a friend in a Broadway car. After they had talked awhile the friend said:

"I've been conscious ever since we began to talk of some change in you, but I couldn't make out what. I know now. It is your voice. You speak so much more distinctly than you used to."

"That is because I have been talking into a phonograph," said the vaudeville performer. "The surest remedy on earth for slovenly speech is to hear a little lecture of your own rolled off a phonograph record and find that about half the words have been pronounced in direct opposition to Webster and all the rest of the authorities. That was my experience. I practiced for two months hard before I could improve a speech that had been good enough for the theater up to the point where it would pass muster in a talking machine."—New York Sun.

A Curious Ear.

The catfish uses his lungs as an organ of hearing. The needless lung becomes a closed sac filled with air and commonly known as the swim bladder. In the catfish, as in the suckers, chubs and most brook fish, the air bladder is large and is connected by a slender tube, the remains of the trachea, to the esophagus. At its front it fits closely to the vertebral column. The anterior vertebrae are much enlarged, twisted together, and through them passes a chain of bones, which connects with the hidden cavity of the air. The bladder therefore assists the ear of the catfish as the tympanum, and its bones assist the ear of the higher animals. An ear of this sort can carry little range of variety in sound. It probably gives only the impression of jars or disturbances in the water.

More About Crusoe.

Robinson Crusoe had just discovered human footprints on his island.

He followed them up.

They led him to a knoll overlooking the sea on which somebody had put up a billboard with this inscription painted upon it:

Use Bunk's Pills
For All Liver Troubles.
25 Cents a Bottle.

Owing to the avarice and greed of the publishers, however, who refused to incorporate this incident in the story unless paid regular advertising rates, it was omitted, and the book went to press in the garbled and incomplete form with which the reading public is familiar.—Chicago Tribune.

The First Monotheists.

So far as we know, the Egyptian priests were the first monotheists. There existed in Egypt two kinds of religious teaching, the "exoteric" and the "esoteric," that for the masses of the people and that for the select few, the little company of the "wise." The masses were polytheists, believing in a multitude of gods, while the few believed only in one god, of whom Osiris, head of the popular deities, was but a weak reflection.—New York American.

Stands For Many.

Boy—Cow is a noun, feminine gender, third person singular, and stands for Mary.

"Stands for Mary?" asked the master in astonishment.

"Yes, sir," responded the urchin, with a grin, "for if the cow didn't stand for Mary how could Mary milk the cow?"—London Express.

Some family trees seem never to bear anything but lemons.—Dallas News.

His Regular Business.

"Isn't it taking your son a long time to get through college? It seems to me this must be his sixth or seventh year."

"It is, but going to college has become his regular business. Why, the team wouldn't stand any show without him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Effective.

"What do you regard as the best protection from burglars?"

"Well, I have found that being independently poor is effective."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

- - MALTOL - -

A scientific preparation of Malt and Cod Liver Oil with the disagreeable taste removed. Also contains Hypophosphites and Pepsin which makes it a good appetizer and stomach tonic.

Persons convalesing after severe illness or those who have that tired feeling will well appreciate its bracing effects at once

Price 50c. Pint Bottle

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Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.
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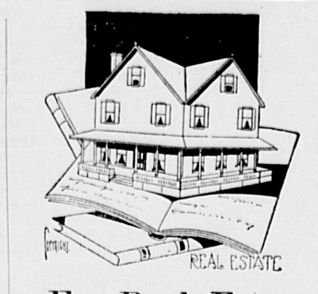
☞ We Deliver Free by Messenger.

Am sorry for my friends who lose all. I went to Place and got insured. Shall sleep to-night and get a check in the morning.



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor. Go in on the level. He will treat you on the square. Don't forget 416 Ma in street.

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Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

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Kenosha, Wis.

Black Cat
HOSIERY
For School and Play

COPELAND & BOWSER,
399-401 Main Street.
WOBURN.

Another Memorial Day

will soon be here, and still many graves of loved ones remain unadorned.

The habit of "putting off" grows with each succeeding month. Start this Spring right and place your orders with us at once.

Best Material. Best Workmanship.

New England Monument Co.
JOHN H. HERN W. G. CARL ROESSLER.
117 Salem Street, opposite Woodbrook Cemetery, WOBURN

1908 Wall Papers 1908

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Delaying a Voyage.

By FRANCES TRUMBULL.

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Had either Paul or Kate been less stubborn their little misunderstanding would have healed quickly, and the solitaire would have gleamed on Kate's finger instead of hiding its brilliant light in a tiny corner of the safe in Paul's office. Instead pride held sway, and just to show that she did not care Kate flirted outrageously with John Trent.

Just who Trent was no one seemed to know exactly. It was said that he was looking for a site for a summer hotel which should bring prosperity to the island. Certain it was that a speedy team from the livery took him on many tours of the island, and during these trips Kate frequently occupied the seat of the cutter with him.

Paul Condon, whose duties held him closely at the dock, watched them speed past on their way to visit some likely location, and, with a heavy heart, he wondered what the outcome would be. He neither liked nor trusted Trent, wherein he stood alone, for Trent had wormed himself into the good graces of most of the islanders. At the simple entertainments of its social life he was always the most welcome guest, while Paul, glowering in a corner and refusing to take part in any of the games suggested by Trent, found less and less sympathy as Trent's popularity grew.

It was not often that Paul attended social affairs now, urging the office as an excuse, though he had not found it difficult to leave the dock even on sailing nights when he was to act as escort to Kate Pyfrom. He and his father owned the steamer Robert G., which made semiweekly trips to the mainland. In winter this was about the only means of communication, for the heavy gales made the passage of the pleasure sloops almost impossible, and the stancher boats were engaged on the fishing banks. The Robert G. carried the catch across the strait to the city, and it was this traffic which made a regular communication with the mainland possible.

The sailings were scheduled for 6 o'clock, but if the fishing boats were late coming in the steamer would be held until their arrival, and frequently it was long after midnight before the start was made.

This furnished Paul with the excuse for remaining away from merrymakings, and gradually in the society of the fishermen and merchants he heard little of what was going on, though Kate's increasing fondness for Trent was gossip even among the seafarers.

So completely had he isolated himself from the local gossip that he was surprised when one sailing day George Pyfrom drove his daughter up to the dock and engaged passage for her across to the mainland.

"She's going to visit her Aunt Kate down to Boston," he explained as he laid down the money for a round trip ticket. "It's good for young folks to visit around a bit. I think a trip to Boston would be good for you just now, Paul."

There was meaning in the tones, but Paul shook his head.

"I guess there's no chance even in Boston, captain," he declared. "I guess I've lost all hold on Kate."

Pyfrom, unconvinced, shook his head, but he offered no further argument, and after learning that the fishing fleet would be in late he stamped out of the office and on board the steamer to see that Kate was made comfortable.

It was the rule that passengers should be aboard at the announced sailing time, and when 6 o'clock came Paul locked the ticket drawer and went out on the dock to look after some freight. He studiously avoided glancing toward the after part of the steamer, where the passenger accommodations were, and he did not notice the white, wistful face pressed against the pane of one of the staterooms.

Nor did he see that the face was still there when he returned from supper and the first of the fishing fleet lined up alongside of the dock and began to pass the barrels of fish across the dock to the steamer.

From that time on all was confusion. As rapidly as a boat could unload she gave place to another, and by midnight the last of the cargoes was stowed and the sailors began to make preparations to cast off.

Paul had gone to the gangplank to see that all was right when Trent endeavored to press past him. For a moment Paul hesitated, then resolutely he barred the way.

"Tickets," he demanded. Trent laughed.

"I'll fix it with the purser," he assured.

"You cannot get aboard without a ticket," Paul insisted.

"Then sell me one," suggested Trent, setting down his suit case and drawing out his bill fold.

"The sale of tickets stopped at 6 o'clock," reminded Paul. "No more tickets will be sold for this voyage. You will have to wait until Thursday."

"It is vital that I should catch this boat," declared Trent. "I just happened to remember that I have an important stockholders' meeting in New York on Friday."

"You should have remembered before 6 o'clock," said Paul. "I cannot let you board the steamer now."

"You can't stop me," blustered Trent. "You are a common carrier, and you have to give me passage."

"I know the law," insisted Paul. "You cannot sail on the Robert G. tonight. That is all there is to it."

"Afraid that I'm going to elope with Kate?" sneered Trent.

"I thought that you knew she was aboard," retorted Paul. "I tell you that you can't sail."

With an oath Trent struck at his rival, but the blow was easily blocked and the next instant Paul had Trent by the collar. Dragging him away from the gangplank, he gave orders for the plank to be removed, but just as the crew grasped the ropes to carry out his command a slender figure sped across the already moving boards and sprang between the two men.

"You must let Mr. Trent come, Paul," pleaded Kate. "I know that it is important that he should reach the mainland. Won't you please let him come?"

"Not until he explains this."

The three started at the sound of Captain Crosby's voice, and Trent made an effort to slip from his captors and spring aboard the steamer, which was already slipping past the dock.

Crosby's grasp prevented the move, and Paul and Kate looked with astonishment at the suit case which had been broken open when struck by the gangplank and forced against a post. It was packed solid with greenbacks and bonds in place of clothing.

"It looks to me as though our friend had paid a visit to the bank just before he left," commented Crosby as he extracted two revolvers from Trent's overcoat pockets. "I'm constable here, and I guess we'll put Mr. Trent where he can't get away. He knew that everybody 'd be down to the dock to see the steamer sail and it would be easy to get into the vault of the First National."

One glance at Trent's face showed the constable's surmise to be correct, and, with a little cry, Kate swayed and fell into Paul's arms.

Rapidly he bore her into the tiny office, shutting out the crowd of curious citizens, who thereupon followed Crosby and his prisoner toward the village lockup. It needed only a glass of water to revive Kate, and, with a little moan, she sat up.

"And to think that I was going to elope with him!" she gasped. "He asked father's consent to our marriage, and father refused it. Father was sending me to Boston to forget the disappointment, and it was agreed that John should take the steamer at the last moment. I didn't know that—that"—

"That he was going to rob the bank on his way to the steamer?" asked Paul. "I'm sorry for you, Kate."

"I'm not," she said, with sudden spirit. "I've been silly and stubborn. It has not only saved me from eloping with a thief, but it has shown me"—

She paused in confusion, and Paul took her in his arms.

"It has shown you that it was I, after all?" he questioned.

Her look made answer, and his arms tightened protectingly about the girl.

"We'll sail on the next steamer," he promised, "and it will be on our honeymoon. I guess you'll enjoy the trip more than you would have tonight's voyage."

"I'm glad I waited," assented Kate, but her glance told more than that.

How Do You Laugh?

Laughter varies greatly. In the right kind there is something contagious, even if oneself be the cause of it. It is the product of good humor; there is nothing concealed behind it. Frank, spontaneous and whole souled, it has a beneficial effect both on the laugher and his hearers.

But there are other kinds of laughter. Of these the sneering laugh is the most familiar. Then there is the quiet laugh—a sibilant, secretive sort of thing, which is almost invariably a sign of mischief. Another laugh, disagreeable to hear, is high pitched and nervous sounding. It is the outcome of embarrassment or merely a vocal habit.

Perhaps the worst laugh of all is the mirthless sound occasioned by the distress or embarrassment of others, and it invariably wounds most the butt of it. A person who has been thus laughed at and hurt is never lively to forget the experience.—Liverpool Mercury.

Chinese Parental Authority.

A remarkable event occurred at Tsingkiangpu. A man by the name of King had a son who made his father and mother "lose face" because of the wild, rakish life he led. He gambled, loafed, smoked opium, etc. If he stole, his father would be taken to the yamen, and the whole family would suffer for the son's villainy, and the vital question was, How could the family be protected? At last they arrived at the conclusion that the only way to protect the father and mother was to take extreme measures with the son, which they did with a vengeance. The father and uncle took him out among the graves, followed by a crowd of curious neighbors and friends, and, putting a rope around his neck, each relative pulled on an end, and the son was put beyond ruining the family in this world.—North China Herald.

Right For Once.

In an argument upon modern philanthropy, of which as it is usually conducted he disapproves, a university professor had for opponent a charity expert.

In the argument's course the expert pointed out a case where his society, stepping in with financial aid, unquestionably saved the lives of an entire family.

"Now, what do you say to that?" the expert triumphantly demanded.

"Oh," grumbled the professor, "even modern philanthropy will do good sometimes. It is like the case of a west side Mrs. Malaprop. The rain fell in torrents as she came out of church after the service the other afternoon. She had no umbrella, and she had not ordered her carriage.

"'How irrigating this is!' she exclaimed."—New York Sun.

His Card.

Mr. Newrich, the dust contractor, having made a fortune, part of which he had invested in house property in the east of London, wished to rise, like a phenix, from his ashes into some sort of society. His golden key, applied to the coffers of an impecunious aristocrat, opened the way.

His new friend, among other things, advised him that visiting cards were a necessity, and, as a guide to drawing one up ready for the printer, handed him one of his own, which read, "Harold De Vere, Iona House, Portsmouth Square, W."

Two days later, as De Vere was sitting in his dressing room at breakfast, a servant brought in on a salver a visiting card bearing the following: "Ephraim Newrich, I Own 23 Houses, London, E."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pepys' Kiss.

For more than two centuries the body of Katherine of France, Henry V.'s queen, uncovered in the building of Henry VII.'s chapel, was one of the sideshows seen by every visitor to the abbey. Pepys, indeed, records that on Shrove Tuesday, 1669, he "had the upper part of her body in my hands and did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a queen."—P. P.'s London Weekly.

A Little Matter Among Friends.

Two boys were in fighting attitude, like bantams. Another and a smaller one stood watching them, wiping his eyes, sobbing the while.

"What did yer hit him for?" said one.

"'Tain't none of your business."

"Yes, it is. He's my friend."

"Well, he's my friend too." — New York Globe.

Apples For Health.

A correspondent writes to ask us what he should do when his doctor pays him more visits than are necessary. We would remind our correspondent of the old saying:

An apple a day
Keeps the doctor away.

But the apple must, of course, be well aimed.—Punch.

ONE SAT STILL.

Captain Cook's Walking Stick With Thunder and Lightning.

When Captain Cook's ship, the Endeavor, lay in Mercury bay, New Zealand, in 1769, a brown boy of eight, who afterward became a chief and lived to a great age, went aboard of her. His name was Taniwha.

It was easy enough for the brown boys to pick out Kapene Kuku (Captain Cook) among the men on board, Taniwha said; he was the leader of the "goblins," a very great man. He walked the ship grave and dignified. He held up a nail, a priceless treasure, and, when Taniwha laughed, gave it to him. Then the boys knew that he was good as well as great. They were shocked that a grownup Maori stole a piece of calico.

"They paddled away," Taniwha continued. "The goblin went down into the hold of the ship, but soon came up with a walking stick in his hand and pointed it at the canoe. Thunder pealed and lightning flashed, but those in the canoe paddled on.

"Then they landed. Eight rose to leave the canoe, but the thief sat still with his dogskin mat and the goblin's garment under his feet. His companions called him, but he did not answer. One of them shook him, and the thief fell back into the hold of the canoe, and blood was seen on his clothing and a hole in his back."

THE POLITE FRENCHMAN.

He Will Say "Pardon," but Will Crowd You Off the Pavement.

Among the myths about the Parisians that have been fastened on the world at large is the notion that they are the politest people we have. That is a good old one, but when you come to analyze it its mythical qualities soon show. The Parisians are conversationally polite. They are the greatest artists at the deferential phrase and the obsequious bow.

Actually the Parisian is not polite. He is not even passably polite. He is discourteous and disagreeable. He walks along the streets as if he owned them and refuses to turn out, no matter what the circumstances are. He bumps into passersby who are used to the ordinary street courtesy, swoops upon the best seats in the public conveyances, will not budge an inch when your theater seats are beyond him, crowds you in the restaurants and cafes, ogles every woman he meets and is generally offensive. To be sure, if he sees a chance to get anything away from you or to advance his own interest at your expense, he says "Pardon"—and does what he has in mind. His politeness consists of that one word, "Pardon." So far as his language goes, he is courteous. But it is all conversation.—Samuel T. Blythe in Everybody's Magazine.

Hook Swinging In Bengal.

The people of Gangutia, in Bengal, have or used to have a barbarous practice called hook swinging. They deck themselves out with garlands and then assemble together to undergo the most horrible torture. A wire about a quarter of an inch in diameter and seven feet long is pierced through the tongue, and then the wretched being will dance for over half an hour with the wire still hanging through the tongue. Some of them form themselves into a row and are then sewed together by a wire needle threaded with cord. They are sewed by the arms and look like herrings on a wire when ready for the hook. It is thought that the victims are drugged considerably beforehand owing to the sullen, dazed expression they wear throughout, but sometimes one or two faint and are with great difficulty brought round again.

Weddings and Broken Teeth.

"After every big east side wedding the dentists of the quarter reap a harvest," said a dental surgeon. "It is the broken teeth that keep us busy. I do not mean that the guests raise a row and knock out one another's teeth. Oh, no; it's the wedding cake that does the mischief. Over here bakers mix into wedding cakes every kind of a charm from coins and tiny china dolls to plain tin tags. In the course of the festivities many a luckless guest is bound to crack a tooth on that indigestible part of the wedding feast. At various times the wedding cake victims have talked of getting up a petition imploring the bakers to omit all gritty ingredients, but up to date the snapping of teeth goes merrily on."—New York Sun.

The Longer Title.

If there is a system of abbreviation of mercantile terms in Germany, perhaps all the shorthand clerks know it. There is a little story about social rivalry among a semiofficial class in Berlin: A proud young matron exclaimed in high spirits that she was enjoying the happiest moment of her life. "My Fritz has been appointed hauptkasenverwaltungsassistent!" That means assistant cashier. "Now," she went on, "in my title of hauptkasenverwaltungsassistentin I boast of five letters more than that stuck-up oberhofsteuramtsinspectorin (excise inspector's wife) can claim!"—New York Press.

Effect of the Lesson.

"My!" exclaimed the minister's wife. "I never saw the boys in this street fighting so much as they have lately. There are two of them fighting now, and I'm sure they're members of our Sunday school."

"Ah, I see!" remarked the Rev. Mr. Wise. "Last Sunday's lesson was about David and Goliath." — Philadelphia Press.

Untold Wealth.

"What is 'untold wealth,' pa?"

"The property you keep out of the tax list."—Harper's Weekly.

Her Raven Hair.

"Some novelists don't know what they're talking about. Here's one who speaks of a girl's 'raven hair.'"

"What's wrong with it?"

"All wrong. Ravens don't wear hair. They wear feathers!"—Liverpool Mercury.

No Gift.

"Would you call that orator's eloquence a gift?"

"Not at all. He always charges at least 50 cents admission."—Washington Star.

The greatest quarrels in the world's history have been between people who were once friends.—Atchison Globe.

A Thirst For Knowledge.

Caller—I wish you would tell me what the real difference is between a Stradivarius and any other violin. Information Editor—Well, sometimes it is as much as $5,000.—Chicago Tribune.

The happiness of life consists in something to do, something to love and something to hope for.—Dr. Chalmers.

A Boomerang.

"I know a German editor," said a newspaper man, "who found himself one night when the paper was about to go to press without any editorials. What was he to do? It was too late to write any himself, too late to have any written. Like a flash an inspiration came to him, and, dipping his pen, he wrote hurriedly:

"'After carefully reading the editorials written for the morning's issue by four of the ablest and most brilliant members of our staff we have come to the conclusion that they might be misinterpreted by the authorities and regarded as an attack on the government. We ourselves consider them perfectly innocent, but as we have no desire to see our newspaper confiscated we have very unwillingly, though, as we think, prudently, resolved to withhold the articles in question. This must serve as an apology to our readers for a blank editorial page.'

"Imagine this editor's shock when his secretary telephoned him the next morning that the paper had been confiscated.

"'But—but on what ground?' the editor gasped.

"'For malicious ridicule of the governmental authorities by the omission of the editorials.'"—Los Angeles Times.

Pet Poisoning a Trade.

"Every town has its pet poisoner if you know where to find him," said a druggist. "These men keep my stock of alkaloids on the move. There is a demand for the pet poisoner. Suppose your favorite dog breaks his back. What a relief, then, to summon the pet poisoner and have the animal slain without pain. Cats and birds, dogs and even fish come within the province of the pet poisoner. He charges usually a dollar a case, but if you are rich he won't object to charging you $5 or $10. Some folks in their wills leave directions that their pet dogs or cats be poisoned, fearing that the animals would find life too harsh and sad after their loving owners' decease. Some folks, too, if they are going away for a long time—making a tour of the world, say—have their pets poisoned rather than trust them to servants possibly careless. Mistaken kindness I call such doings, and that, I bet, is what the pets call it too."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Either" and "Neither."

There are two or three things about these two words that one should remember. In the first place, they should never be used in connection with more than two things—as: "It was either Tuesday or Wednesday," not "either Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday;" "it was neither Tuesday nor Wednesday," not "neither Tuesday, Wednesday nor Thursday." Then, either should not be used in the sense of each, as "they walked on, one on either side of the road." It should be one on "each" side of the road. The third caution is about the pronunciation. Some persons insist that they should be pronounced "i-ther" and "ni-ther," with the "i" long. But this is more an affectation perhaps than anything else. The best authorities agree that the right pronunciation is "e-ther" and "ne-ther."—New York World.

"Pinched."

The humor of school and college examinations is perennial. One specimen was contributed by one of the high schools where a girl in the department of history was required to write a brief sketch of Queen Elizabeth. Her paper when turned in was found to contain the following sentence: "Elizabeth was so dishonest that she stole her soldiers' food." The teacher who conducted these examinations was puzzled to know just whence this particular information had percolated into the girl's mind. So, calling her up, she asked the question.

Why," was the ready answer, "that's just what it says in the history."

The book was sent for and the passage examined. It was found to read, "Elizabeth was so parsimonious that she pinched her soldiers' ration."—Bookman.

The Amenities of Oysters.

One of the most profound remarks ever made by that profound philosopher, Thackeray, was when he passed two tubs of oysters side by side, and he saw one was labeled "1s. a dozen" and the other "1s. 3d. a dozen." He exclaimed, "How those oysters must hate each other!"

Well, "even an oyster may be crossed in love," and William Dean Howells has another tale to tell anent the psychology of the oyster. At one of the little suppers that the poet Longfellow gave to the brilliant Cambridge circle James Russell Lowell paused with the pepper box poised above his plate of oysters to say whimsically, "It's astonishing how these fellows love pepper."

"Dear me! You don't say so!" ejaculated a nice, prosy old gentleman who used to sleep through the suppers. The temptation was too strong to be resisted, and Lowell was fairly launched into an account of how a red pepper accidentally dropped into a basket of oysters had been drawn out with half a dozen of the bivalves clinging to it when the ever gentle Longfellow interposed to save his matter of fact old friend.

Grandma's Destination In Doubt.

Ethel is of the mature age of five. Recently her grandmother concluded that it devolved on her to instruct the child in religious matters.

"You must be a good girl, Ethel," she said. "Then you will go to heaven when you die."

Ethel seemed scarcely pleased with this reward for exceptional conduct.

"Don't you want to go to heaven?" asked grandma with a look of reproach.

"Oh, I don't know," temporized Ethel. "I guess not."

"Why not?" demanded grandma severely.

"Because maybe I couldn't get out," answered Ethel.

"You wouldn't want to get out," replied grandma.

"Oh, yes, I should," returned Ethel with conviction.

"No," argued grandma, "you would not. Why should you want to get out of heaven?"

"Why," answered Ethel, "I guess I'd want to go and see you once in awhile, wouldn't I?"—Woman's Home Companion.

Identified.

Although straws usually tell which way the wind blows, occasionally even the proverbial straw proves misleading.

Previously to entering the railroad yards an ablebodied loafer picked up a small, glittering object from the sidewalk and, without examining it very closely, pinned it to his coat. Three minutes later he collided with a slowly moving freight train, was hurled against a post and picked up insensible.

The train dispatcher, notified by telephone, called up Patrick Doyle, the yardmaster's assistant, and said:

"You'd better search his pockets, Doyle. Find out who he is, notify his friends and report to me."

A few moments later the report came: "There's not a line of writing on him," said Patrick, "but we've identified him by the badge on his coat. He's a Lady Maccabee."—Exchange.

Confucius as a Poet.

For those who want to know something of the poetic abilities of Confucius, the Orient Review publishes some translations from a collection given to the Chinese world 500 years B. C. One of these is called "The Bride Cometh:"

The turtledove dwells in the magpie's nest.
One cometh as a bride to be caressed.
A hundred carriages have gone in quest.

The magpie's home the young dove hath possessed.
This lady cometh as a lifelong guest.
A hundred chariots on the road have pressed.

The turtledove shall fill the magpie's nest.
She travels far from home to love and rest.
A hundred carriages her rank attest.

The River Jordan.

Concerning that unique stream, the river Jordan, Dr. Libbey, in "The Jordan Valley and Petra," writes: "Perhaps the strangest thing about this famous river is what none of the ancients ever guessed—that its course was mostly below the level of the sea. They journeyed up and down the valley since before the days of Abraham; they climbed down the roads from Jerusalem to Jericho and up into Moab and Edom; they built roads east and west of the Jordan; they built roads and bridges and cities far below the level of the Mediterranean and yet never seem to have suspected that this stream differed from most of the rivers of the globe in this respect. Greeks, Romans and Mohammedans, Jews, Christians and crusaders knew every nook and cranny of its winding course, but failed to realize that while its head and source rested high on noble Hermon's side its mouth in the Dead sea was far below the surface of the habitable world and all the surrounding oceans."

Calamities That Didn't Occur.

When the first use was made of the natural gas wells people of a certain class were much disturbed. All sorts of evils were predicted, and warning letters were received by the companies in charge. One man sent a caution against boring much into the earth. The world was a hollow sphere, he said, filled with a gaseous substance and floating like a balloon in space. If the gas were allowed to escape disaster would follow. Another, claiming to be a scientific man, assured the owners of a well that any fire coming in contact with the escaping gas would be communicated to the gas beneath and cause terrific explosions. "Men are too inquisitive," he said. "They peer too far. Let them beware." The gas companies have kept on boring, and the world has so far held itself together.

The Churchyard Yew's Secret.

"Why are yew trees found in cemeteries only?" said a forester. "Why, all over the world—saving here, where they don't exist—do you find in cemeteries great yews of immemorial age? Antiquaries have tried to attach some druidic significance to the matter. Yews grow in churchyards and nowhere else; hence they were sacred to the dead in the time of the Druids, and it was as erroneous to plant them in your garden as to plant tombstones there. I have exploded that superstition. On a walking tour of England one summer I asked every farmer I met why he had no yews on his place. The answer was always the same: 'Do you think I want to lose my cattle?' or 'Had one, but cut it down. The beasties got at it, and yew leaves is poison to the beasties.' Yes, that is the secret of the churchyard yew. It grows only in cemeteries because the farmers have destroyed it everywhere else, its leaves being injurious to live stock."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Washington and a Dog.

While the British occupied Philadelphia and the American force lay in winter quarters at Valley Forge, one day as Washington and his staff were dining a fine hunting dog which was evidently lost came to seek something to eat. On its collar was the name, "General Howe." Washington ordered that the dog should be fed, and then he sent it to Philadelphia under a flag of truce, with a letter reading: "General Washington's compliments to General Howe. He does himself the pleasure to return to him a dog which accidentally fell into his hands and by the inscription on the collar appears to belong to General Howe." The British commander in reply sent a cordial letter conveying his warm thanks for this act of courtesy of his enemy.

A Judge's Poetical Request.

In "Memoirs of Famous Trials," by Rev. E. V. Burnaby, is an amusing story about the late Lord Bowen, "a brilliant, intellectual and clever judge." His lordship wanted a lift to the lord chancellor's breakfast in 1883 and addressed the following request to his old friend, Mr. Justice Mathew:

My Dear J. C.—Will you be free to carry me, beside of thee, in your buggee to Selborne's tea, if breakfast he intends for we, on 2 November next D. V., eighteen hundred and eighty-three A. D., for Lady B., from Cornwall G., will absent be and says that she would rather see her husband be D dash D than send to London her buggee for such a melancholy spree as Selborne's toast and Selborne's tea?

The Sneezing Prayer.

The custom of following a sneeze with a prayer goes so far back into the past it is next to impossible to say when it actually began. According to Strada, the custom originated among the Assyrians, who, through an opinion of the danger that attended it, after the act of sneezing made a short prayer to the gods. The Romans after sneezing cried out, "Jupiter, help me!" The custom is mentioned by Homer, the early Jewish writers and others and is found among many savage tribes.

The Original New Zealanders.

The original New Zealanders were known as the most ferocious cannibals and the most warlike savages. They were big, gaunt fellows, of immense muscular force and great sagacity. These savage New Zealanders, though they ate their enemies, interred their own dead, and they believed that the third day after burial the heart separated itself from the corpse and was carried to the clouds by an attendant spirit.

The Ills We Are Heir To.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life—namely, by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious, and by religion, which is the most effectual.—New York Press.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson V.—Second Quarter, For May 3, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John xiv, 1-14. Memory Verses, 2, 3—Golden Text, John xiv, 2—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

They are still in that Passover room; the feast has been kept, and that new feast which we call the Lord's supper has been instituted. Some time during the evening Judas Iscariot went out from them to do his devilish work, and how suggestive the saying in that connection, "And it was night" (xiii, 30). It has been "night" for him ever since, with no prospect of "day." A few preliminary words, including the new commandment (xiii, 34), a special word to Peter, and then He enters upon this great discourse, from which we have but two lessons. The new commandment just referred to is found again in xv, 12, "That ye love one another as I have loved you," and there it is prefaced in verse 9 by, "As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you; continue ye in My love." The love of God is the most wonderful topic in all Scripture, but unless we are in some measure loving others as He loves us we have not grasped it, nor has it grasped us.

Within a few hours of Gethsemane and Calvary, which meant the greatest agony ever endured by a mortal on this earth, making atonement for the sins of the whole world, He was able to seemingly lose sight of His own prospective sufferings in order to comfort this little band of disciples.

If any one but He had said, "Let not your heart be troubled" (verses 1, 27), or as in Matt. xxiv, 6, "See that ye be not troubled," how idle the words would seem! But He could truly say, "I and My Father are one," "I am in the Father and the Father in Me" (verses 10, 11; chap. x, 30), and therefore He adds, "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me." At another time He said, "Have faith in God" (Mark xi, 22), or as some render it, "Have confidence in God." Even though the days be as dark as they were to Martha and Mary, remember His word, "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?" He who knows all that is before us gives us this word for our comfort, and it is a word from the heart of the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort (II Cor. i, 3). He spoke of going home to His Father's house. He spoke with the confidence of one who knew, not as one who was thinking out a possibility. He could say, "We speak that we do know and testify that which we have seen" (chapter iii, 11). In chapter ii, 16, He spoke of the temple, with its courts and rooms and chambers, as "My Father's house." That very evening Peter and John had been sent to prepare a place where this Passover might be kept, but now He says, "I am going, like a servant sent before, to prepare for your coming, and I will come again and receive you." This coming again must be understood in the light of I Thess. iv, 16-18; Acts i, 11, as literal, personal and real a coming as was His ascension from Olivet, a coming in two stages, first to receive us to Himself and then to bring us with Him to His glory to reign with Him. The word "mansion" is only used in one other place in the whole New Testament, and that is in verse 23 of this chapter, where He says that the Father and Himself will make us, believers, Their abode or home or mansion. His statement that they knew where He was going and also the way drew forth a remark and a question from Thomas, to which Jesus replied, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." We can point out the way to this place or that, but for any one to say "I am the way thither" would mark him as one beside himself.

In chapter x He said, "I am the door," and in chapter xv He says, "I am the vine," while in chapter vi He said, "I am the true bread." We cannot but recall His great name by which Moses was commanded to make Him known to Israel—"Say I am hath sent me unto you" (Ex. iii, 14).

Philip then has a question, or, rather, a request, to which Jesus answers, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father" (verse 9), but adds, "Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip?" He does so long to have us know Him and trust Him that others may learn to know Him through us, but we are so unbelieving and so distant, while all the time He is saying, "Come near to Me." He wants us to be one with Him, as He was one with the Father, that He may live His life in us and work His works through us, that the world may believe and know His great love and many be drawn to Him out of the world (verses 9-12; chapter xvii, 21, 23). Neither His words nor His works were His own, but the Father always told Him what to say and wrought all the works, and He will do the same for us if only we are fully one with Him (verses 10-12; chapter xii, 49; Matt. x, 20; Phil. ii, 13). Then see in verses 13, 14, our authority to draw on Him for all that is needed in His service. Compare xv, 7; xvi, 23, 24; Isa. xlv, 11, l. c. To ask in His name must mean to ask only that which is truly for the interest of His kingdom. Then we can truly appropriate His "If ye shall ask, * * * I will do."

The Sun From a Balloon.

At the height of two miles the sun shines with a fierce intensity unknown below, where the dust and the denser air scatter the rays, which, thus diffused, lose their intensity while illumining every nook and corner of our houses. At heights exceeding five miles this diffused light is mostly gone, and the sun shines a glowing ball, sharply outlined in a sky of which the blue is so dark as to approach blackness. At the outer limits of the atmosphere the sun would appear a brilliant star of massive size among other stars, and if one stepped from its burning rays into shadow he would enter Egyptian darkness. At the height of a mile and a half we found it necessary to shelter our faces to prevent sunburn, although the air around us was but little warmer than that of the previous night, being about 45 degrees. As the afternoon wore on and the balloon began to cool and sink we were obliged to throw out much sand, casting it away a scoopful at a time, and just after sunset it was even necessary to empty two or three bags at once.—H. H. Clayton in Atlantic.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect December 16, 1907.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m., 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9 32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2 02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11 02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11 00 p m) SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Sunday, January 5, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

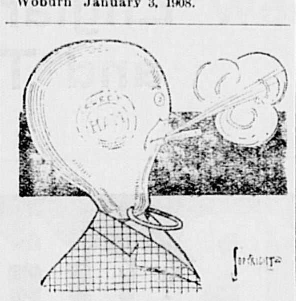
Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10 37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8 37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn January 3, 1908.



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Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10.30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 55, †11 15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9 45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11.15 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb 15, 1906.

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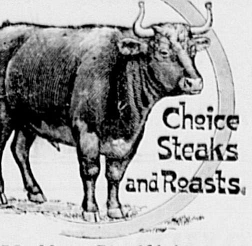

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square Terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect December 16, 1907

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55 †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23 †10.21, †10.53, §11.01, †11.38 a. m., §12.05, †12.59 †2.00, §2.00, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.26, †5.02 †5.35, §5.46, †5.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.
LOWELL—†6.24, †8.22, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, §5.26, †6.42, §9.27, §11.02, †10.59, †11.46 p. m.
NASHUA — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2-26 †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.
MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, Pas. Traf. Mgr. C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Ag

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

Box.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
391	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

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The Lady In The Picture.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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"It is the portrait of my ancestress, Mistress Elizabeth Mowbray," remarked Dickson to his assembled guests. With one accord the four persons seated at the table in the great dining room turned and looked at the picture.

Framed in gold, it hung over the chimney piece, reaching almost to the lofty ceiling. It depicted the life size figure of a beautiful young woman in a pale gray gown in the fashion of a century past.

A large gray plumed hat rested on her dark hair, and about her shoulders was a loose rose pink cloak caught together by one slender hand, while the other held a plumy spray of white lilac.

Dickson arose, glass in hand. "To Mistress Mowbray; always young, always beautiful and"—he paused and added, with a mischievous glance at his wife—"ever silent!"

There was laughter from the men and a merry protest from Mrs. Dickson as they drank the toast and resumed their seats.

"Rather an unfair advantage to take of Mistress Mowbray," objected Mark Randolph, with a glance toward the portrait.

"I am sure that Harry's insinuation is quite unjust," said Mrs. Dickson, with spirit. "Family history relates that Elizabeth Mowbray possessed a very pretty wit!"

"I suppose there is a story connected with the fair lady?" insinuated Searles, with a smile at his host.

"There is," admitted Dickson cheerfully. "There is some tale about the ghost of Mistress Mowbray, who is said to step down from her portrait and walk about this room, leaving a fragrance of white lilac in her wake."

"Have you witnessed this apparition?" asked Randolph, with interest.

"Never," replied Dickson, helping himself to walnuts, "but I will admit," he continued, with a quizzical glance at his pretty wife, "that I have detected the odor of white lilac in this room!"

"When does the ghost walk?" asked Randolph.

"Invariably on the 13th of March," replied Dickson, leaning back in his chair and looking fixedly at the portrait. "We have never seen the apparition, but some of the servants claim to have seen it. It has so happened that we have never been at the hall on the 13th of March since our honeymoon. I recollect that we came downstairs one morning on the 14th of March and detected a strong odor of white lilac. As the conservatory was empty of plants and as there were no flowers of any sort in the house, it was rather a"—

"A shock!" interpolated Mrs. Dickson, with decision. "It was a positive shock to smell the odor of white lilac that morning, especially as old Hannah had regaled us with the story the night before."

"And so you have never waited up to see the ghost walk?" queried Randolph as he opened the door for his hostess.

"No. To tell the truth, we always run away," she laughed. "Suppose you come down on the 13th of next month and watch for Mistress Mowbray. Hannah will take care of you, and then you can report to us the result of your investigations."

"Agreed," he said readily, and as she left the room he returned to the table and remarked to the others, "Any volunteers to keep me company?"

"Not I," returned Searles quickly. "I shall be south about that time."

"And we," said Dickson lightly, "will be in Egypt."

"I had forgotten that," said Randolph. "Nevertheless I shall accept Mrs. Dickson's invitation to run down here and make the acquaintance of fair Mistress Mowbray."

He was looking at the picture with dreamy abstraction in his eyes.

"You admire my beautiful ancestress, then, Mark?" Dickson shot a keen glance at his friend.

"Yes," was the low response. "She reminds me of another whom I once knew."

* * * * * * *

On the 13th of March Randolph journeyed down to the sleepy old New England village where the Dickson homestead spread its comfortable wings behind sheltering elms, now leafless and soughing mournfully in the east wind. Within doors all was cheeriness and comfort, with soft lamplight and blazing fires.

When Hannah had cleared the dinner table and departed, Randolph threw himself into a huge easy chair before the fire in the dining room and looked up at the pictured face of Mistress Mowbray. He compared her face with that of another Elizabeth Mowbray, a cousin of Harry Dickson and also a descendant of the lady in the picture. It was an old story now, ten years old. He and Beth had quarreled, and she had returned his ring and gone back to her home in the south. They had never met afterward, but he had never forgotten.

Randolph placed not the slightest credence in the story of the apparition of Mistress Mowbray, but the idea of spending an uninterrupted evening before the portrait appealed to him. Unable to longer withstand the glance of the tender eyes, he buried his face in the upturned palms of his hands and gave himself up to unhappy musings.

Hour after hour was tolled by the tall clock in the hall, and when the bell chimed 12 Randolph roused himself with a slight start from the half doze in which he had indulged.

Involuntarily he gazed at the portrait, and a great wonder came into his eyes. He wheeled his chair away from the fireplace and stared. He rubbed his eyes, looked about the softly lighted room and stared again.

There was the same youthful figure, with its gray plumed hat, gray gown and rose pink cloak caught together by one slender white hand. It was all as it had been before save that now there was life in it—life in the soft brown eyes and in a certain tremulous movement of the pink bowed lips.

With white face and unbelieving eyes he watched the figure step slowly down from the frame, and he saw the movement of the purple velvet draperies that formed the background.

She stepped upon the wide mantelpiece, which was devoid of ornament, and made an imperious gesture with her hand, and as she did so he was conscious of the heavy scent of white lilac from the branch she carried.

"My good sir, pray assist me to the floor," she said in a low, vibrant voice.

As in a dream, Randolph hastily fetched a chair and supplemented its height with a hassock. With grave courtesy he extended a hand to the lady on the mantel, and as she gave him the tips of her fingers he felt the warmth of flesh and blood.

Lightly she stepped down, gathering her skirts gracefully about her dainty gray shod feet, and presently she stood beside him, looking timidly at him from beneath the shadow of her long lashes.

"My God!" he muttered, staring from the vision before him to the empty frame above the chimney piece.

With a quick movement the girl slipped the pink cloak from her shoulders and removed the gray plumed hat from her crown of dusky hair. "It is only I, Mark," she said wistfully.

"I—don't understand—yet." He passed a hand over his dazed eyes.

She stepped forward and pressed upon a carved portion of the mantel. Instantaneously there was a movement, and the painted canvas swung into place with a little click. There was Mistress Mowbray in her accustomed place above the shelf, and beside him was—Beth.

"It is one of Harry's jokes," she explained in a low, breathless tone. "He wrote me a month ago and asked me to come here and enact the apparition of Mistress Mowbray. It was a favorite pastime when we were children, for there is a secret stair behind the chimney, and the portrait is really a door which opens upon it. Harry said that a 'skeptical friend' would spend the night of the 13th here and asked me to play the part. I was reluctant to do such a thing, but Harry has been very kind to me—and I consented. They did not tell me who the 'skeptical friend' would be, and it was—a surprise to me—when I looked down upon your upturned face."

She leaned against the tall back of a chair with down bent head and quivering lips.

"And you could have gone back—and away from me again—and I never would have known," he said, a vague wonder dawning in his eyes.

She did not reply.

"But you stayed—you made yourself known to me—you came down to me! What do you mean, Beth?"

She lifted her head slowly and looked at him through misty, joyous eyes, and he understood.

Hannah's voice broke crisply upon the blissful silence. "A cablegram, Mr. Randolph!"

Mark tore open the yellow envelope.

"It is from Harry," he said, gathering his love into his arms, "and he says, 'Bless you, my children!'"

He Worked For It

Some years ago there lived in Arkansas a man named Reynolds, who owned a narrow gauge railroad from Malvern Junction to Hot Springs. It was partly due to the fact that he had put by a neat little fortune and partly to his habit of wearing an enormous diamond shirt stud that he had won the nickname of "Diamond Joe."

It was Diamond Joe's boast that no one had ever stolen a ride on his little twenty-five mile road, and not content with telling this to his friends he offered a reward of $100 and a suit of clothes to the man who could do it.

One clear moonlight night a man came into his office, dripping from head to foot.

"Is this Mr. Reynolds?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the owner of the narrow gauge, involuntarily glancing out to see if it was raining.

"Well, I've come for that suit of clothes and the $100. I've beat my way on your road, Mr. Reynolds, in the boiler tank of the engine. It was hard work keepin' my head above water, but I did it—and—I guess I earned the prize."—New York Times.

The Ale Stake.

With the opening up of England by the Romans hostleries sprang up for the convenience of travelers. As time went on the selling of liquor became so lucrative that wherever the traveler broke his journey his thirst might be quenched. This naturally produced competition among the many tavern owners, especially in the large towns, who vied with one another as to the means of attracting the thirsty. It was in these circumstances that the "ale stake," or pole, to which was attached a furze bush, first came into prominence. In 1375 these signs became so great a nuisance that a law was passed to the effect that "ale stakes" projecting more than seven feet over the king's highway were prohibited, a fact which gave rise to the proverb that "good wine needs no bush." There are very few of the old inns in existence nowadays.—London Graphic.

Men Who Help Thieves.

The "rechristener" is the professional name of the man who alters the names and numbers on stolen watches. The rechristener is usually a clever engraver who through drink or otherwise has lost the chance of obtaining honest employment and aids the receiver of stolen property. When a watch has been stolen the number or name or other indication of make or ownership may be forwarded to the police and by them communicated to pawnbrokers. There is consequently an element of risk in attempting to dispose of it. There are various ways of getting over the difficulty, and rechristening is one that is frequently resorted to. The engraver adds or prefixes another figure to the number or he turns the name "J. Robins" into "T. J. Robinson," the extra initial serving to make the name look level and central on the watch case. This is done very cleverly, and the rest of the letters or figures are touched up to make all appear to have been cut at the same time.—London Standard.

BROKE UP THE ARMY.

A Mean Trick That Demoralized the Haitian Troops.

When not fighting or drinking the Haitian negro spends his time lying in the sun smoking innumerable cigarettes. All over the island the roads made originally by the Spanish and French have fallen into ruin, and the thick forests in the interior are peopled by depraved savages.

A story told by Mr. Sandham, the well known American artist, illustrates the then state of discipline which prevailed among the 8,000 ruffians who bore the courtesy title of "the army."

Mr. Sandham and an Irish friend who resided in the island were one day watching the commandanta of the Haitian army reviewing his troops.

"Would you like to see me break up the whole lot?" asked the Irishman.

"Of course," replied the artist.

The Irishman then took five silver coins from his pocket and, with a loud shout, threw them up in the air. Instantly the whole army leaped forward and scrambled for the money, the commandanta himself securing the first three pieces. After pocketing them with dignity and restoring order among his men he ordered the Irishman to be arrested for bringing discredit on the army. The Irishman was sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment, but five pieces of silver and a bottle of rum secured his instant release.

BLACK FOREST CUSTOMS.

Youngest Son Inherits Property and Cares For the Old Folks.

The peasant farms of the Black forest are handed down from father to son in a direct line, often dating back 400 years, says Antiquary.

There is no division as in France. All falls to the heir, only here it is not the eldest, but the youngest son, who inherits. It is rare that a bur (peasant) dies as reigning head. When he gets on in years he abdicates in order to end his days in the leibgedingehaus (dower house), which stands beside each hof (steading).

That he does so in favor of his youngest son is very sensible. Were it the elder he would have no peace, for as soon as he married he would try to induce his parents to retire just at an age when power is sweetest and best exercised. For this reason the practical farmers of bygone generations decided to hand over the succession to the youngest, since when Benjamin is a full grown man father Jacob is old and glad to rest.

This law of inheritance goes by the name of vortel. Should the heir of his own free will desire to resign in favor of his elder brother the latter must buy the property from him. In such a case the younger may be termed a kind of Esau.

Birds That Fight Eagles.

In Foula, one of the Shetland islands, the natives make a business of rearing skau gulls in order to rid the island of the eagles that congregate there and commit many depredations. The magnificent red sandstone cliffs that skirt the northwestern coast became a favorite haunt of the eagles, and in this inaccessible spot they increased so rapidly that they became a terror to the farmers and fishermen who dwell on this isolated spot. The skau gulls are also strong and fierce and the inveterate foes of the eagle. In battle the gulls are nearly always victorious, and so the inhabitants of Foula hit upon the novel plan of feeding and caring for the skau gulls, which, though formidable to their feathered enemies, are very peaceful and docile when brought in contact with man.

A Delicious Custard.

The recipe for this delicate dessert has been handed down in my family for many generations: Into each individual custard cup put the yolk of one egg, add one heaping teaspoonful of sugar, two gratings of nutmeg and five tablespoonfuls of sweet milk. Incorporate thoroughly and set the cups in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven until firm. When cool, cover with a meringue, using the whites of the eggs for this purpose, and allow one tablespoonful of powdered sugar to the white of each egg. Through the very tiptop of each snowy mound drop a teaspoonful of orange marmalade.—Delineator.

Ins and Outs.

"What's that noise?" asked the visitor in the apartment house.

"Probably some one in the dentist's apartments on the floor below getting a tooth out."

"But this seemed to come from the floor above."

"Ah, then it's probably the Popleys' baby getting a tooth in."—Philadelphia Press.

What They Said.

Maybe it didn't mean just what to the casual listener it seemed to mean, but this is what the farmer was overheard to say to his wife as they looked over the market reports in the daily paper:

"Well, M'ria, hogs is up, an' that means we're wuth a good deal more today'n we was yisterday."—Chicago News.

The Wise Men.

"After all, it's the wise man who can change his opinion."

"But the wisest men simply can't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because they've been dead for years."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The total area of Africa is estimated at about 11,500,000 square miles, of which Great Britain owns 2,713,910 square miles.

One Service Barred.

A famous London barrister was upon one occasion called upon to defend a cook tried for murder, being accused of having poisoned his master. The barrister after a most able and brilliant defense of the culprit secured an acquittal. The cook, anxious to show his gratitude, said, "Tell me, sir, whatever can I do for you to reward you?" The triumphant counsel answered, "My good man, do anything you can, but for God's sake don't ever cook for me!"

Pretty Lively Fooling.

I was out walking in Kingston, Jamaica, one afternoon, and while on a narrow street I came upon two black women, each apparently in a towering rage. Each woman's tongue was going at a phenomenal rate, but not a word of their screeching jargon was intelligible to me.

Finally one of the women scooped up a double handful of the ever present Kingston dust and flung it over the other woman, with a wild shriek of laughter. The dust covered woman retaliated by taking a tin pan she had in her hand and, scooping up a couple of quarts of the dirty water in the gutter by the roadside, drenching her assailant with it, while all that part of Kingston resounded with the mad laughter. The two women then closed in on each other and proceeded to engage in a prolonged wrestle, which resulted in both of them falling to the ground, where they rolled over and over in a cloud of dust and finally stood upon their feet, facing each other in a state of dirt and disorder beyond description.

Fearing that they would make a second onslaught on each other and wishing to play the part of peacemaker, I stepped forward and asked:

"What is the trouble?"

Courtesying low, one of the women said in a soft, drawling voice:

"No trouble at all, mastah; we's jess foolin'."—Exchange.

Cast Up by the Sea.

They that go down to the sea in ships learn much of the mysteries of life. From the coast of Africa there traveled to Scarboro, Me., the painting of an old time sea captain of that town who long years ago was lost with all on board his ship in the China seas. The ship sailed from the home port with every prospect of a successful voyage, but she never returned to the home land. Years went by and she was given up as lost, her name was taken from the shipping list, and no news of her came back to the waiting ones at home. Long afterward a passing vessel picked up off the African coast the portrait of an American sea captain such as the Chinese artists paint, and on the back of the picture were the captain's name and that of the port from which he sailed. The painting was forwarded to the little American town, and it was found to be a picture of the Scarboro sea captain, master of the lost vessel that had left the harbor so many years ago.—Kennebec Journal.

Largest Grave In the World.

The largest single grave in the world occupies just exactly one acre of ground, which is surrounded by an iron railing. This enormous grave is located at Pearto Cortez, in Honduras, and is the burial place of a woman. The tombstone occupies the center of the ground inclosed, and several wooden figures representing the deceased are arranged in statuelike form in different parts of the ground. There are no fewer than sixteen of these figures, which in the evening give the place a ghostlike appearance. The deceased had died rich and in her will had specified the amount of ground to be purchased for her grave and the manner in which it should be decorated. She had many curious notions, and the size and ornamentation of her grave was one of them.

Coleridge's Cloudiness.

There is in Mr. Ellis Yarnoll's reminiscences, "Wordsworth and the Coleridges," a very amusing story of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whose thoughts were sometimes too profound even for poets to follow. Wordsworth and Samuel Rogers had spent the evening with Coleridge, and as the two poets walked away together Rogers remarked cautiously:

"I did not altogether understand the latter part of what Coleridge said."

"I didn't understand any of it," Wordsworth hastily replied.

"No more did I!" exclaimed Rogers, with a sigh of relief.

A Formidable Army.

The battle was going against him. The commander in chief, himself ruler of the South American republic, sent an aid to the rear, ordering General Blanco to bring up his regiment at once. Ten minutes passed, but it didn't come. Twenty, thirty, an hour—still no regiment. The aid came tearing back hatless, breathless. "My regiment! My regiment! Where is it? Where is it?" shrieked the commander. "General," answered the excited aid, "Blanco started it all right, but there are a couple of drunken Americans down the road and they won't let it go by."—Argonaut.

A Triple Coincidence.

An almost incredible triple coincidence was noted in France some years ago. In 1894 the deputy for the Ardennes was M. Ferry; for Loir et Cher, M. Brisson, and for the Vosges, M. Hugo. In 1793, 101 years earlier, each district had been represented in the chamber by a man of exactly the same name.

Non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla

If you think you need a tonic, ask your doctor. If you think you need something for your blood, ask your doctor. If you think you would like to try Ayer's non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor. Consult him often. Keep in close touch with him.

Ayer's We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor

Ask your doctor to name some of the results of constipation. His long list will begin with sick-headache, biliousness, dyspepsia, thin blood, bad skin. Then ask him if he would recommend your using Ayer's Pills.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

A Fowl That Won a Battle.

A singular story is told of a gallant cock whose moral influence at a critical moment during the battle of St. Vincent helped to save a British man-of-war from the hands of the enemy. The fowl in question formed part of the live stock of the Marlborough, a vessel which had suffered so severely that her captain was considering the advisability of striking his flag. The ship was entirely dismasted, while the chief officers had been carried below severely wounded, and the crew, without anybody to cheer them up, were beginning to grow sullen under the heavy fire of the enemy, to which they were hardly able to respond. At this emergency a shot struck the coop in which the fowls were confined. The only surviving occupant, a cock, finding himself at liberty, fluttered up and perched himself on the stump of the mainmast and surveyed the scene of carnage around him. Then, flapping his wings in defiance, he began to crow vociferously. He was answered by three hearty and exhilarating cheers from the crew, who all had a good laugh and, with spirits thus renewed, continued the action with a vigor that lasted until a turn in the battle rescued them from their tight position.—London Chronicle.

Cigar Smoke.

The stale smell of cigar smoke is peculiarly unpleasant and peculiarly difficult to get rid of. It clings to the curtains and to most of the articles of furniture which present any sort of an absorbent surface. It is not so to the same extent with cigarettes or with pipes. In the case even of a single cigar books, papers and textiles reek of its stale flavor, and the room requires abundant airing before that flavor is completely eliminated. This effect, we are told, may be traced to the fact that a cigar produces pungent aromatic oils in greater abundance than a cigarette or a pipe. With the cigarette oils are probably burnt even if they are formed, while in the pipe they condense in the stem. In the cigar they seem to be chiefly discarded into the air. In the form of a cigar tobacco would appear to produce more oils than in the form of a cigarette or when burnt in a pipe.—London Lancet.

Perry's Big Guns.

Commodore Perry had not yet electrified a grateful nation with his immortal message, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." While the battle was in progress the sound of the guns was heard at Cleveland, about sixty miles away in a direct line over the water. The few settlers there were expecting the battle and listened with intense interest. Finally the sounds ceased. They waited for a renewal. None came; the lull was painful. Then they knew the battle was over; but the result—ah, that was the point. One old fellow, who had been lying flat with his ear to the ground, soon settled that point. Springing up, he clapped his hands and shouted: "Thank God! They are whipped! They are whipped!"

"How do you know?" the others inquired.

"Heard the big guns last!"

Perry's guns were the heaviest.

Turning a Tight Screw.

Any one who has attempted to remove a very tight screw knows what a very difficult business it is. After straining and twisting for a considerable time the operator frequently ends by losing his temper and destroying the bite of the screw, which remains fixed as tightly as ever. With the aid of a pair of pinchers, however, the affair is quite a simple one. Place the screwdriver in position and then catch hold of the blade with the pinchers just above the head of the screw. Press the screwdriver firmly and at the same time twist round the blade with the pinchers. The tightest screw will yield immediately to this sort of persuasion.

Bird Dogs.

Bird dogs have been known as such for only about three or four centuries. So far as we know, the Duke of Northumberland, sixteenth century, was the first trainer of bird dogs. The duke was followed by others who trained dogs to "set" birds, but it was not till the beginning of the nineteenth century that any reliable record of a distinct brand of bird dogs can be found. The Gordon setter was founded by the Duke of Gordon about 1800.—New York American.

A Retort Discourteous.

A young lady full of good deeds noticed the tongue of a horse bleeding and with a use of technical terms too little appreciated said to the cabby, "Cabby, your horse has hemorrhage."

"It's 'is tongue's too large for his mouth," said the cabby and added sententiously, "Like some young ladies."—London Globe.

Good Terms.

"I'm sure we shall be on good terms," said the man who had just moved into the neighborhood to the corner grocer.

"No doubt of it, sir, especially," he added as an afterthought, "as the terms are cash."—London Telegraph.

Child Management.

I don't like punishments. You will never torture a child into duty, but a sensible child will dread the frown of a judicious mother more than all the rods, dark rooms and scolding schoolmistresses in the universe.—White.

Sleepless Paris.

Parisians do not know any longer what real deep, restoring sleep is. It is the lack of this which is giving modern generations their colorless lips, pale faces and feverish eyes.—Echo de Paris.

A Curious Rescue.

Two officers hunting wolves on the Dry mountain, in central Servia, lost their way in a fog. After wandering for fourteen hours one of them lay down in the snow and speedily became unconscious. His comrade bound him with cords, placed him in a sitting position and then rolled him down the mountain. He glided down the slope at terrific speed and reached the bottom safely, being found an hour later in an exhausted condition by a peasant.

A CURIOUS FARM.

Requires No Fences and Never Had a Wheeled Vehicle.

Within sight of the town of Jasper, Mo., in the Ozarks, a settler has a farm which probably is unlike any other in the world.

This farm occupies the tableland on the summit of a ridge and is inclosed with a fence which no animal has ever broken through. It does not rise above the surface of the farm, but falls sheer from the edge a distance of many feet. The man who homesteaded the tableland had a hard climb up the face of a perpendicular cliff to reach the comparatively level summit.

At one point a ledge extends out a few inches and along the face of the cliff at an upward grade. By following this ledge and making use of occasional points of rocks and of shrubs growing in the fissures the discoverer pulled himself to the summit and found a surface well covered with soil and a luxuriant vegetation.

Gradually he improved the ledge until he could carry up tools and seed. By blasting and drilling he cleared a narrow trail, up which he was able to take first some pigs and then a cow. Later on he took up a horse.

And that today is the condition of this curiously protected farm. No vehicle has turned a wheel within its limits of palisades. The live stock has multiplied and consumes the grain raised. Some stones thrown across the trail completely fence in the hogs and cattle. When the farmer has stock to sell he drives the animals down the private trail and strikes the road to Jasper.—Kansas City Star.

HIS CRYING BABY.

And the Cheerful Elderly Man Who Was Generous With Advice.

A young man about twenty-five years old was sitting in one of the third class waiting rooms of a London railway terminus with a baby on his knee, and his helplessness in pacifying the howling child attracted the attention of passersby. Presently an elderly man walked up, with a smile of pity, and queried:

"A woman gave you that baby to hold while she went to see about her luggage, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"And you expect her back, I suppose?"

"I think she'll come back."

"Well, this makes me laugh. A woman played the same trick on me once, but no one ever will again. Young man, you've been 'done.' You've been taken for a country greenhorn and been sold. Better give the baby over to a policeman and make a move before some reporter gets at you."

"Oh, she'll come back," replied the young man as he looked anxiously round.

"She will, eh? Joke grows richer and richer. What makes you think she'll come?"

"Because she's my wife, and this is our first baby."

"Oh—h'm, I see," muttered the old man, whose hilarity suddenly evaporated, and when he also discovered that he'd lost his train he kicked a dog that had been left unguarded on the platform.—London Answers.

A Bridge of Coffins.

When the British forces were marching to Pekin in 1860, after the capture of the Taku forts, one of the rivers became so swollen with the heavy rains that it was rendered almost impassable. While in this quandary a bright idea suddenly struck one of our officers. Being well aware that the Chinese generally order their coffins years in advance and keep them on the premises and also that they are perfectly air tight, he consulted with his brother officers, with the result that orders were given to search all the houses of the village and collect every coffin. With the aid of a few empty casks the soldiers constructed a pontoon bridge of coffins sufficiently strong to bear the artillery, and the river was thus passed in safety.—London Standard.

An Odd Post Card.

The most curious post card ever produced, according to a leading philatelist, was one which the Japanese government put out in 1873.

In describing he says it is "really a sheet of paper folded so as to form four pages of a narrow book. On the front page is a border inclosing an impressed stamp for the postage rate and a space for the address. On the second page are printed in native characters only minute directions for use. On the third page are ruled a number of vertical lines, between which the sender was to write his communication, and the fourth page was a blank." They remained in use until 1875.

"Eatin' a Mountain."

A good example of the caustic humor of a Scotch examiner floats this way from we know not where. It seems that Scotch parish schoolmasters are in their appointment examined as to their literary qualifications. One of the fraternity, being called by his examiner to translate Horace's ode beginning "Exegi monumentum oere perennius," began as follows: "Exegi monumentum" (I have eaten a mountain). "Ah," said one of the examiners, "ye needna proceed any further, for after eatin' sic a dinner this parish wad be a puir mouthfu' t' ye. Ye maun try some wider sphere."—"Poet Lore."

Disappointed.

Sylvia—What's the matter? You look as if you had lost your last friend.

Maude—I went to see a fortune teller yesterday, and she told me I was going to marry a tall, dark man. The only real rich fellow I know is dumpy and has red hair.

Kaffirs' Courtship.

The Kaffirs are a very light hearted people and do not worry about the future. As soon as the girls have finished their work they may take up the igubu, which is an elementary musical instrument, consisting of a taut bow fixed to a gourd, and march across country twanging the string with a little piece of reed. The instrument, as a rule, gives but one note, but to the girl's sweetheart such music is "the food of love."—World's Work.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1908.

THE MAYOR'S STATEMENT.

The official statement, or proclamation, by Mayor Blodgett which appeared in the JOURNAL on May 1, coincident with shutting down of the liquor gates, had the right kind of a ring to it. Last fall he said he would like to be Mayor in a nolicense year, and in December the voters gave him what he wanted in generous measure He was grateful for it.

Now that he has got his wish, and is Mayor in a nolicense year, he tells the people how he intends to act towards the liquor traffic during the remainder of his term. The most exacting probibitionist can find no fault with his statement. He is going to see to it that the law is strictly and impartially enforced. To do this he will give his personal attention to the business. That means that he will look after things himself. Not only so, but the police will be given work to do "on these lines," to use a hackneyed term.

There will be no rumselling in this city from now to Jan. 1, 1909, if Mayor Blodgett has his say about it, and it is fair to presume that he will. He is not only strong on proclamations, but is equally so on their enforcement. He attends strictly to business, personally. A broken night's rest don't deter him from the performance of duty, nor the fear of Sabbathbreaking, either. He says he looks forward to the work with eagerness. No doubt of it; he likes to fight vice when he finds any to fight.

In paragraphs 1 and 2 of his statement the Mayor made strong points What he said was just right. It doesn't follow because a man is seen drunk on our streets that antilicense is a failure. By no means. In the second paragraph he asks for cooperation from the citizens. That is reasonable and fair; it should meet with hearty response.

The Mayor's statement is satisfactory; it is encouraging.

☞ At 10 o'clock Tuesday, May 12, in Room 22 State House, Boston, the State Board of Pharmacy are to give an informal hearing on the applications of several druggists of this city for "certificates of fitness," the granting of which permits the druggists to sell spirituous liquors for medicinal purposes on prescriptions from physicians. Mayor Blodgett asked for a hearing on these petitions, which was granted by the Board, and both sides will be heard as above. While the Mayor believes that provision should be made for furnishing the people of this city with liquors for medicinal purposes, he as firmly believes that our authorities are abundantly capable of conducting their own family affairs without calling in the services of the State Board, or any other outside help. There's where he is right. The Mayor's head is level both as to the necessity of a legally appointed salesman of spirituous liquors for medicinal purposes, and in the opinion that the matter can be arranged without foreign aid.

☞ At 7.30 o'clock next Sunday evening, May 10, Samuel W. Mendum, Esq. of this city, a Boston Lawyer, is to deliver a lecture on "The Jury System—Its Origin and Present Status" in the May Sunday Evenings Course on "Character and Citizenship" given under the auspices of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, the first one in which having been by Mr. Horace G. Wadlin, Litt. D., Librarian of the Boston Public Library, and Hon. Robert Luce of Somerville is to follow Mr. Mendum on Sunday evening, May 17. His subject is to be "The Science of Government." Mr. Mendum has devoted a good deal of study and thought to the question of juries, and gives an entertaining and instructive lecture on the subject.

☞ June 16, the date on which the Republican National convention is to be held at Chicago, is near at hand. In a little over a month the nomination of President Roosevelt's successor will be made, and the campaign open in earnest. Delegates from nearly all the States have been chosen, and, judging from the latest reports, a majority of them will vote for Taft, who, President Roosevelt predicts, will be nominated on the first ballot. Hughes, it seems, has been taken out of the race for head of the ticket, but is talked of for second place; and Cannon, Knox, Beveridge, and other "favorite sons," stand no show for the nomination.

☞ Yesterday the Democratic party held their State convention in Faneuil Hall, Boston, to select delegates to represent them in the National convention to be held at Denver, Colorado, in July. It was an harmonious gathering, and solid for Bryan. George Fred Williams, Bryan's manager, was the ruling spirit of the convention. It looks as though the coast was clear for the nomination of the Nebraska statesman at Denver.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Co. Com.—Petition.
H. C. Shaw—Mort. Sale.
A. H. Holland—Citation.

— Judge E. F. Johnson has sold his late residence property on Highland street.

— A free tea and coffee matinee is in progress at Fitz & Stanley's Boston Branch.

— Several of our teachers are enjoying an excursion to Washington, D. C., and neighboring scenes.

— The Celtic Association are to hold their annual picnic at Pineburst Park on Memorial Day, May 30.

— Miss Marion Taylor of 23 Pleasant street returns today from a week's visit with relatives at North Berwick, Maine.

— There was quite a heavy white frost here last Sunday night, but no damage done by it was reported at this newspaper establishment.

— A raid was made on the Magnet store last Sunday for liquors by Chief McDermont and patrolman Murphy. It was said to be successful.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Sundry citizens of Worcester, Lynn, Haverhill and Woburn will now experience the benefits of swearing off. It is great mental discipline—for a little while.—*Boston Globe.*

— Last week Bernard J. Harkin bought the Simonds property on Main street of John W. Johnson and heirs of the late John Winn through the E Prior real estate agency.

— Mayor Blodgett and Commissioner Kelley are a committee to attend to the embellishment of the new schoolhouse grounds with trees and shrubbery, and the public may rest assured that it will be done just right.

— Cummings, Chute & Co. have contracted to furnish the schools of this city with coal for the coming season. The amount contracted for is 428 tons of Reading hard coal, for which the city agrees to pay them $6.50 per ton.

— The weather last Sunday was of the kind that induced people to hug the stove to keep warm. It did not furnish much hope for green peas on Bunker Hill Day, June 17, nor for Independence Day, as for that matter. The present spring is, indeed, backward.

— Rev. Dr. Williams of the First Baptist church officiated at the funeral of Mrs Hannah F. Roberts, wife of Mr. William E. Roberts, last Monday who died at her home, 22 Winn street, on Saturday morning, May 2, 1908 Messrs. Tripp had charge of the funeral.

— The Law Department of our esteemed cotemporary down street are just now engaged in the laborious and perplexing task of straightening out the present license imbroligo, which may, or may not, account for the shortage of baseball news in that lively purveyor of local intelligence.

— At 3 o'clock this afternoon the Woman's Missionary Society of the First Congregational church will meet with Mrs. Clara Cottle at her residence on Highland street. At 7.30 o'clock the Sunny Circle of Kings Daughters are to be the guests of Miss Minnette Dow, 12 Court street.

— The search and seizure liquor case against the Magnet store was continued from last Wednesday to tomorrow morning in the District Court. The stock of goods in the store is owned, it is said, by Boston parties, and the manager of the business is a Mr. Sullivan of this city.

— Miss Ellen M. Dow, and her sister, Miss Julia Dow, have engaged passage on the White Star Line steamer Canopic to sail from New York for Europe on May 16. They go direct to Italy, and from there make a tour of other countries. They expect to be away about four months.

— The people of this city are law-abiding. A week has passed since the no-license policy went into effect, during which period no intoxicated persons have been seen on the streets, or none to speak of. It looks as though the city might be able to worry along quite comfortably without saloons.

— We regret to hear of the strained relations that are said to exist between Mayor Blodgett and Alderman Highley. The latter doubts if he can support the Mayor for a third term; and His Honor retorts that he don't want any third term, and the Alderman's attitude is a matter of supreme indifference to him.

— Mr. Charles H. Johnson of this city, who has filled the office, creditably, for many years of Messenger in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, is to sail, with his son, Rev. Frank Poole Johnson, for Europe on May 19. The length of his absence has not been determined on. He will travel extensively in Europe.

— In a case recently tried, in which considerable reliance was placed by the government on the testimony of stenographers, John P. Feeney, who appeared for the defence, surprised everyone by his familiarity with the art of hooks and dashes. It was then recalled that he was once a Court stenographer.—*Boston Record.*

— A solution of the drugmen's licenses ought not to be attended with much difficulty. Give one druggist a regular license, hold him to a strict accountability; and let that suffice. People should not be debarred the privilege of obtaining spirituous liquors for medicinal uses; nor should the bars be let down for promiscuous selling.

— The mammoth exposition, the original Boston Food Fair, for 1908, will be held in the Park Square Coliseum for five weeks, from Sept. 29 to Oct. 31. It will include also a Liberal Arts Exposition and the entire affair is conducted by the Boston Retail Grocers' Association, which has already conducted six very successful food fairs in Boston.

— Mr. M. J. Mulkeen, whose office is in Mechanics Block, represents several sterling insurance companies, and is doing a good business with them. He, also, acts as local agent for foreign steamship companies, and sells tickets at current rates to European voyagers. His patrons are among the best people in this city. He is a genial gentleman, and square dealer.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell and family left here last Saturday morning for their summer cottage at Point Allerton, Hull, where they will remain until June 1, when a renter takes the cottage. Mr Linnell embarked on board of one of Supt. Myer's trolleys in a cheerful and buoyant mood, and in fond anticipation of a fine visit from Mr. George Buchanan before the month expires.

— Albeit the cry of hard times is heard in the land, and general business is at a low ebb, with a downward tendency, trade at the dry goods emporium of Copeland & Bowser is good, so Mr. Leon L. Dorr, the Business Manager, tells us, which is reliable authority on the subject. Sales are as large as they were a year ago, before the financial panic, and the tight times set in, which is an encouraging and hopeful report. Fair trade at Copeland & Bowser's is attributable, in a large measure, to the facts that they keep on hand full stocks of all varieties of dry and dress goods, and are reasonable in their prices.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

367 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

— Please note carefully the notice of a mortgagee's sale by G. Franklin Neal of Boston which appears in another column of this paper.

— Hon. Samuel Elder of Winchester will give the address at the High School graduation exercises which will be held in Lyceum Hall, June 26.

— Of course, we are ready and willing to admit that this same raw, marrow congealing East Wind will be a most welcome visitor next August when the Dog Star reigns, but that is not admitting that it is pleasant and agreeable in the early days of May.

— We are in receipt of a copy of "New England Vacation Resorts," handsomely illustrated, issued by the Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, C. M. Bert General Agent, which the summer visitors to New England and tourists will find it profitable to study. It gives the principal resorts, with map, hotels, prices, etc. and is a valuab'e publication.

— The JOURNAL is indebted to its friend, Mr. C. W. Waldron of San Francisco, for a copy of the "Battleship Fleet" issue of the *Call*, the leading paper of that city, for which we return thanks. It makes a huge bundle of pictures and descriptive reading anent the visit of Uncle Sam's big war fleet now on the Pacific Coast, and then soon to arrive for a fortnight's frolic at that port.

— Last Wednesday a Boston paper sent up a howl over the refusal of the Woburn Board of License Commissioners to grant liquor licenses to the druggists in this city. It told a doleful story that, really amounted to nothing, after all. There has been altogether too much cheap talk over this matter of giving the druggists permits to sell intoxicating liquors. Hush up, and let the law take its course, is our advice.

— Last May Day was far from being an ideal one. It rained heavily the night before, and the morning dawned bright and balmy, but by the middle of the forenoon a cold west wind arose which continued until "night let her sable curtain down and pinned it with a star." The sun at intervals shone warmly and cheerfully, but the icy breath of the strong wind that blew without ceasing made the weather more uncomfortable than it should be on May 1.

— Of course, it is possible to open one's doors to a more welcome visitor than the City Assessor, but Fred Rice, Chairman of the Woburn Board, presents the annual document so gracefully and pleasantly, and always has such a kind word for his victims, that the rough edge is taken off from the operation, and the victim almost feels as though he is having a special favor conferred on him by Fred, instead of a demand for more tax money, when he politely hands out the unwelcome paper.

— The most encouraging sign that has been seen here lately of the eventual arrival of warmer weather is the blossoming of pear trees. Many trees in this city and neighborhood are now covered with bunches of pink and white bloom, and look inviting in their new spring dress, indeed, they make a lovely sight. Likewise, the abundance of blossoms gives promise of a plentiful harvest of the popular fruit next summer and fall, which is a welcome assurance to the lovers of it, as who are not?

— Woburn Legion celebrated its anniversary by naming its Legion for Rev. Daniel March, D. D., the honored Pastor Emeritus of the Congregational church. Dr. March, who is ninety years of age, was present and spoke. The Seniors signalized this most interesting occasion by sending a huge bouquet of beautiful carnations to the State L. T. L. Secretary, who appreciated this sweet remembrance more than words can express. Woburn furnishes one of the best examples of an orderly, successful Legion that the State affords. —*The Message.*

— The funeral of Mrs. Nellie F. Carpenter was held last Sunday afternoon at her late home on Church avenue. Many people attended it and brought an abundance of flowers in testimony of their esteem and high regard for the deceased. Rev. Dr. Williams, pastor of the First Baptist church, of which she was a member, conducted the religious exercises; and Messrs. B. A. & C. E Tripp had charge. Mrs. Carpenter was, also, a member of W. R. C. 161, many of the Order being present to pay their respects to her memory.

— Last Saturday evening Mishawum Club, the oldest in the city, held their annual election with the following result: President, Charles M. Wright; Vice President, Dr. Vernon C. Stewart; Secretary, Edward Q Brackett; Treasurer, Arthur W. Whitcher; Directors, Clarence Littlefield, Wallace G. Parkin, Walter L. Dodge; Curator, Dr. H G. Blake. The Club are to celebrate the 41st anniversary of their organization at their rooms in the Dow block, on Monday evening, May 11. The affair will consist of a banquet, a vaudeville show, and other entertaining things.

— To an outside reader the report on Woburn's water supply made by Mr. Barbour, the Consulting Engineer, at a meeting of the Board of Public Works last Monday evening, was about as "clear as mud." According to it, if the city would do this, or that, or the other thing, there would be a plenty of water to last 20 years. Now, the fact of the matter is, if the city would go to work and perfect the plans of ex-Commissioner Hayward; finish the drivewells, and make the attachments, as he proposed, there would nevermore be heard complaints about our water supply.

— Company G gave the last of their this season's assemblies at Armory Hall last evening. The series, which began early last fall, has been eminently successful.

— Mr. A. Herbert Holland, Treasurer, will receive contributions to the Visiting Nurse Association, funds for the maintenance of which are now being solicited. It is an institution that deserves a liberal support from our citizens.

— Not until June will it be known whether the druggists of this city are to have licenses to sell intoxicating liquors for medicinal purposes or not this year. With the expiration of May the License Board go out of commission so far as the discharge of the duties of their office is concerned, still holding the offices, however, and the City Council are empowered to act in place of the Board. As the case now stands the druggists are debarred from selling spirituous liquors on a doctor's prescription, and the present prospect is that such will be the condition of affairs during the present "dry" year Should the Council vote to grant licenses to druggists, it is thought that Mayor Blodgett would veto the act; that an attempt to override his veto would fail; and there you are!

— A rumor reached this city last Monday forenoon to the effect that Wilson, Editor of the Winchester *Star*, felt very much put out when denied his usual draught of soda at the fountains in that town last Saturday. His failure to obtain his favorite every-day tipple arose from the fact that the fountain operators, or engineers, had been refused common victuallers licenses, and the source of supply of the delectable fluid had been cruelly cut off. That Wilson was angry goes without saying. Now, it must not, by any means, be inferred from this simple statement of fact that Mr. Wilson is familiar with the "wink," and understands the ropes, by which the operator is instructed as to the particular drink his customer wishes, for he takes his soda straight, and has no use for "winks," or other private signs, to obtain it.

— A few months hence the Woburn Swede Lutheran church is to celebrate the 15th anniversary of its organization, and already Rev. G. Sigfrid Swenssen, the pastor, has commenced preparations for it. His desire and aim is to free the church of the debt it owes, incurred in erecting the house of worship it occupies, which he has strong hopes of accomplishing. The church numbers 180 members, and is prosperous, spiritually and financially. Rev. Mr. Swensson, who is a graduate of the Classical Department and Divinity School of Augustana College at Rock Island, Illinois, the largest Swede Lutheran institution of learning in the country, has been rector of the Woburn church for the last four years, and has done much to strengthen and build it up. He is a sound preacher, an earnest laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, and popular.

— The Mayday party given in Lyceum Hall last Friday evening to obtain money for the Floating Hospital charity drew a much larger collection of people than anyone of its several successful predecessors. The spacious Hall was jammed full, and standing room was at a premium. Gertrude Creed was May Queen, and the attendants on Her Majesty were: Dorothy Linscott, Helen French, Dexter Hart, and Edgar Blake. The fancy dances were the Maypole, Dutch, Clown, Rose; and the Toe Dancer was Miss Everlyn Browley. They were all exceedingly fine, and elicited no end of applause. The Woburn managers of the annual May party for the Hospital have, in the past, been given credit, and praised, for the financial success that has invariably attended them, and their liberal contributions to the fund The charity is worthy of all praise and generous public support.

— Capt. J. Henry Symonds, a former resident of this city, and a member of Woburn Post 161, G. A. R, has presented to the Public Library a copy of "The Military Memories of a Confederate" by General E. L Alexander, former Chief of Artillery on the staff of Stonewall Jackson. This is said to be the least unprejudiced of any history of the War of Rebellion written by a secessionist. Although business interests induced Capt. Symonds to move to New York City several years ago, he still remembers his friends and former Woburn neighbors, and the Civil War Veterans he left behind He was active and zealous in church, temperance and Y. M. C. A. work, and did much, with money, time and labor, for the benefit of each. Capt. Symonds lived here several years, while doing business in Boston, and commanded the respect and good will of everybody.

— Our public schools are enjoying the freedom and pleasures of a short spring vacation this week. The breathing spell is being improved by teachers and scholars according to the bent of their individual inclinations. The teachers are entitled to periods of rest at not too long intervals Some people think that teachers have an easy life at good salaries; that they do not earn the pay they get. This is a mistake. School teaching is a hard, laborious business. To be sure, teachers are confined to their workrooms fewer hours in the week than most other public employees; but that is right, too—they could not endure the long days of the street laborers, and others. Theirs is a nerve wrecking employment. The manual labor is not so severe; but note the number of nervous breakdowns even here in our own schools every year, and think about it We doubt very much if the salaries of Woburn teachers are as high as they ought to be, or commensurate to the value of their services.

Local News.

— An Anxious Enquirer wants to know if the question of who fixes the water rates has been settled. We don't know.

—McLaughlin & Dennison's new arrangements for supplying sweets to the public will receive due attention from the JOURNAL next week.

— The exercises of Memorial Day, which comes in three weeks from tomorrow, are to be conducted under the direction of Burbank Post, 33, G. A. R. Rev. Dr. Williams is to deliver the address. The Sons of Veterans are to have an appropriation from the public treasury to defray their expenses on that occasion.

— The Daniel March Loyal Temperance Legion are to give an oratorical contest in the vestry of the First Baptist church on Friday evening, May 22. Medals are to be awarded to the successful competitors for prizes. Rev. Dr. March, for whom the local Legion was named, will contribute to the interest of the occasion, and, perhaps, write a poem for it.

— The announcement that Jennie Trecartin was the soprano soloist, Henry Hayden bass soloist, Maude Littlefield violin soloist, F. Percyval Lewis and Annie Lewis pianists, and Alice Whitcomb reader, is tantamount to the highest praise that could possibly be accorded to the concert furnished by the Medical Association in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday evening, for they are all stars in their several roles, and they did their best on that notable and delightful occasion. A large audience, charmed, applauded, with spirit, each program number.

From Captain Hanson.

By courtesy of Mr. Willis L. Varney we are enabled to publish the following extract from a letter received by him from Capt. Linwood E. Hanson a few days ago. The Captain, who is First Lieutenant of Co. B, 26th Regiment of Infantry, U. S. A., has many friends in Woburn who will read the extract with interest.

"We reached Manila in due time from the States and I was at once assigned to command of 'K' Company, where I remained until the 18th of February, when I was detailed as Quartermaster and Commissary of the Transport 'Wright', which job I am now holding down. We make two trips a month down through the islands going around the East coast of Samar, also touching ports in Leyte, Panay, Mindoro, Marinduque, and Luzon, making about 3100 miles per month. Am getting to be quite a sailor, and like the work very much. It keeps me pretty busy, for we run day and night to make our schedule time, and, of course, load and discharge at whatever hour we arrive in any port.

"Am in command of the ship; we carry a crew of about seventy, all told, and use Chinese help altogether in the steward's department. The 'Wright' is an iron steamer, 871 gross tons, 388 net tonnage, is 200 feet long and 27.1 feet wide; is a splendid sea boat, and have a fine crew.

"We sail to-day at noon and will go as far South as Mindanao; the 'Seward' is in dry dock, and we are doing some of her work along with our own; shall return on the morning of April 4th, and go out again on the 6th, for our regular run, being gone ten days."

Tribute by a Friend.

Since your last issue, a home in our midst has been bereft of a loving daughter and sister, and the Rumford school has lost one of its most faithful and efficient teachers.

Evelina Mabel Page, daughter of Capt. Theopholus F. and Etta R. Page, was born in this city, Sept. 20, 1870. After graduating from the High School, in 1890, she taught for a short time in West Newbury, Mass., in Keene, N. H., then in Cottage City, which latter place she left to take the position of teacher in the Rumford School, September, 1893. While engaged in teaching she took up the study of the methods of teaching music and received a diploma from the American Institute of Normal Methods as applied to Music.

During the latter part of January, Miss Page was obliged to give up her work, for a short time, as we hoped, but it proved otherwise. Hoping that a change would benefit her, her friends took her to the New England Sanitarium in Melrose, where she peacefully passed away in her sleep just as the morning dawned, May first.

"Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovlier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!

* * * * * *

"So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh! in that hour fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee."

The funeral services, which took place in the North Congregational church, of which Miss Page was a member, were conducted by Rev. Geo. H. Tilton, and attended by many friends. The Alpine Quartet rendered most sweetly two selections. Floral offerings, many and exquisite, sent by sympathetic friends were arranged by loving hands, and Lina was laid to rest surrounded by beautiful flowers which she so much loved. It was fitting that a spray of lily-of-the-valley, should be laid beside her.

Those who have been associated with her day after day will miss the cheerful spirit' and ready wit which made her always a welcome companion; her pupils have lost a friend who labored conscientiously for their good; but the home circle is bereft indeed. Here her self-sacrificing spirit shone brightest, and nothing was too hard to do for the comfort of the loved ones in the home. But planning brain and tireless hands have, at last, gone to their rest—the Pilot has come, and she has crossed the bar, and the home is desolate.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place.
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Besides many friends, Miss Page leaves to mourn her loss a mother, Mrs. Etta R. Page, one sister, Mrs. Harriett E. Sawyer of North Woburn, and four brothers, Herman F. of North Woburn, John O. of Lynn, Arthur T. of Beverly, and Harry S. of Schenectardy, N. Y.

A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Tired, Aching, Callous, Sweating, Swollen feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

New Malay Opium Cure

Being Distributed Free by a New York Society.

Co-operating with missions in Malaysia, the Windsor Laboratories of New York have secured a supply of the wonderful combretum plant, which has done so much to revolutionize the treatment of the opium habit.

A generous supply of the new remedy, together with full instructions for its use, and United States consular reports bearing on the subject will be sent to any sufferer. To obtain a free supply of this remedy and the consular reports, address Windsor Laboratories, Branch 30, 134 East 25th Street, New York City.

Children and Candy.

Give children plenty of pure sugar, taffy and butter scotch and they'll have little need of cod liver oil, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Woman's Home Companion. In short, sugar is, after meat, bread and butter, easily our next most important and necessary food. You can put the matter to a test very easily. Just leave off the pie, pudding or other desserts at your lunch or midday dinner. You'll be astonished to find how quickly you'll feel "empty" again and how "unfinished" the meal will seem. You can't get any workingman to accept a dinner pail without pie in it. And he's absolutely right. The only thing that can take the place of sugar here is beer or wine. It is a significant fact that the free lunch counters run in connection with bars furnish every imaginable thing except sweets. Even the restaurants and lunch grills attached to saloons or bars often refuse to serve desserts of any sort. They know their business! The more sugar and sweets a man takes at a meal the less alcohol he wants. Conversely, nearly every drinking man will tell you that he has lost his taste for sweets. The more candy a nation consumes, the less alcohol

Long and Short.

Farmer B.—This 'ere paper says they ain't nothin' f'r an appetite like a long tramp. His Wife—Land! They don't know what they're talkin' about. A short one c'n eat just ez much.—Pathfinder.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—3d Sunday after Easter.
10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Rev. Wm. H. Osmond, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Adam and Fallen Man."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, May 1, Ann M. Knowlton, aged 83 years, 6 months, 22 days.
In this city, May 1, Patrick O'Driscoll, aged 70 years, 4 months.
In this city, May 2, Thomas A. F. Martin, aged 18 years.
In this city, May 2, Hannah F. Roberts, aged 53 years, 11 months, 20 days.
In this city, May 5, Ann O'Donnell, aged 82 years.
In this city, May 7, Mrs. Alice Murray, aged 84 years.

ELECTRICITY.

Your convenience will be promoted if you so arrange that your door bells, and call bells within doors are operated by the same current which gives the best artificial light there is—the electric light. A small transformer is necessary; but this isn't costly. In the long run it will save money.

Have you learned to be light-wise?

Anything you'd like to know about the electric light and electrical conveniences our Sales Agent will be glad to tell you. Write him, or call, or telephone "Oxford 3300 Collect."

THE EDISON

Electric Illuminating Co.,

33 39 Boylston St., Boston

FORECLOSURE.

22 Union Street.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John C. Finnegan of Woburn, Massachusetts, to L. Jennie Neal, dated December 26, 1905, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Book 3207, Page 63, for breach of the condition contained in said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on

MONDAY, the first day of June, 1908,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:

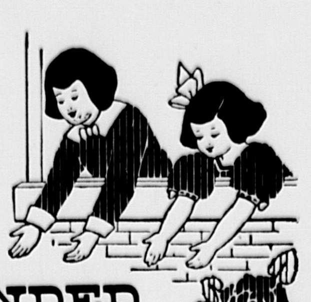
A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in Woburn, Massachusetts, on the northerly side of Union street, containing about 10,682 square feet, bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on said Union street and at land of Cooper; from thence runs westerly on and by said Union street eighty-four feet to land of Flagg; thence turning the line runs northerly on and by said land of Flagg about eighty-one feet to land of Connolly; thence turning the line runs easterly by said land of Connolly about thirteen and 8-10 feet to a corner; thence turning and running again northerly still by said land of Connolly about thirty-one feet to land of Gerry, now or formerly; thence turning the line runs easterly by land of said Gerry thirty feet to a corner; thence the line turns and runs northerly still by said land of Gerry sixty-six and ½ feet to Broad street; thence turning the line runs easterly on and by said Broad street thirty-three and ½ feet to land of Cooper; thence turning the line runs southerly on and by said land of Cooper one hundred and four feet to a corner; thence turning the line runs easterly still by said Cooper's land about eight and 7-10 feet to a corner still at land of Cooper; thence turning the line runs again southerly by said Cooper's land about eighty-four feet to the point of beginning. Subject to a prior mortgage for $2500 held by the Wildey Savings Bank.

$500 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale and balance on mortgage.

L. JENNIE NEAL, Mortgagee.

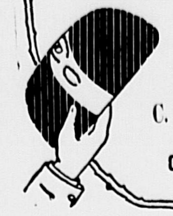
May 6, 1908.

Persons interested will please see G. FRANKLIN NEAL, 101 Franklin Street, Boston.



BLENDED FLOUR.

Every ounce of flour used in Hathaway's Bread is blended to suit that particular kind of bread. This blending of coarse and fine flours is out of the question in the home, for it requires years of experience and much scientific knowledge. Here is another reason why few can equal, and none surpass us in making good bread. Try a loaf of Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread and you will resolve to let us bake your bread hereafter.



"Hathaway's Delights the Children."

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE AND WALTHAM

Ups and Downs.

Whether times are good or bad during the ups and downs of prosperity or depression the diamond, above all other assets one may have, remains at par. It grows in value every year. Cupid's demands must be met at any cost, and there is nothing the prospective groom could invest in that would please his fiancee more than saving up before marriage and investing in a diamond.

Smith & Varney,

JEWELERS.

No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN

☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John Dever, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to John M. Devir, of Malden in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eighteenth day of May, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in said estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Annie C. McCormick, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Edward F. Johnson, of Woburn in said County, or to some other suitable person

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-first day of May, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Lina M. Page, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Etta R Page, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-ninth day of May, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esqutre, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George F. Goode and Elvira W. Goode, his wife in her own right, of Lowell, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, a corporation duly established under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts at Woburn, in said Commonwealth, dated March 1, 1889, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 1896, Page 408, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same will be sold at public auction on the first lot hereinafter described on

Saturday, May 16, 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, except as hereinafter specified, and therein described as follows:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Beach street in said Woburn, containing four (4) acres, be it more or less, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on said Beach street and at land formerly of Horace Conn, thence the line runs a little south of east by and with said Beach street to the wall at land formerly of Rufus Wyman and others; thence a little west of south, by land last named, as the wall now stands to a large stone; thence southeasterly by same land, as the wall now stands, to a corner of the wall; thence southwesterly still by said Wyman's land, as the wall now stands, to a corner of the wall; thence northwesterly, still by last named land, as the wall now stands, to a corner of the wall, at said land formerly of Horace Conn; thence a little east of north by last named land, by the wall and fence, two hundred eighty-six and one-half feet to the point of beginning.

Also: A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, containing twenty-four thousand, three hundred and fifty-four square feet, more or less, situated on Beach street in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises, in the westerly line of said Beach street, and at land above described, from thence the line runs northwesterly by the westerly side of said Beach street, ninety-one and seven tenths feet to Cleveland Avenue; thence a little south of west, with the southerly line of said Cleveland Avenue, two hundred forty-four feet to a stake, by land now or late of Anna E. Cummings; thence east of south, by said Anna E. Cummings's land, one hundred and five-tenths feet, to said land above described; thence northeasterly by land last named, two hundred eighty five and two-tenths feet, to the point of beginning.

EXPRESSLY EXCEPTING THEREFROM a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, released by the said Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank to James J. Smith by partial release dated May 16, 1906, and recorded with said Deeds, Book 3243, Page 205, and bounded and described as follows: A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Cleveland Avenue in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely: Beginning at a point in the southerly side line of said Cleveland Avenue, at land now or formerly of W. H. Cummings, thence the line runs southerly, by and with said Cummings's land, one hundred and one feet to a point; thence the line runs a little north of east, by and with other land described in said mortgage, one hundred and five-tenths feet to a proposed street called Kendall street; thence the line runs northerly, by and with said proposed street, one hundred and seven and fifty-three one hundredths feet to said Cleveland Avenue; thence the line runs westerly, by and with said Cleveland Avenue, one hundred and six and eighty-three one-hundredths feet, to the point of beginning. Containing 10,798 square feet

The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and other municipal liens if any, and two hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be made known at the sale.

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK,
Mortgagee. By Charlie A. Jones, President.
Woburn, Mass., April 22, 1908.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

WALTER LINCOLN RICE.
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Lessons at pupils residence if desired.
38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass

Marion Althea Burt
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Vivian Helena Burt
TEACHER OF PIANO
75 Garfield Ave., Woburn

QUAKER
Wheat Berries
7c. Pkg.
Always sold for 10 cents.

These goods are made from the whole grain of the finest Northern Wheat puffed and baked to a delicious crispness in a temperature of 400 deg Fahr. Very palatable and nutritious. Try them with maple syrup, cream or fruit juices.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-1.

Many People
WHO TRIED
- Brooks's -
Hypophosphites
for Spring Weariness last year, are using the same remedy this season. It is a great body builder tonic.
Price 85 Cents
MADE BY
F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN

La Grippe
RELIEVED BY OUR
Laxative Cold Tablets
In cases of wasting diseases
Cod Liver Oil Emulsion
will brace you up.

Whitcher's PILL BOX
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore

Wob rn Gas Light Co.
GAS STOVES
for cooking and heating. Welsbach lights, Welsbach and Humphry Arc lights, and for everything pertaining to gas lighting apply at office of Company.
314 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adaline B. Church wishes to announce to her patients and friends that she will resume practice in Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church street.

Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.
Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appointment.

Extension Telephones

Saves Time—Energy—Patience.

Convenient for the aged.

Comforting to the invalid.

Invaluable to the business man who regards his time in money equivalents.

Indispensable to the housewife who may have to go up-stairs or down-stairs to answer a telephone call or to send a message.

The convenience tremendously out-weighs the cost. Ask your neighbor who has one, or, for further particulars call up the Local Manager. (No charge for such a call).

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE

By virtue of and in pursuance of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John R. Carter to John M. Harlow, Trustee under the will of Charles Choate, late of Woburn, Mass., deceased, dated May 24th, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Libro 2369, Folio 385, which mortgage was duly assigned to Isaac Sprague, Trustee for Helen O. Sprague, under the will of said Charles Choate, by assignment dated December 10th, 1903, and recorded with said Deeds, libro 3075, folio 235, and again assigned by said Isaac Sprague, Trustee as aforesaid to Herbert B. Dow and Charles D. Adams, Executors of the will of Lydia G. Choate, late of said Woburn, by assignment dated January 31st, 1906, and recorded with said Deeds, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on

Monday, the first day of June, A. D., 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:—

A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing about one and one-half acres, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on the easterly side of Main street, at land of S. Franksford Trull, from thence the line runs southerly by and with said Main street, one hundred and fifty and 73-100 feet to a stake at my other land; thence turning the line runs northeasterly on and by said other land one hundred and fifty-four and 27-100 (154.27) feet to a stake; thence turning the line runs south 9° 50′ east by my said other land and by land of Fred H Burdett, one hundred and six and 16-100 feet to New Boston street; thence turning the line runs northeasterly by and with said New Boston street, twenty and 44-100 feet to land of Everett P. Fox; thence turning the line runs northerly on and by said land of said Fox, one hundred feet to a corner; thence turning the line runs north of east still by said land of Fox sixty-seven and 2-10 feet; thence more northerly by land of Adeline Place, one hundred seventy-three and 8-10 feet and thence slightly deflecting to the left still by said land of Place forty-eight feet to an angle; thence turning the line runs northerly still by land of said Place, ninety-five feet to land of Pierce; thence turning the line runs westerly on and by said land of Pierce, one hundred and forty-five and 2-10 feet to a stake at my other land; thence turning the line runs southerly by my said other land eighty-one and 3-10 feet, to a stake; thence westerly again by my said other land and by land of S. Franksford Trull aforesaid, two hundred forty-two and 5-10 feet to the point of beginning. Being the same premises, in part, described in a deed to the grantor from Adaline Place dated May 24, 1895, and subject to the restrictions therein referred to.

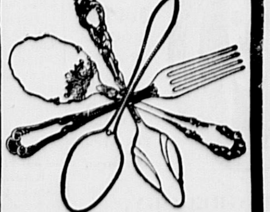
EXPRESSLY EXCEPTING THEREFROM, a certain parcel of land, released by said John M. Harlow, Trustee, to said John R. Carter, by partial release, dated April 27, 1898, and recorded with said Deeds, Book 2651, Page 381, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—A certain parcel of land containing 4161 square feet, situated in said Woburn and bounded as follows viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises at the corner of land of William E. Blodgett and land of one Austin, thence the line runs northerly on said land of Austin and land of Place, ninety-five feet to land of Pierce; thence turning the line runs westerly on said land of Pierce, forty feet to a stake at land of grantee; thence turning the line runs southerly on land of the grantee one hundred twenty-five and 5-10 feet to a stake at the northwesterly corner of said Blodgett's land; thence turning the line runs north easterly on said Blodgett's forty-eight feet to the point of beginning.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, tax titles, or assessments, if any.

Terms: $500. at time and place of sale, balance in ten days.

HERBERT B. DOW and CHARLES D. ADAMS, Executors of the will of Lydia G. Choate, assignees and present holders of said mortgage.

Chas. D. Adams Atty.
10 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.



"Silver Plate that Wears."
The trade mark
"1847 Rogers Bros."
on Spoons, Forks, etc., is a guarantee of quality the world over. The prefix—1847—insures the genuine Rogers quality. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue No. 6 to
International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
PETITION.

To the Honorable County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex:

We, the undersigned, inhabitants of the Town of Wilmington, respectfully petition your Honorable Board to relocate the way known as Woburn street, in said Wilmington, between the intersection of Lowell street and the junction of Park street, for the purpose of establishing the boundary lines of such way.

JOHN W. HATHAWAY and four others.
May 1, 1908.

COMMONWEALTM OF MASSACHUSETTS.
PETITION.

To the Honorvble County Commissioners for the Ccunty of Middlesex:

We, the undersigned, inhabitants of the Town of Wilmington, respectfully petition your Honorable Board to relocate that portion of the way known as Lowell street between West street and the Reading boundary line, for the purpose of establishing the boundary lines of such way.

JOHN W. HATHAWAY and four others.
May 1, 1908.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
PETITION.

To the Honorable County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex:

We, the undersigned, inhabitants of the Town of Wilmington, respectfully petition your Honorable Board to relocate that portion of the way known as Burlington Avenue in said town, between the junction of Boutwell street and the premises of Peter McGrane, for the purpose of making alterations in the course of said way.

JOHN W. HATHAWAY and four others.
May 1, 1908.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

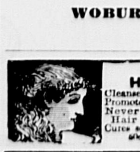
At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eight, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge on the second day of May, A. D. 1908.

ON the foregoing petitions Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Wilmington Station, Southern Division of the Boston and Maine Railroad, on Monday, the eighth day of June, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the Town of Wilmington, in said County, with copies of said petitions and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Wilmington, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

Copy of petitions and order thereon.
Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

HARRY DUSTIN JOLL
ARCHITECT
431 MAIN STREET
WOBURN, MASS.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Fohn Winds.

The Journal of the Meteorological Society of Japan contains an account by Dr. Okada of the occurrence in Korea of those remarkable winds which have been called fohn winds. The winds to which this name was originally given are warm winds blowing down from the snowclad mountains of Switzerland and producing extensive meltings of the snow. They have hence been called "snow eaters." The fohn is essentially a phenomenon of mountainous regions, and Wonsan, in Korea, where they have been observed, is surrounded except on the east by high mountains. In this region they are always westerly and cause abnormally high temperatures and dryness of the air. A similar wind in North America blowing down from the Rocky mountains has been called the chinook. Fohn winds occur also in the arctic regions. Blowing sometimes in midwinter they produce a remarkable climatic paradox. As a result of the elevation of temperature caused by them it may happen that northern Greenland, though in winter darkness, is warmer than southern France.

WINCHESTER.

Dr. B. T. Church is alive, well and kicking, thank you.

Scarlet fever still lingers among the children of this town.

Memorial Day is to be observed here in the usual impressive manner.

The 32d anniversary of the W. C. T. U. will be duly celebrated at 3 o'clock this afternoon, May 8.

The correspondence between Congressman McCall and Hon. John M Woods appeared in the *Star* of May 1.

Mr. Arthur E Whitney is one of the most prolific newspaper writers we have among us. He never lets his facile pen grow cold.

How many of our people know that the new Sunday law goes into effect on May 11? And how many know what its provisions are? No Sunday baseball.

The fishing question still agitates the public mind here. "Attorney" thinks no sensible Judge would ever convict a person for decently fishing in the reservoirs.

Sales of real estate and building are not so brisk here this spring as usual. Hard times are felt by all sorts of business, and new building enterprises are among the first to feel their depressing effects.

A Milkmen's Association is the latest fad hatched out by our enterprising citizens. It proposes to reform the milk business in a way that will insure clean and pure lacteal fluid for our babies and adults.

I suppose Brother W. Tuck was on hand at the Democratic State convention yesterday like Day & Martin's blacking. As a Bryan politician he is a whole team and horse to let. He'll go to the Denver convention sure, or perish in the attempt.

The Ladies Friendly Society of the Unitarian church have elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Geo. Edwin Pratt; Vice-President, Miss Elizabeth Stevens; Treasurer, Mrs. George Everett Pratt; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Ralph S. Vinal; Assistant Secretary, Mrs. George W. Dearborn; Directors, Mrs Stewart Bishop, Mrs. Charles T. Whitten, Miss Lucy Young, Mrs. Arthur V Rogers, Mrs. William E. Cummings, Mrs Lewis Parkhurst and Miss Helen I. Adams.

High School '90 Class have elected the following to compose the staff of the *Recorder*, viz: Editor in Chief, Russell Keehne; Assistant Editor in Chief, Dorothy Ayer; Business Manager, John Sharon; Assistant Business Manager, Ralph Cowdery; Artist Editor, Agnes Cullen; Exchange Editor, Eunice Walsh; Athletic Editors, George Foley, '09, Theodore Hurd, '10; Associate Editors, Harry A. Collins, Elizabeth Coit; Alumni Editors, R Charles Thompson, '08, Josephine Wingate, '09.

Literary Notices.

The fine picture of a yacht bowling along under a full spread of canvas on the front cover of the May AMERICAN BOY speaks eloquently of the seashore and warm summer breezes. He will be a curious boy whom the contents of this number does not fully please. Jimmy Jones, Pirate; Four Boys on the Mississippi, and That Dillingham Boy increase in interest. Among the short stories are: Hanging a Bear; For Uncle Jerry's Sake; Five Hundred Thousand Dollars and Management of a Railroad Saved; Major Billy; At the End of His Rope; and The Man Who Never Made Mistakes. The various departments are full of pleasing and instructive information. In addition there are 88 illustrations. $1 00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

MEXICO CITY POLICE.

Street Lanterns That Keep Them Vigilant at Night.

"When I visited Mexico," said an artist, "I found innumerable things of interest, but that which gained my notice particularly was the police system. In the City of Mexico the police at night are stationed at short intervals apart in the street. Each policeman has a lantern, which is placed on a stand in the center of the street. It is his duty to remain in easy striking distance of this lantern at all times, so that he will be on hand in case of an emergency.

"Any person who is able to reach the lamp and lift it from its hook before the policeman interferes is entitled to a reward of $500. Any policeman who loses his lantern is subject to instant and dishonorable dismissal. This is to insure constant vigilance on their part and to require their presence at a certain point at all times. At first I regarded the thing as a joke, and I tried to get possession of the police lantern. But then I found that I was greatly mistaken. Not once, although I exercised extreme caution, was I quick enough for the policeman on watch.

"The City of Mexico is one of the best policed communities in the world. Policemen are always on hand when one requires them, and it is virtually impossible for desperadoes to operate in the open."—New York Telegram.

A SUICIDE'S HAND.

The Queer Superstition That Used to Prevail In England.

In former times it was a common notion that if a sick person could only touch the hand of a suicide he or she would be cured. This superstition was especially common in the west of England. In Cornwall touching a suicide's hand was said to have once cured a young man who had been afflicted with many tumors from his birth. A similar superstition regarding the touch of executed criminals has been widely prevalent and has often been recorded.

Robert Hunt in his "Romances of the West of England" says that he once saw a young woman led on to the scaffold at Newgate in order to have a wen touched by the hand of a man who had just been executed.

At Northampton of old the hangman is said to have had a regular fee for according a similar "privilege" to sufferers from like disorders. Even the coffin of a suicide may have curative value. There is a Devonshire belief to the effect that if any one suffering from disease can manage to throw a white handkerchief on such a coffin at the time of its interment the disease will vanish as the handkerchief decays. Much superstitious value has also been attached to the knots of the rope used either by a suicide or in the execution of a criminal.

Work of the Farmer.

The countless millions of our population are fed and clothed by the American farmer. The grain waving in golden beauty upon the great plains of the west, the cotton drifting like summer snow upon the fields of the south, freight the fleets of nations and loose their sails, thread the continents with track of steel, fill the earth with the roar of trains and heap for trade and commerce and useful art those stores that make a nation great. Where are the sinews of our strength if they are not found in our great, diversified agricultural products? What victorious hosts ever waved as joyous banners as those that float above the tasseled maize from the snows of Maine to the spicy groves of California? What spirit of beauty hovers above southern fields when fleecy bolls uncover to crown "King Cotton!"—Hon. Ezekiel S. Candler, Jr., of Mississippi in House of Representatives.

A Mole Catcher.

A farm manager at Fodderty, Dingwall, Scotland, watching a mole catcher at work, saw sea gulls hovering over and occasionally alighting upon a turnip field in which the observer and others were at work. A particularly large and handsome bird attracted his attention by the graceful way it floated slowly over the drills, intently scanning the surface of the ground. Suddenly, steadying itself a moment, it dropped, dug its bill into the heaving ground and rose with a mole for its prey. Resting a few minutes, it gracefully began again a further search for prey. In a few minutes a second mole was unearthed.

The White Evening Waistcoat.

Anything that breaks through the gloomy, funereal, waitereal aspect of male evening dress is to be commended. But practically, as a general rule, the white evening waistcoat cannot be effectively worn much after the age of twenty-one. Black, it is well known, diminishes the proportions, but white undoubtedly increases them. I see men whom I have hitherto considered to be slim appear in white evening waistcoats and look absolutely corpulent.—London Graphic.

A Good Reason.

Pearl—They thought at first they would be married in Holland. Ruby—And what changed their minds? Pearl—Why, they heard that old shoes in Holland weighed from two to six pounds each.—Exchange.

Reassuring.

Old Bullion—It galls me to think that my money goes into your spendthrift hands when I die. Young Bullion—Never mind, governor. It won't stay there long.—London Tit-Bits.

Nobility does not lie in the hall full of family portraits dimmed by the band of time.—Seneca.

What's the Use?

"Does wealth bring real enjoyment?"

"Naw. They won't let you eat the grub you like or wear the clothes you consider classy or listen to the music you understand or even put a cast iron dog on the lawn."—Kansas City Journal.

Envious of the Immune.

Little Henry (at the table, to the visitor)—I wish I were like you. Visitor (flattered)—Why, little man? Little Henry—Because no one boxes your ears when you eat with your fingers.—London Opinion.

Flowers.

Flowers are the terrestrial stars that bring down heaven to earth and carry up our thoughts from earth to heaven, the poetry of the Creator written in beauty and fragrance.

When Women Claim Age.

At two periods in life femininity declares itself to be older than it really is, before it has reached eighteen and after it has reached eighty-five.—Health.

MAY FIRES.

Ancient Scotch Custom Which Involved Human Sacrifice.

Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland" contains notices of many old customs, which still continued to be observed in the Highlands, though they were even then fast dying out. From the eleventh volume of that great work, which was published in 1791 and the succeeding years, we learn, on the authority of the minister of Callender, Perthshire, that the boys of the township assembled in a body upon the moors on May day and proceeded to dig a circular trench, leaving the soil in the center undisturbed, so as to form a low table of green turf sufficient in size to accommodate the whole party.

They lighted a fire and prepared a custard of milk and eggs and a large oatmeal cake, which they baked upon a stone placed in the embers. When they had eaten the custard, they divided the cake into as many equal portions as there were persons in the assembly and daubed one of those pieces with charcoal until it was perfectly black. They then placed all the pieces of cake together in a bonnet, and each in turn drew one blindfolded, the holder of the bonnet being entitled to the last piece. The boy who drew the blackened portion was destined to be sacrificed and was compelled to leap three times through the flames.

Although the ceremony had degenerated into a mere pastime for boys, it is evident that it must once upon a time have involved the actual sacrifice of a human being in order to render the coming summer fruitful.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A QUICK TOUCH.

She Needed Money and Sent a Message That Would Fetch It.

A day or two ago a woman entered a suburban telegraph office and said to the receiver of messages that she desired to telegraph her husband, who was away in the country, to ask him for money. He pointed her to the counter supplied with blanks and told her the rate for a dozen words. She struggled away for a quarter of an hour and then handed in the following:

"Won't you please send me £5 by next post?"

"I don't know whether that will do or not," she said as she felt for her purse. "If you were to receive such a telegram from your wife, would you forward the money?"

"Well—well, I might," he replied in doubtful tones.

"Now, you wait. I don't like the telegram at all, because I tried to keep it within twelve words. I'll write another."

She tore it up, walked over to the counter and in three minutes handed in a new one reading:

"Am out of food and fuel and want £5 as soon as you can get it here. If you can't spare it I'll pawn the parlor carpet."

"That would bring the money from me," said the counter clerk as he read the lines and marked the number of words.

"Then it will from him. Send it quick."—London Tit-Bits.

Investigating Grandpa.

A grandfather, well known in the English house of commons, was chatting amicably with his little granddaughter, who was snugly ensconced on his knee.

"What makes your hair so white, grandpa?" the little miss queried.

"I am very old, my dear; I was in the ark," replied his lordship, with a painful disregard of the truth.

"Oh, you are Noah?"

"No."

"Are you Shem, then?"

"No, I am not Shem."

"Are you Ham?"

"No."

"Then," said the little one, who was fast nearing the limit of her Biblical knowledge, "you must be Japheth."

A negative reply was given to this query also, for the old gentleman inwardly wondered what the outcome would be.

"But, grandpa, if you are not Noah or Shem or Ham or Japheth you must be a beast!"

The Evil Eye.

The "evil eye" was one of the many superstitions that at one time beset humanity in the time of its ignorance. It was believed throughout the middle ages that certain persons had the power of cursing you by their glances, of subjecting you to the fascination which unopposed, blighted and destroyed you. Amulets of various forms were used against this much dreaded power as well as certain practices, such as laughing, spitting and turning a somersault.—New York American.

Doing Without the Dot.

The small letter "i" was formerly written without the dot. The dot was introduced in the fourteenth century to disinguish "i" from "e" in hasty and indistinct writing. The letter "i" was originally used where the letter "j" is now employed. The distinction between "i" and "j" was introduced by the Dutch printers at a comparatively recent date, and the "j" was dotted because the "i," from which it was derived, was written with a dot.

Value of Religion.

"Some people," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman, "can never be made to appreciate the value of religion."

"That's right," replied Mainchantz, the merchant; "they don't know how to catch the church trade at all."—Philadelphia Press.

Color Gossip.

Have human beings, like animals, a tendency to clothe themselves in colors that reproduce the prevailing tone of their surroundings? There is another question for scientists who have discovered that different colors produce differing effects on the health and disposition of individuals. At all events color conventions in different parts of the world are decidedly at a variance. For example, while we use black in mourning the Chinese wear white gowns, white caps, white shoes and white ties on their cues. The royal color in Europe is purple—a hue of red, not of violet, as often misrepresented. In China the imperial color is yellow, and a certain shade of yellow may not be worn by the common people, but is conferred upon high officials as a great distinction.

Some individual color preferences are historical. Cleopatra loved yellow; Mme. de Pompadour delighted in a charming mixture of pink and blue; Napoleon's first empress, Josephine, wore the daring combination of black, white and emerald green, while Eugene Field boldly declares that—

Any color, so long as it's red,
Is good enough for me.

—Woman's Home Companion.

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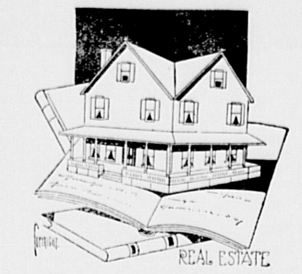

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Cinderella's Mask.

By ETHEL BARRINGTON.

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As the sound of sleigh bells broke the quiet of the room Miss Mercer clinched her teeth to keep back threatening tears.

"I couldn't stand on that foot for one minute, let alone dance," she exclaimed to her younger sister's governess, who stood slim and silent before the fire.

"I am truly sorry," the latter replied. "Jane said you sent for me to help you. What can I do?"

"Take my place in the minuet."

"Oh, no—no; I couldn't do that!"

"You'll have to," groaned Miss Mercer, with decision. Being fond of Augusta Park, she treated the young dependent with confidence and consideration beyond her position, but expected in return cheerful yielding to her own whims or comfort. "I'll write to Aunt Enid explaining the accident to my ankle and that you will take my place, so that the dance need not be abandoned. It's fortunate you played for some of the rehearsals and can wear my gown."

"I really cannot!" Genuine distress rang in the protest. "The dancers are all your friends. I am not in society"—

"When I wanted you to play the other night you made no fuss. Regard it as an act of charity if it helps you, but go."

"Not to Mrs. Fitzray's. I won't enter her doors"—

The invalid raised herself on her elbow, regarding in astonishment the flushed cheeks of the other girl.

"That sounds as if you held some sort of grudge against aunty, and I doubt if you ever met her."

Augusta shook her head. "Don't be a goose then." Miss Mercer shifted her cushions with a little moue of pain. "Bring that low chair and let me talk to you. Now listen," she coaxed when her directions were obeyed. "It would be wickedly selfish not to save the situation. Aunty's masked ball has been looked forward to as one of the events of the season. Our minuet of 'holly and mistletoe' is to be the piece de resistance. Aunty will never forgive me if I am the cause of its being cut out."

"It would be ridiculous for one in my position to take part in it," objected the governess.

"Who will know or care so long as they get their fun?"

"If it were only somewhere else." Augusta faltered, whereupon Miss Mercer turned the averted face toward her, holding it firmly by the chin to study the expression.

"You are keeping something back," she accused. "Be honest! Oh—it's not possible"— She half started up from the lounge, to drop back, breathing quickly. "So you're the girl," she said. "You might have trusted me."

"There was nothing to tell. I would not marry into a family where I was not wanted."

"Morgan said he would choose his own wife, and my cousin is not one to change where his affections are concerned. Of course I now understand your refusal of my request, but you must reconsider the matter. No one can recognize you with a mask, and you can leave directly after the minuet. I'll mention no name, merely write my aunt that a friend has consented to substitute. She'll be too busy to be curious."

Thus it happened that when the ball opened Augusta, a mere nobody, was among the envied debutantes who participated in the minuet. She was thrilled at being in the house of the man she loved and the possibility of learning how it had fared with him during the three years of silence that had buried their happy courtship.

When Morgan's parents had discovered his attachment for an unknown college student bitter scenes had ensued, resulting in the young man leaving Harvard to win independent success in life.

Augusta's pride forbade her corresponding with him, and after graduating she supported herself that her father might be free to educate her sisters. That the Mercers were related to the Fitzrays she had not discovered for some months, and after the first shock of the knowledge she decided to retain her position, there being only formal intercourse between the families and therefore small chance of her identity being discovered.

The brilliantly illumined ballroom was crowded when the eight young couples swept into the center, the men in picturesque "square cuts" of green and scarlet, the girls in gauzy white, with frosty spangles and garlands of mistletoe. Augusta, relying on her mask, entered into the dance with a grace and spirit that caused many of the spectators to single her out for favor. Rising from a deep courtesy, her eye was drawn to one of the guests who regarded her intently. Something in the broad shoulders, the firmness of the chin, visible beneath the black mask, set her heart beating wildly—this to be followed by a sudden chill of the blood when she remembered that Morgan had a brother.

Nervous with alarm, she never knew how she followed the intricacies of the dance, though she must have acquitted herself well, since of the flowers that pelted the dancers at the end a generous share fell at her feet. Then, silent among a laughing throng, she realized that her part in the festivities was at an end. Pride and duty demanded her withdrawal.

"I have secured your trophies," announced some one at her side as she reached the hall, and with a thrill of joy she knew that Morgan had indeed returned. To leave before he had recognized her became of vital importance. Yet how tear herself away when her whole heart was in a tumult for his presence?

"You will permit me," he begged, taking her card. "I'm sure the next is a waltz."

Augusta, shaking her head, endeavored to slip away.

"You can't vanish so," he challenged, dropping his mask. "Will you follow suit or must I wait the witching hour of 12 to solve the mystery?"

"Mystery?" repeated Augusta in a curiously muffled voice.

"But one girl dances like you." He bent over her eagerly. "Were it not impossible I should think"—

"Thought at a masquerade!" Augusta teased; but, knowing that he spoke of herself, she grew reckless and, despite the risk of delay, yielded to his plea for just one waltz.

The first led naturally to a second, after which, because she could not single out Fitzray for favor, she permitted others to fill her card. Many dances were "halved" among important partners, since about her hung the fascination of real mystery, which with most of the masks was but a pretense. Augusta drifted in the intoxication of the hour, forgetful of everything save her lover's presence. For supper he secured a tiny table to themselves.

Strangely interested in his companion, yet knowing his suspicions to be wildly improbable, he impatiently awaited the striking of the clock. As the first silvery chime rang through the room the guests, amid gay raillery, threw off their masks.

Augusta, casting one startled glance about her, sprang to her feet, then ignominiously fled, like Cinderella of old, leaving Fitzray to stare at her empty chair. Reaching the hall a moment later, the young man caught a glimpse of vanishing drapery on the stairs.

Imagining that the girl must return, he waited with the best grace he could muster, but at the sound of wheels outside he flung wide the hall door just in time to see a carriage disappearing with all speed, while before the servants' gate lay a small object dark against the snow—the silken mask that had baffled him.

In the Mercers' schoolroom next morning lessons dragged as never before, and the pupil wasted no regrets when her governess was summoned to her sister's room.

"Say something," demanded that lady after having informed Augusta that her cousin had been to see her. It seemed he had been so successful in business, winning such golden opinions from his employer, that a partnership was promised.

"Uncle is so proud," she concluded. "He declares himself willing to receive Morgan's chosen wife. After which news I couldn't fib. It scarcely seemed to your interest, and you'd better go down to him."

Instead of following this advice Augusta dropped on her knees beside the lounge.

"It's been so lonely—I'm so happy," she whispered incoherently.

"Morgan didn't look overstocked with patience," Miss Mercer warned as she pushed the girl gently away. "Come back directly he's gone," she commanded, and as the girl turned, with a smile, before closing the door her face was beautiful in its tremulous happiness.

Left alone, Miss Mercer lay quite still, watching the hands of the clock slowly making the circle of the dial. "I wonder," she mused whimsically, "are fairies human enough to feel a wee bit lonely after they have brought the lovers together?"

Saved the Vase.

The little son of an English gentleman, in mischievously playing with a vase, managed after several attempts to get his hand through the narrow neck and was then unable to extricate it. For half an hour or more the whole family and one or two friends did their best to withdraw the fist of the young offender, but in vain. It was a very valuable vase, and the father was loath to break it, but the existing state of affairs could not continue forever. At length, after a final attempt to draw forth the hand of the victim, the father gave up his efforts in despair, but tried a last suggestion.

"Open your hand!" he commanded the tearful young captive, "and then draw it forth."

"I can't open it, father," declared the boy.

"Can't?" demanded his father. "Why?"

"I've got my penny in my hand," came the astounding reply.

"Why, you young rascal," thundered his father, "drop it at once!"

The penny rattled in the bottom of the vase and out came the hand.

Some Famous Faces.

Napoleon, with a face as if it had been modeled from a Greek cameo, was never, in Talleyrand's judgment at all events, quite a gentleman. He gesticulated too much and was altogether too violent for the correct taste of the great noble trained under the old regime. Perfection of body is not necessary, either, for many misshaped men have been dignified even when they were not, like the Duc de Vendome, princes of the lilies in days when that distinction meant so much.

Little men and wizened men have both inspired awe, for great soldiers trembled if Louis XIV. frowned, and no man received without weakened knees a rebuke from William III. The protruding underlip of the Hapsburgs has never detracted from their majesty, and Victor Emmanuel, who, for all his good manners, always suggested to the onlooker a bull face to face with the matadore, was for all that every inch a king.—London Spectator.

He Left at Once.

He had been worshiping her for months, but had never told her, and she didn't want him to. He had come often and stayed late—very late—and she could only sigh and hope. He was going away the next day on a holiday, and he thought the last night was the time to spring the momentous question. He kept it to himself, however, until the last thing. It was 11:30 by the clock, and it was not a very rapid clock.

"Miss Mollie," he said tremulously, "I am going away tomorrow."

"Are you?" she said with the thoughtlessness of girlhood.

"Yes," he replied. "Are you sorry?"

"Yes, very sorry," she murmured. "I thought you might go away this evening."

Then he gazed at the clock wistfully and said good night.—London Scraps.

The Power of the Whale.

If the whale knew its own power, it could easily destroy all the machinery which the art of man could devise for catching him. It would only be necessary for him to swim on the surface in a straight line in order to break the thickest rope, but instead, on being struck by the harpoon, he obeys a natural instinct, which, in this instance, betrays him to his death. Not having an air bladder, he can sink to the lowest depths of the ocean, and, mistaking the harpoon for the teeth of a swordfish or a shark, he instantly descends, this being his manner of freeing himself from these enemies, who cannot bear the pressure of a deep ocean, and from descending and ascending in small space he thus puts himself in the power of the whaler.

The Popinjay.

The origin of the application of the term "popinjay" to a dude was as follows: The popinjay was a figure of a bird shot at for practice. The jay was decked with particolored feathers so as to resemble a parrot, and, being suspended on a pole, served as a target. He whose ball or arrow brought down the bird by cutting the string by which it was hung received the proud title of Captain Popinjay for the rest of the day and was escorted home in triumph.

Bribes For Clergymen.

"Three or four attempts have been made to bribe me," said a clergyman. "My friends of the cloth tell me that they, too, have been occasionally tempted with bribes.

"Once it was the advertising manager of a health food. He offered a subscription of $100 to our mission school if I would tell from the pulpit how much good the health food had done me. I made him give me the money for the mission under threats of exposure, but, of course, I did not mention his food in the church. The church is no place for health food talks.

"The widow of a drunkard and general good for nothing offered me $50 if I would lie in praise of her husband in his funeral sermon. I praised the man heartily in the sermon—no matter how bad a man may be, if you examine his character you will find in it many traits worthy of praise—and to the widow I wrote a note of gentle rebuke.

"Often we are asked to date back marriage certificates, to say a couple were married in six months or a year before they really were. A man once offered me $1,500 to perpetrate a wrong of this sort. I thrust a tract in his hand and turned him out of doors."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Rain and Animals.

"Lions, tigers and all the cat tribe dread rain," said a zoo keeper. "On a rainy day they tear nervously up and down their cages, growling and trembling. We usually give them an extra ration of hot milk. That puts them to sleep. Wolves love a gray day of rain. They are then very cheery. Treacherous as the wolf is, no keeper need fear him on a rainy day. He is too happy to harm a fly. Snakes, too, like rain. They perk up wonderfully as the barometer falls and the damp makes itself felt in their warm cases of glass.

"Rain makes monkeys glum. They are apt from instinct, when they see it through the window, to clasp their hands above their heads and sit so for hours. That attitude, you know, makes a kind of shelter. It is the primitive umbrella. So, when it rained, the naked primitive man and woman sat gloomily in the primeval swamps of giant ferns."

A Mouse and a Candle.

At the end of the bathing season, a few years ago, a candle was left on the mantelpiece of a family in Pouliguen, France. When they returned the next spring they found, according to La Nature, that a mouse had done these things:

Climbed somehow a marble chimney piece, there being no piece of furniture near enough to leap from and no way of descending from above.

Climbed the candlestick itself, which was of highly polished silver, over ten inches high, with a broad flare at the cup.

Climbed the candle, began eating at the top, eating evenly all round down to the base, leaving the bare wick standing up perfectly straight.

If the mouse had begun at the base of the candle, its weight would have caused it to topple over. It must have taken the mouse a good many days to eat the candle down to the bottom.

A Persistent Friend.

Mr. George Weir, an English actor, in his early days appeared one night in the role of Hamlet in an improvised theater at Stroud, in Gloucestershire, and suffered much embarrassment from the demonstrative attentions of an enthusiastic former schoolfellow, who sat in the front of the tent and kept up a running comment on the performance. "That be Gargy Weir," exclaimed the admirer. "I knows Gargy! I used to go to school along wi' he." After many expostulations the interrupter was turned out, and all went well until the audience was hushed to deadly silence while Hamlet was going through his soliloquy. Then suddenly a still, small voice came cheeringly from the back row of seats, "Garge, I be in again!"—Bellman.

Epigrams of an Indian.

Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces was a truly remarkable Indian. He rarely spoke, but when he did his lips dropped wisdom. Here are a few of the sayings attributed to him:

"Look twice at a two faced man."

"Cursed be the hand that scalps the reputation of the dead."

"The eye tells what the tongue would hide."

"Fire water courage ends in trembling fear."

"Big name often stands on small legs."

"Finest fur may cover toughest meat."

"When you get the last word with an echo you may do so with a squaw."

Fish, Chicken and Veal.

Raw pullet, raw veal and raw fish make the graveyard fat. This is hundreds of years old. A New York caterer (perhaps the most efficient in the city) said to me: "There are three important articles of food that must under no circumstances be served underdone. They are fish, chicken and veal. By chicken I mean all poultry of a domestic nature. All game birds should be rare. You want to be a little careful about lamb too. Give it plenty of cooking."—New York Press.

Buttermilk.

"Which is the cow that gives the buttermilk?" innocently asked the young lady from the city, who was inspecting the herd with a critical eye.

"Don't make yourself ridiculous," said the young lady who had been in the country before and knew a thing or two. "Goats give buttermilk."—Springfield Journal.

Few and Far Between.

"If men really would 'vote as they pray,'" remarked Goodley, "this would truly be a happy world."

"Yes," replied Wise, "but in that case you wouldn't get some men to the polls once in ten years."—Washington Star.

Must Be Stylish.

"Why do you wear that ridiculous hat?" he growled.

"Do you really think it ridiculous?" she replied graciously. "How lovely of you! I was afraid it wasn't quite the style!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Permanent Receiver.

Patience—I hear Will is going to marry that girl he's been spending so much money on. Patrice—Yes. He's going to have a permanent receiver.—Yonkers Statesman.

Revenge a wrong by forgiving it.—French Proverb.

Misguided.

Minister's Wife—Wake up! There are burglars in the house, John. Minister—Well, what of it? Let them find out their mistake themselves.—Christian Register.

SKYSCRAPERS OF ROME.

Ancient Regulations Regarding the Height of Buildings.

"The skyscraper is no modern invention," says a St. Louis architect well read in the history of his profession. "In all the ancient cities where brick or stone was available high houses within the walls of the city were very numerous because of the lack of ground space for building.

"In the days of Augustus the tenement houses of Rome became so high as to be dangerous, and laws were passed condemning a number of tenement rows and ordering them to be taken down, while at the same time a law was enacted limiting the height of all future tenements to a hundred feet. For palaces and public buildings there was no limit.

"After the burning of the city in Nero's time the streets, which before were no wider than our alleys, were made broader. Some of them through the business part of the city were forty feet wide, and some of the great thoroughfares were sixty.

"The tenement height was lowered to eighty feet, and as a consequence the city spread far beyond its walls. The average height of a ceiling in a Roman tenement was a little over five feet. The windows were open holes in the wall, stopped in cold weather with board shutters. So the worst modern tenement is a palace compared with the skyscraper home of the poor when the empire was at its best."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE KOOKABURRA.

Australia's Laughing Bird and Its Startling Cry.

To the outside world the greatest ornithological oddity in Australia is the kookaburra. Though Australians take little notice of it except occasionally in a hostile way, its cachinnation appeals irresistibly to the newcomer. Like the shrikes and parrots, the curlew and the mopoke, it is a conspicuous figure in the scenery of a typical bush home and therefore too common to be worthy of notice. In earlier times it was known as the "settler's clock" from a belief that its joyful pæans were vented regularly at morn, noon and dusk, being quiescent through the heat of the forenoon and the wane of the afternoon. That belief has long been shattered. The kookaburra laughs just when the fit takes it, particularly when excited, and it laughs as readily at the violent death of its mother-in-law as it does at the enraged settler when he falls off his haystack. A wounded bird makes a demoniacal row, which will bring all others within hearing into the neighboring trees, and these at once set up an echoing cackle that is repeated again and again.

The kookaburra is also known as the laughing goburra and the laughing jackass.—Sydney (Australia) Times.

Why Negroes Like Watermelons.

The humorists always associate the African with the watermelon, assuming that the taste of the colored man for his favorite dainty arises from his life in the southern states, where the melon vine grows like a weed. As a fact, however, the African taste for the watermelon is hereditary. The vine is a native of Africa, where it is found wild in the great central plains of the continent, and has also been cultivated for many ages. In Egypt the melons grown along the Nile rival those of southeastern Missouri. The melons mentioned by the Israelites as being among the good things they had in Egypt were undoubtedly watermelons, for in the wall paintings about the time of the exodus the melon vine is represented, and in one case a long procession of slaves is depicted, each bearing on his shoulder a huge, dark green watermelon.—Washington Herald.

Pulling the Eagle's Tail.

I knew an Indian, Yellow Eagle, who in order to get his coup feather dug a hole in the ground on the open prairie far from camp or habitation. Over it he fixed a covering of brush, upon which was laid the carcass of a freshly slain antelope. In this trap he lay for three days awaiting the eagle's coming. When at last, lured by the bait, one did alight he seized it from below, and despite its flapping and clawing and pecking he plucked the precious feathers before freeing the astonished and terrified bird. I recall none but the American aboriginal who has been able successfully to pull the American eagle's tail.—Army and Navy Life.

Landseer and the Dog Tax.

On one of Landseer's early visits to Scotland the great painter stopped at a village and took a great deal of notice of the dogs, jotting down rapidly sketches of them on a piece of paper. Next day on resuming his journey he was horrified to find dogs suspended from trees in all directions or drowning in the rivers, with stones around their necks. He stopped a weeping urchin, who was hurrying off with a pet pup in his arms, and learned to his dismay that he was supposed to be an excise officer who was taking notes of all the dogs he saw in order to prosecute the owners for unpaid taxes.

His Inference.

Crags—Did you tell Simpers you thought I was a man without any balance? Butts—Well, I naturally inferred that if you had a balance you would draw on it for the amount you owe me.—Philadelphia North American.

His Preference.

Nurse—Come indoors at once, Master Richard, and be a good boy. You won't go to heaven if you're so naughty. Master Richard—I don't want to go to heaven. I want to go with father!—London Sketch.

Pleasant.

Mistress (midnight)—I don't intend to come downstairs to let you in at this time of night again. New Girl (reassuringly)—You won't have to, mum. One of my friends took an impression of your lock, and he's making a nice key for me.—London Globe.

Fatal Error.

"N. Peck's wife leads him a rather merry gait, I fancy."

"Oh, yes. When he was courting her he told her one day she looked pretty when she was angry, and now it has got to be a habit."

He is lifeless that is faultless.—French Proverb.

Down in the Depths.

The mermaid was rummaging the sunken ship.

"I want to see if I can find one of those hand mirrors the comic papers always picture us as using," she said.

For vanity, alas, is not confined to that comparatively insignificant portion of the earth's surface known as dry land.—Chicago Tribune.

The Man That Made Niagara.

When the first suspension bridge was thrown over Niagara there was a great and tumultuous opening ceremony, such as the Americans love, and many of the great ones of the United States assembled to do honor to the occasion, and among them was Roscoe Conkling. Conkling was one of the most brilliant public men whom America has produced—a man of commanding, even beautiful, presence and of perhaps unparalleled vanity. He had been called (by an opponent) a human peacock. After the ceremonies attending the opening of the bridge had been concluded Conkling, with many others, was at the railway station waiting to depart; but, though others were there, he did not mingle with them, but strutted and plumed himself for their benefit, posing that they might get the full effect of all his majesty.

One of the station porters was so impressed that, stepping up to another who was hurrying by trundling a load of luggage, he jerked his thumb in Conkling's direction and—

"Who's that feller?" he asked. "Is he the man as built the bridge?"

The other studied the great man a moment.

"Thunder! No," said he. "He's the man as made the falls."—H. Perry Robinson in Putnam's Magazine.

Had a Treat For His Wife.

Dr. George Harvey, a local veterinary physician, was called to a stable not long ago to minister to a horse that was down with colic. It was a serious case, and the doctor saw that the only way to save the horse would be to insert a tube in its side and allow the gas on its stomach to escape. Just because he thought it would startle the owner of his horse Harvey struck a match and lighted the gas at the end of the tube. The man didn't say much at the time, but he was properly impressed. He had never heard of using a horse for an illuminating plant. The next day when Dr. Harvey came around to see how the horse was getting along—it was all over the colic then—the owner tapped him on the shoulder.

"My wife was away yesterday," he said, "but she's home now. Just light up the horse again, will you? I want her to see it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Chinese Sun and Moon.

In China the sun and moon are brother and sister. The moon is the elder brother, who looks after his rather silly sister, the sun. This is exactly the reverse of our legends, which make the sun the day king and the gentle moon lady of the night. One day in China, so the legend runs, the sun asked the moon if she couldn't go out at night. The moon answered very sternly: "No. You are a young lady, and it would be improper for you to go out after dark." Then the sun said, "But the people keep looking at me when I go out in the daytime." So the moon told her to take the golden needles that she wore in her hair and stick them into the eyes of people when they stared at her. This is the reason why no one can look at the sun without pain.

Sothern and Laura Keene.

While in New York and before he had made any hit the elder Sothern had a dispute with Laura Keene concerning some trivial affair at a rehearsal, and Miss Keene went into one of her tantrums. After the quarrel on the stage she retired to her dressing room and, still angry, sent for Sothern and began to rate him fiercely.

"Stop, Laura—stop just a minute!" interrupted the comedian, and, advancing to the light, he deliberately turned it down.

"What do you mean by that, sir?" she demanded, in a rage.

"Oh, nothing," replied Sothern, "but you have always been so lovely to me that I can't bear to look upon your beautiful face when you are in a passion. Now go on!"

Spanish Emeralds.

"Fine old Spanish emeralds" is a phrase which means something quite different from what it seems to imply. There never was an emerald mined in Spain, but after the conquest of Peru the conquerors brought home great quantities of loot, of which emeralds formed an important part. In this way the finest emeralds came into possession of the old Spanish families, and as very few had been seen in Europe previous to that time all the best stones soon became classed as fine old Spanish emeralds. Today the expression still applies to the best emeralds of any source.—New York Sun.

Double Proof.

"Do you believe in heredity, Mrs. Simpson?"

"Indeed I do. Every mean trait Bobby has I can trace right back to his father."

"Does his father believe in heredity too?"

"Yes. He traces Bobby's faults all back to me."

Experience.

"Experience," said the wise person, "is the best teacher."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Torkins sadly, "but when it comes to horse races some people go on taking postgraduate courses all their lives."—Washington Star.

Still Cool.

Hook—I understand he married a cool million. Cook—Yes, but he's complaining now because he hasn't been able to thaw out any of it.—Illustrated Bits.

A Green Old Age.

Mabel—And did your grandfather live to a green old age? Jack—Well, I should say so! He was swindled three times after he was seventy.

Tactful.

Charming Hostess (to dyspeptic guest who has been refusing dish after dish) —I am so distressed! You've had no dinner at all. Guest—Thank you, but I have to be very particular about my food.—Punch.

A Face and an Offense.

Captain—If I see your face in my house again I shall slap it. Noble Foreigner—Ah, but it ees a punishable offense! Captain—Of course it is. That is why I want to slap it.—Judge.

Male firmness is very often obstinacy. Women have always something better, worth all qualities. They have tact.—Lord Beaconsfield.

The Kind He Bought.

Little Edwin—Mamma, what is liquid air? Mamma—I don't know. Ask your papa. He's always going out between the acts "to get a little air."—Exchange.

After weariness come rest, peace, joy, if we be worthy.—Newman.

The French "Mrs. Malaprop."

Calino, the French "Mrs. Malaprop," does not amuse so much by the confusion of his words as by the quaintness and unintended plainness of his remarks. He entered the service of a well known doctor, who, after Calino had been buying hay for his horses for awhile, made up his mind that the hay was worthless.

"That is very poor hay that you've been buying," the doctor complained.

"But the horses eat it, sir," said Calino.

"No matter. It's bad hay."

"Yes, sir," said Calino respectfully. "I'll change it. I know you are a much better judge of hay than the horses are!"

One day the bell rang, and Calino came in.

"A patient has arrived, sir," he reported.

"An old patient or a new one?" asked the doctor.

"New one, of course, sir," said Calino. "The old ones never come back!"

Calino admired very much the beautiful teeth of a lady among his master's patients.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Her teeth are as fresh and sound and white as a newborn baby's!"

Idiomatic English.

Mrs. Fremont, in a sketch of her father, Senator Benton, tells the following story of the French bishop at St. Louis at the time of the purchase of Louisiana. She says:

It was a point of honor among the older French not to learn English, but the bishop decided that it would be better to acquire it, especially for use from the pulpit. To force himself into the familiar practice of the language he secluded himself for awhile with the family of an American farmer, where he would hear no French. The experiment proved very successful. Soon he had gained a sufficient fluency to deliver a sermon in English. Senator Benton was present when it was to be given, and his feelings may be imagined as the bishop, a refined and polished gentleman, announced:

"My friends, I'm right down glad to see such a smart chance of folks here today."

Lincoln's History of Himself.

When Abraham Lincoln was elected to congress Charles Lanman, then editor of the Congressional Record, according to the regular custom, forwarded to Mr. Lincoln as well as to all other members elect a blank to be filled out with facts and dates which might be made the basis for a biographical sketch in the directory. Mr. Lincoln's blank was returned promptly, filled up in his own handwriting with the following information:

"Born Feb. 12, 1809, in Hardin county, Ky.

"Education, defective.

"Profession, lawyer.

"Military service, captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk war.

"Offices held: Postmaster at a very small office, four times a member of the Illinois legislature and elected to the lower house of the next congress."

Ancient Waterworks.

Hezekiah, king of Judah, who reigned in the years 717 to 688 B. C., was a pioneer in constructing a system of waterworks, bringing water into the city of Jerusalem. In the holy book we read: "He made the pool and conduit and brought the water into the city, stopping the upper part of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David. And Hezekiah prospered in all his works." From the "pools of Solomon," near Bethlehem, water was conveyed to Jerusalem, a distance of six or seven miles, through a conduit of earthen pipe about ten inches in diameter. The pipe was incased within two stones, hewn out to fit it, then covered over with rough stones cemented together. Even in those days "boil the water" was a well known injunction.

Alphabetical.

Two commercial travelers in a railway carriage entered into conversation.

One of them tried hard to make the other understand something, but he was either very hard of hearing or slow in believing.

At last his friend lost his temper and exclaimed: "Why, don't you see? It's as plain as A B C!"

"That may be," said the other; "but, you see, I am D E F."

A Fatal Disease.

A celebrated general once inquired of one of his soldiers the cause of his brother's death.

"My brother died, sir," replied the soldier, "because he had nothing to do."

"Well, my man," said the general, "that is reason enough to kill the greatest general of us all."—Exchange.

A Particular Patient.

"Are you sure that is what is the matter with me?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, you'll have to guess again, doctor. I won't have it. It's too common a complaint."—New York Press.

A Natural Curiosity.

"Do you know what I do when a man offers me advice?" said the curbstone philosopher.

"No."

"Ask him if he's tried it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Suspicious.

The Constable—Yes, your worship, the prisoner is a most suspicious character. The Accused (indignantly)—It's him that's suspecious. Aw'm no suspecious o' onybody!—Punch.

The good man prolongs his life. To be able to enjoy one's past life is to live twice.—Martial.

He Had Not Forgotten.

Artist William M. Chase told a story of the eccentric Jimmy Whistler. It was at a dinner party after all the guests had been seated, when Chase gently drew Whistler's attention to the fact that he had forgotten his tie. "Forgotten?" shrieked Whistler. "Nothing of the kind. Why should I spoil the effect of a good linen collar, with excellent lines, by sticking on a foolish little piece of flimsy lawn?"

And the dinner proceeded.

Unfeeling.

"Bilger eloped with his cook, the unfeeling wretch!"

"Well, I don't know. Why shouldn't he if he wanted to?"

"But his wife was just going to give a dinner party."—Life.

A Pretty Sure Sign.

Mrs. Hoyle—I believe that I am growing old. Mrs. Boyle—What gives you that idea? Mrs. Hoyle—I am getting so that I don't care to go to funerals.—Exchange.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect December 16, 1907.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m., 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9 32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11 02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11 00 p m) SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

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ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Sunday, January 5, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

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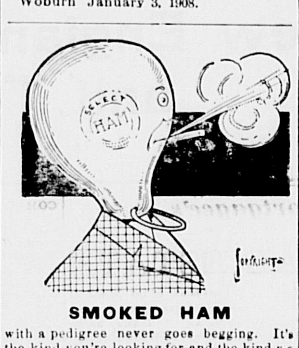
Woburn January 3, 1908.



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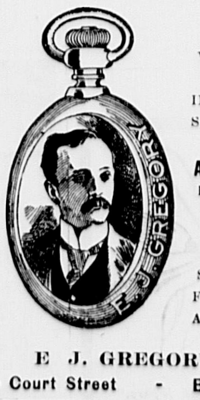

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Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7.15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10 30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 55, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11.15 P M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb 15 1906.

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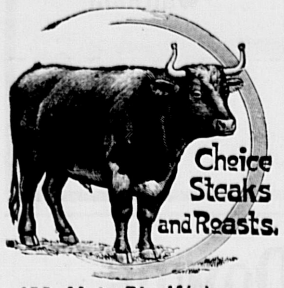

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No. of Telephone 14-4.
Residence and Night Telephone 263-6.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5 30, 5.45, 6.00, 6 30, 6 45, 7 00, 7.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10 30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5 20, 5.50, 6.05, 6 20, 6,50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5 40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7 25, 7.40, 8.10 A M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6 45, 7 00, 7.30, 7.45, 8 00, 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6 50, 7.05, 7 20, 7.50, 8 05, 8 20, 8 50 A M. and every 30 minutes until 11 50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6 40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9 10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6 30, 7 30, 8 00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6 50, 7.50, 8.20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect December 16, 1907

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55 †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23 †10.21, †10 55, §11.01, †11.38 a. m., §12.05, †12.59 †2.00, §2.00, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.26, †5.02 †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL — †6.24, †8.22, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, §5.26, †6.42, §9.27, §11.02, †10.59, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2-26 †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, Pas. Traf. Mgr. C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Ag

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
45	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
46	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
47	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
48	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
49	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
51	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
52	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
53	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
54	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
55	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
56	Main Street near Ash street.
57	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works. North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

M. J. MULKEEN,
Steamship Agent.
Notary Public
— AND —
Justice of the Peace.
Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN
OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director
211 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER
and SURVEYOR,
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Office 349 Main St., Woburn.

The Outsiders

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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A sudden tropic thunderstorm had sent all the women flying into the big hotel like a flock of snowy birds.

Peggy, following them slowly, met Armstrong on the wide porch.

"You'd better hurry in," he said. "It will come down heavily in a minute."

"I don't care," Peggy informed him recklessly, "if it pours."

"You'll spoil your gown," he admonished.

Peggy shrugged her shoulders. "According to Palm Beach ethics," she informed him, "my gown is already spoiled. It was spoiled before it was made, and the making only made it worse. In fact, it's dowdy, Jimmie; a very dowdy gown."

His quick glance questioned her, and then as he saw the laughter in her blue eyes his own brown eyes laughed back.

"At least it doesn't seem to worry you," he said.

"It did," she admitted as he drew two chairs back under the awning, and they sat looking out upon the rain. "It did awfully when I first came. Why, Jimmie Armstrong, I never dreamed of such clothes as the women wear here. It isn't just their dresses; it's their hats and their shoes and their veils and the way they fix their hair and their complexions. They are like a lot of princesses"—

"You needn't talk about complexions," Armstrong said doggedly; you've got a complexion of your own"—

"Well, at least it is my own," Peggy agreed. "But what's a complexion, Jimmie, without the clothes to set it off? Now, there's that pale blue chiffon with the rose wreathed border that just went in there, and the girl wore a hat with roses around it, and her parasol had a pale pink coral handle." She leaned forward impressively. "Jimmie, how do you think I would look in that gown?"

"Out of sight," said Jimmie promptly.

Peggy nodded. "I believe I would," she went on, "and at first it worried me that I couldn't have one, just as it worried me that I had to pay 15 cents apiece for oranges when at Indian river they are selling for 5 cents a dozen, but it doesn't worry me any more."

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because I am an outsider," she said. "Aunt Alva and I have just enough money to pay our board—without any frills. But it is doing her lots of good—the climate and the chance to see things—and I simply made up my mind to get all out of it I could. And I can't have pretty things like the other women, so I just keep out and look on them as I would on a picture.

"I have all sorts of names for them—that dashing, restless widow who affects red is the 'Crimson Rambler,' and the girl with the pink roses is 'Lady June,' and that tall girl in mauve is 'The Orchid'—and in that way I don't feel envious or hateful, and I don't care if my hair is out of curl or my dresses old fashioned, for I am only in the audience and not a part of it"—

She stopped, her cheeks glowing Jimmie looked at her with admiration "I am an outsider, too," was his statement. "A government stenographer out for a week's vacation with only one suit of white linen isn't in it."

Peggy laughed. "We are two of a kind," she said, "and now that you have come we'll forget envy and all uncharitableness, and tomorrow morning we'll go together to the alligator farm."

But in the morning Jimmie came to her with apologies. "The secretary is here," he said, "and he has asked me to join his party on a trip up Lake Worth in his launch. I don't just see how I can refuse. Could we go to the alligator farm just as well tomorrow?"

"We could, but we won't," said Peggy promptly. "You mustn't neglect the secretary, Jimmie. You are inside now, and I am still outside, and—and the secretary's daughter is the girl who wore the pale blue and the roses yesterday"—

"What do I care about the secretary's daughter?" Jimmie demanded savagely. "You know it's only because I can't afford to offend the secretary that I am not going with you, Peggy."

"Please don't worry about that," Peggy's tone was gay, but there was a hurt look in her eyes. "Aunt Alva is dying to see the alligators, and I am going to get a double basket chair and take her."

"And let me go alone?" he reproached her.

"You can go with the secretary's daughter," Peggy reminded him as she went away.

A half hour later, immaculate in his one linen suit, Armstrong went to the pier. The secretary was there—big, bluff and hearty—and the secretary's daughter, all in white, her shining hair showing the touch of an expert maid and her light blue chiffon veil floating about her like a cloud.

All day long she was very nice to Jimmie, and by evening they had grown confidential.

"I am so glad father discovered you," she said as they came once more in sight of the waving royal palms and the big hotels of the beach. "You must go with us again tomorrow."

Armstrong hesitated.

"I'd like it awfully," he blurted out, "but I have a little friend here. We came from the same town and went to school together. It's pretty dull for her, and I want to see that she has a good time."

"Doesn't she know anybody here?" asked the secretary's daughter.

"No," Armstrong said; "she calls herself an outsider. She can't dress like the people who have money, so she looks at the rest of you as if you were pictures in an art gallery."

"Oh, how funny!" laughed the secretary's daughter.

"She called you 'Lady June,'" Jimmie told her, seeing her interest, "last night when you wore the roses, and the lady in red was the 'Crimson Rambler,' and the girl in mauve with the queer dark skin was 'The Orchid.'"

"Oh, I must know her," said the secretary's daughter eagerly. "I am sure she is charming."

"She is," Jimmie declared, and then, a little awkwardly, "I think she is just about right."

The secretary's daughter put out her hand. "I am sure you must," she said gently. "I am going to look for your friend in the morning."

Jimmie, in a glow of enthusiasm, immediately hunted up Peggy. He found her on the beach watching the white sails on the purple tropic sea. She had on a dark skirt and white blouse, and she looked like a little wren among the birds of gay plumage.

Armstrong dropped on the sand beside her.

"She's just lovely," he stated without preface, "and she's coming to call on you tomorrow morning. I told her we'd be on the porch at the Breakers listening to the band."

Peggy flared at that. "You may be there," she said, "but I shall not."

"Why not?"

"I'm an outsider," was the grim response.

"Peggy," he remonstrated, "she isn't a bit stuck up, and she's very sweet and nice."

Peggy looked at him reproachfully. "Jimmie," she said, with weariness, "I can't meet her. You're a man, and you can't understand how I should feel the contrast between my frumpy clothes and her daintiness. I didn't mind a bit yesterday"—her lips quivered—"for I thought you and I could stay outside together. But now you're inside—and—and you can't take me with you, Jimmie Armstrong."

And, though he argued all the way back to the hotel—that beautiful way between rows of gigantic palms—she would not change her decision.

"I am outside and I shall stay outside," was her answer to all his pleadings.

But as they came into the sea green corridor of their own hotel the secretary's daughter met them. She was dressed for dinner in a trailing lace robe, with pearls about her throat and a wreath of little roses in her hair.

"I couldn't wait," she said to Armstrong. "I want to be sure that Miss Mason will go with us in the morning."

There was something in the compelling sweetness of her smile that brought a flashing response from Peggy.

"I can't," she protested. "Indeed, I cannot. You see," hesitating, "I am an outsider."

"No, you're not. There are a lot of people I want you to know." She turned and with a gesture brought to her side a young man who had been talking with the secretary at the foot of the stairs. "Harold," she said, "I want you to meet two friends of mine. They are going with us in the morning."

"Good," said the young man so heartily that Peggy liked him on the spot.

"Mr. Armstrong tells me that you have been sitting back quietly and calling us names," the secretary's daughter rallied.

"I have," Peggy confessed. "I have one right now for you"—

"Tell me"—

"The fairy princess," said Peggy, with dancing eyes.

"Good," laughed Harold, and he and the fairy princess exchanged glances that were a revelation to Peggy.

"I must go in to dinner," said the blushing beauty, "but you will go in the morning, won't you?"

"Yes," Peggy capitulated, "I'll go," and when they had swept on she turned to Armstrong.

"Why," she said breathlessly, "they aren't a bit different from us, Jimmie."

"Not a bit," said Jimmie complacently.

"And I believe she is going to marry him."

"Of course everybody knows that."

"I don't," Peggy confessed. "I thought you liked her, Jimmie."

"I do," said Armstrong stoutly, "but I love you, Peggy. I've told you so fifty times"—

"And this makes fifty-one," Peggy counted demurely. "Make it fifty-two, Jimmie, and I'll say 'Yes.'"

And Jimmie did.

Got Even.

"I had a woman enemy once," said the shabby actor. "She was leading lady in the company when I was leading man. On the stage we were lovers, but off the stage we didn't even speak when we met. ''Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.'

"I had one scene with her in which I had to clasp her in my arms, sir, while her head sank upon my breast. I wore a frock coat and a beautiful light satin scarf. And what did that woman do?

"She used, of course, to make up with grease paint, and when her head sank upon my breast she would rub her cheek against my tie, and—well, a light satin tie, sir, with red grease paint on it is not a thing of beauty. I had to buy a new tie for every performance.

"For five nights I stood it, but revenge is sweet. On the sixth evening I filled my scarf with pins, points out, and when my lady rubbed her cheek against my breast—

"Sir, have you ever seen an underdone steak?"—London Express.

Laws Against Beggars.

Begging was a capital offense in England in the days of Henry VIII., when the laws were very severe against beggars, and under a statute passed in that reign any one caught begging for the first time, being neither aged nor infirm, was whipped at the cart's tail. If caught a second time his ear was slit or bored through with a hot iron. If caught a third time he suffered death as a felon unless some honest person having £10 in goods or 40 shillings in land or some householder approved by the justices would take the offender into his service for two years, entering into a bond of £10. So the law of England remained for sixty years. First enacted by Henry VIII., it continued unrepealed through the reigns of Edward and Mary. Reconsidered under Elizabeth, the same law was again formally passed, the two legislative houses thereby expressing their conviction that it was better for a man not to live at all than to live the life of a beggar.

A GREAT GOLD SCARE

When the Yellow Metal Was First Found In Australia.

AFRAID OF THE CONVICTS.

The English Government Tried to and Did For a Time Suppress the News Because It Feared a General Uprising In the Colony of Criminals.

Gold in Australia was discovered—one might almost be pardoned for saying first discovered—many times. But the news of the earliest discoveries was jealously kept from spreading. The secret of this reticence lay in the presence of the army of convicts which then composed the balance of the population. Had a gold panic broken out it was feared that a general uprising of the prisoners would take place.

Nevertheless the first gold found in Australia was by convicts, in 1814, near Bathurst, New South Wales. The discoverers gathered together a quantity quite sufficient to lead them to believe that they had found a gold mine, but when they reported what they considered their good fortune to the keeper he, instead of undertaking to recommend them for pardon or easing their hard labors in any way, threatened to give them all a sound flogging if they ventured again to say a word about the matter or to spend any more time picking up gold. The next find was made on the Fish river in 1823, not far from the spot where the convicts had come across it nine years before. This news, being reported to the authorities, was also ordered suppressed. Within the course of the next two years finds were so frequent that the London government began to take great interest in the affair. But the fact that another region of the yellow metal might be at the disposal of such as might seek was kept rigidly secret until in 1825 a dramatic incident precluded all possibility of further secrecy.

A convict was discovered with a nugget of gold in his possession. When asked how he had come by the metal, he said that he had picked it up in the bush. He was cautioned and told that the authorities had no doubt that he had stolen the gold, but the prisoner stoutly held to his original tale. At length he was taken out and severely flogged in public as a thief. There is now no doubt that the man told the truth. After this, although the public was every now and then keyed up to great expectations by some reported find, no further veins were discovered until 1839, when a Russian nobleman found a rich deposit in the Blue mountains. The British government again became fearful of the consequence of such news upon a colony of convicts and ordered the matter suppressed. Yet sufficient people had heard of it to keep the story alive and give credence to such rumors as arose from time to time. So matters drifted on. Time and time again bushmen, shepherds, convicts and surveyors picked up small nuggets and brought them to the centers of population, but at that day people were nothing like so keen on gold mining as they subsequently became, and the subject of gold in Australia was not pursued as one would expect it to be.

The discovery of gold in California changed all that. Those rich fields, panning out their golden store and filling the coffers of lucky individuals and governments at a rate never dreamed of, awakened a thirst for prospecting all the world over. In every part of the earth men went out with pick and pan, hoping to come across the precious metal.

When the news of California's fortune reached Australia, many took ship to America's shores, and among these was Hammond Hargreaves, an Englishman, native of Gosport, who had emigrated to New South Wales in 1832. In Australia he engaged in farming without much profit and was among the first to rush for California.

On reaching the auriferous region the first thing that struck him was the similarity of the geological formation in California and Bathurst, Australia, and there and then he made up his mind to inquire into the subject should he ever return to Australia. He worked for something like a couple of years in California and then set sail for New South Wales. Returning, he of course carried in his mind the thought that perhaps there might be gold in Bathurst, and when he landed he set to work to make a thorough search.

Before this, however, he had made the acquaintance of William and James Toms and J. H. O. Lister, who were anxious to prospect for gold. Hargreaves taught them how to use pick and pan, the dish and the cradle—in fact, gave them a practical if rough education into the mysteries of gold and gold bearing rocks and gravel. These men struck out, and in April, 1851, the three pupils returned to their old master, and, lo, in their pockets they carried gold to the amount of four ounces! Hargreaves, knowing the ropes, took this gold and full directions to the proper quarter. The news went forth, the rush began, rich finds were made, and Hargreaves was hailed as the discoverer of gold in Australia. In reality he had won the title, for it was his knowledge that first educated the Tomses and Lister, and it was his knowledge again that sent them in the right direction.

Duty is what goes most against the grain, because in doing that we do only what we are strictly obliged to and are seldom much praised for it.—La Bruyere.

All Were Prime Ministers.

An eminent surgeon was once sent for by Cardinal Du Bois, prime minister of France, to perform a very serious operation upon him. The cardinal said to him, "You must not expect to treat me in the same rough manner as you treat your poor, miserable wretches at your Hotel Dieu."

"My lord," replied the surgeon, with great dignity, "every one of those miserable wretches, as your eminence is pleased to call them, is a prime minister in my eyes."—Success Magazine.

A VINDICTIVE REPTILE.

Ways of the Venomous Fer-de-lance of Martinique.

The fer-de-lance is found on the islands of Martinique and Santa Lucia, where the natives counteract its virus with a decoction of jungle hemlock, and the basis of its grewsome reputation seems to be the fact that it does not warn the intruders of its haunts after the manner of the cobra or the rattlesnake, but flattens its coils and, with slightly vibrating tail, awaits events.

If the unsuspecting traveler should show no sign of hostile intent he may be allowed to pass unharmed within two yards of the coiled matadore, but a closer approach is apt to be construed as a challenge, and the vivoron, suddenly rearing its ugly head, may scare the trespasser into some motion of self defense. He may lift his foot or brandish his stick in a menacing manner. If he does, he is lost. The lower coils will expand, bringing the business end, neck and all a few feet nearer; the head points like a leveled rifle, then darts forward with electric swiftness, guided by an unerring instinct for the selection of the least protected parts of the body.

And the vindictive brute is ready to repeat its bite. For a moment it rears back, trembling with excitement, and if felled by a blow of its victim's stick will snap away savagely at stumps and stones or even, like a wounded panther, at its own body.

A HAPPY SOLUTION.

The Way the Family Compromised on a Vexed Problem.

There had been a long standing difference of opinion in the Plunkett family concerning the dining table. Mrs. Plunkett maintained that its legs were too short and ought to be lengthened at least half an inch.

"It doesn't fit our chairs, Jared, and you know it," she contended. "When we sit down to this table we're too high above it. You could have pieces of wood glued on the ends of the legs. That would be easier than to saw off the ends of all the chair legs."

"I don't agree to your proposition at all, Cordelia," said Mr. Plunkett. "I think the table is just right. But I'm willing to compromise the matter. You have been wanting a hardwood floor in this dining room for a long time, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, we can have that new kind of hardwood flooring that is laid on top of the old floor. That will raise the entire surface three-eighths of an inch or more, and that will raise the table, of course, just so much. How will that do?"

This seemed to be a fair proposition, and without a moment's hesitation Mrs. Plunkett accepted it as a satisfactory compromise.—Youth's Companion.

It Was In His Head.

Balzac once promised Lirieux, the manager of the Odeon theater in Paris, a five act drama, "The Springs of Quinola." He was so busy with other work, however, that not till he had been long and urgently importuned did he promise to read his piece to the company the next week. The company gathered about him on the day appointed, and he read his five act play fluently through to the end. Lirieux was enthusiastic, ran up to shake hands with the great writer and turned over the pages of the manuscript, whose contents had pleased him mightily. But what was this? There were only four acts. The last pages of the manuscript were blank. In surprise the manager asked what it all meant. Balzac smiled and admitted that he had not yet written out the fifth act, but declared that he had it as clearly in his head as if it already stood on paper. "And," continued the poet merrily, "I have in the same head two more outcomes of the plot in case the one I just read doesn't please you."

Bunyan's Sharp Answer.

John Bunyan wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress" in Bedford jail, where he was confined for his religion. A Quaker came to the prison and thus addressed him:

"Friend Bunyan, the Lord hath sent me to seek for thee, and I have been through several counties in search of thee, and now I am glad I have found thee."

Bunyan replied, "Friend, thou dost not speak truth in saying the Lord sent thee to seek for me, for the Lord well knows that I have been in this jail for some years, and if he had sent thee he would have sent thee here directly."

That Gas Bill.

"Say," exclaimed the irate flat dweller as he rushed into the gas office, "do you mean to say this bill represents the amount of gas we burned last month?"

"Not necessarily," calmly replied the man behind the desk. "It merely represents the amount you have to pay for."—Chicago News

Where is Your Hair?

In your comb? Why so? Is not the head a much better place for it? Better keep what is left where it belongs! Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, quickly stops falling hair. There is not a particle of doubt about it. We speak very positively about this, for we know.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's — Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says

Indeed, the one great leading feature of our new Hair Vigor may well be said to be this—it stops falling hair. Then it goes one step further—it aids nature in restoring the hair and scalp to a healthy condition. Ask for "the new kind."

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

A Question of Home Economics.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"My country, right or wrong, but still my country," murmured Eleanor Wright with great satisfaction as she gazed through the open window at the apple trees laden with gorgeous blossoms. She loved the place and every stick and stone on it. It was hers by right of inheritance, and she would leave it for no man.

True, her old nurse, Roxanna, had forsaken her to become the bride of Abraham, the head gardener on the adjoining estate, and it seemed as if a landmark had been torn up by the very roots. One must learn to part with landmarks, so Eleanor had promised to go to Roxanna's wedding.

She jumped into the little runabout which was waiting for her at the door. No groom attended her, for all the darkies on the place had been given a holiday that they, too, might attend the wedding. She drove down the familiar lane to the cabin in the woods, where hundreds of darkies had congregated. Only one other white person was in sight, a tall, lithe youth astride a roan horse.

Most of the colored men wore white linen suits, immaculately clean, and carried canes of crooked old birch and hickory. The women were arrayed to shame Solomon in all his glory. They drew aside as the two white persons came into their midst. Eleanor drove up at the side of the house and descended with the aid of many black hands. The tall youth stayed on his horse and took up a stand near the front door. Arm in arm the bride and groom came from the house, and under the old apple tree at the side of the cabin the most famous colored preacher in the south made them man and wife. Eleanor shook the groom by the hand and told him to guard well his precious helpmate. She kissed the black face of Roxanna, who had been her constant attendant since babyhood. Then, blinded by tears, she jumped into her little runabout and started for home.

Cheers and hallelujahs rang upon the air. Bright bandannas were flung high, and hickory sticks wavered in circles. After twenty years of persistent courtship Roxanna and Abraham were married! Eleanor turned to look back at the happy throng, and her horse shied.

She was a good little horsewoman and took a firm grip on the reins, but too late! The horse had the bit in his teeth and was running at terrific speed. The light wagon rocked from one side of the road to another, Eleanor swaying with it. Down the road, past pink orchards and green fields, swaying, swaying—and then black nothing.

She opened her eyes to gaze into those of the youth who had attended the wedding.

"I'm Dick Ewing, your next door neighbor," he explained as he made her a bit more comfortable by propping her up. "Abraham is our gardener, you know," he continued, "and I saw you at the wedding. You seem to have forgotten me. How's your head, eh?"

Eleanor had known Dick Ewing when she was a child. The last time they had met he had called "tomboy" at her as she climbed over the fence which divided the Ewing place from the Wright plantation. Then he had been sent to Germany at the behest of a wealthy uncle.

He seemed to divine her thoughts.

"I got back the other day—just in time for the wedding," and he laughed an infectious laugh. "But this line of conversation is not getting you home. I don't know just how to do it. I don't suppose there's a sober darky this side of the Mason and Dixon line—all at the wedding drinking Wright cider. Your wagon is smashed. Oh, I say, couldn't you sit my horse, and I'll walk alongside? We're most there, you know."

He inspired confidence. Eleanor gathered up her torn skirt and with Dick's assistance mounted the horse. On the way home the time was spent in explanations. He had much to tell of student life in Germany. Now a full fledged doctor, he had come home to practice in the south. Her tale was more simple, an uneventful life at home, with Roxanna always guarding her.

"I just don't know how I'll ever get along without her. Do you know, I seldom even put a hairpin in my hair?" said Eleanor, with a helpless, appealing expression that touched Dick's heart as if some tragedy had overtaken her.

"Don't you talk. I expect the famous gardens of the Ewing estate can now go to rack and ruin, for Abraham will be home making love instead of wielding the hoe," said Dick in a masculine attempt at sympathy.

Eleanor was safely deposited on the front porch, with her mother almost hysterical in gratitude to their neighbor.

"I may come again, please?" he said as he extended his hand to Eleanor. "Provided, of course, that I don't have to take a hand at the garden," he added, with some sarcasm.

"Oh, do come over!" cordially assented Eleanor. "I shall probably be all pinned up the back and wearing my hair in a pigtail, because without Roxanna—well, come over and see for yourself."

Dick was very busy the next day owing to the promotion of the second man as overseer during Abraham's honeymoon. The underservants resented his authority, and Dick was at his wits' end to mollify them, assuring them that Abraham would be back in a few days and peace would once more reign. Mrs. Ewing wept and said it served Dick right. He ought not to have allowed the gardener to marry. The second morning things were at a standstill all over the place. None of the darkies would work at all, and Dick jumped on his horse and rode down to the cabin where the bride and groom were "just restin'" as a bridal trip.

"When did you think of coming back, Abraham?" asked Dick as the tall figure of the negro appeared at the door.

"Mistah Dick, I just been arguin' with Roxanna. She say I should go work for her folks, an' when a man's married"— Abraham sighed.

Dick Ewing was a true southerner and would not stoop to ask favors of a negro. He wheeled around and halfway down the lane met Eleanor, sitting her gray horse as if born to the saddle.

"Good morning!" she sang out merrily. "I'm on my way to beg Roxanna to return to her old duties. My hair's in a snarl, my shoes are losing all their buttons and—well, I must have my Roxanna."

Dick smiled, not without malice.

"Do come along and join me. A man always lends dignity to an attack of this sort," continued Eleanor. And Dick turned his horse's head in the same direction.

Roxanna was called to the door, where Abraham had stood a few moments before, and her mistress implored her to return. She offered the same excuse that had greeted Dick.

"Miss 'Nor, Abraham seems like he thinks I ought to work for his folks, an' when you're married"—

Eleanor and Dick wheeled about and rode down the lane at full speed. Conversation seemed to lag until they reached the spacious porch of the Wright home.

"Let's talk the matter over seriously, Eleanor," said Dick. "I may call you Eleanor, mayn't I? And let's us go back to the old time chumminess of childhood."

Eleanor looked at the fence where they had parted in anger—but she acquiesced.

"The other day as I was going to that infernal darky wedding which upset two erstwhile happy homes I stopped under the old apple tree by the turn of the road, and I reached up to gather some blossoms," began Dick.

Eleanor leaned forward as if listening to an interesting story. "They were out of my reach, and when I found that I could not get them I felt as if I had lost something which had never really been mine, yet something which I had always coveted subconsciously."

Eleanor smiled, with a suggestion of a blush.

"So it is with something else, Eleanor," he continued. "You are that something else. All my life I have wanted my little neighbor. As a boy I teased you, but I wanted you. As a man I missed you in Germany. I love you, and I must have you. Perhaps I am reaching up too far. Perhaps you are way above me, as the blossoms were."

He hesitated as if waiting for an answer. Eleanor leaned back in her chair. Her lips twitched. Her eyes danced.

"Dick, tell me truly one thing, and I will answer your question."

He rose and stood beside her in the golden sunlight. The soft breezes blew a few petals on them both.

"Dick Ewing, on your honor, do you want me—just me, Eleanor Wright—or do you want Roxanna and Abraham?"

Two hearty young laughs resounded through the air.

"Honest Injun, dear, I want just you, and I want you, as they say in the song, 'Because You're You,'" emphatically declared Dick as he drew a not unwilling captive within his arms. Eleanor pushed him aside and with mock dignity said:

"Come, dear—yes, dear Dick—let's go back to the old cabin and see if Roxanna and Abraham will come and work for us."

Many Times Married.

There are some very remarkable instances of people who have been married a large number of times, and also of husbands and wives who have lived together to an extraordinary age. St. Jerome mentions a woman who married her twenty-second husband, who, in his turn, had been married to twenty wives. There is an instance recorded in Bordeaux in 1772 of a man who had been married sixteen times. A woman named Elizabeth Nase, who died in Florence in 1768, had been married to seven husbands, her last wedding taking place when she was seventy years of age. Numerous cases exist all over the world of people who have been married four, five or six times. In 1768 a couple was living in Essex who had been married eighty-one years, the husband being 107 years old and his wife only four years younger. These cases are also not isolated ones, and it is somewhat remarkable that in most of such instances when one has died the survivor has died the next day.

His Heaven.

"What does you reckon yer'll like ter do w'en you gits ter glory?"

"Well," said Brother Dickey, "since you put de question ter me, I'll make answer ter it: Ef dey lets me have my way, I'll des lay back on a white cloud an' let de heavenly winds blow me fum star to star."—Atlanta Constitution.

Her Day Out.

Mr. Subbubs—Great heavens, Lucy, Mary Ann tried to start the fire with gun cotton, and she has been blown through the roof! Mrs. Subbubs—Never mind; it's her day out anyhow.—Exchange.

Anxious to Comply.

Professor (to student)—You should have written on the subject, sir, so that the most ignorant of your audience could understand all that you have to say on the subject. Student—What part of my production is not clear to you, sir?

How It Happened.

"How did that interviewer come to misquote you?"

"I heard something shortly after he left that entirely changed my opinions on the subject we were discussing."—Washington Star.

The man who forgets to be thankful has fallen asleep in life.—Stevenson.

Different Walks.

"What would you do if you was one o' dese millionaires?" said Meandering Mike.

"I s'pose," answered Plodding Pete, "dat I'd get meself a golf outfit an' walk fur pleasure instid o' from necessity."—Washington Star.

The Woburn Journal
Telephone 55.
FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1908.

THE NEW POST OFFICE.

Yesterday Congress appropriated $60,000 for the Woburn Federal Building.

☞ Last Saturday evening, at an informal meeting of the city authorities held at City Hall, Mr. Barbour, an eminent hydraulic engineer and expert, as consulting authority to the Woburn Water Department, submitted a report of his recent investigations of our water supply, which contained valuable and important information on that subject. It appears from his comprehensive report, the result of careful investigation and labor, that the new pump, soon to be installed at the station, will render an additional supply of water absolutely necessary, not only for the present, but future use. This is close at hand in the springs existing in the hills which surround Horn Pond and the pumping works, and the only question is as to the manner in which it shall be made available at the least cost to the city. Mr. Barbour suggests, as the most practical plan for increasing the supply, the installation of an auxiliary pumping plant at Suckers Brook, to be operated by electricity, which would furnish 500,000 gallons daily, and increase the present flowage to that extent. To tap the springs, in which the surrounding hills abound, and turn them into the pumping chamber, seems to be the most feasible way of meeting the demand for more water. This is what Engineer Barbour believes. To carry out this plan would require an outlay of $50,000, he estimates; but so favorably were the authorities impressed with it that they resolved to secure Legislative permit to issue bonds to the above amount for the purpose of executing it.

☞ One of the best temperance measures that has been before the Legislature for many years, the bill that proposed to turn into the State treasury all liquor license fees after a certain period, was defeated a few weeks ago. Had it been enacted, it would have removed the reason given by many people in every town and city for voting for licenses to sell intoxicating drinks, and permanently established the system of prohibition in those places where its opposite has usually prevailed. The argument that municipalities cannot afford to lose the revenue derived from the granting of licenses is fallacious, as experience has abundantly demonstrated in several large cities in this county.

☞ The opinion prevails quite generally that the Massachusetts delegates will not cut much of a figure in the Democratic National convention to be held at Denver in July. They will vote for Bryan, of course, or the most of them will, because George Fred Williams is boss this year, "the original Bryan man" of this State, and he will control the delegation, unless they have a fight after getting out there, which is probable. They fought, as usual, at their State convention last week, and are liable to have another setto almost any time.

☞ The decision of the Supreme Court of this State last week denying the right of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company to hold the six electric roads in the western part of Massachusetts which it has acquired, directly and indirectly, by illegal methods, is a severe, if not fatal, blow to the merger scheme that the Company is trying to get through the Legislature. It seems to knock the underpinning from under President Mellen's project.

☞ In another column of this issue of the JOURNAL appears an article from the Boston *Transcript* which gives a brief account of the handling of the controller by Hon. Joshua B. Holden which opens the big upper gate of the lock of the Charles River Dam, which will interest his friends in Woburn. That Charles River Basin scheme is a great one.

☞ Hon. Samuel J. Elder, a prominent member of the Massachusetts Bar, has been engaged by the Woburn School Board to deliver the address at the High School graduating exercises on June 26. It was an excellent selection, for Mr. Elder is an orator of wide and high repute.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

E. F. Johnson—Citation.

— Another smart rainstorm last Wednesday night and yesterday.

— Hern's Orchestra furnished music for the final Co. G assembly in Armory Hall yesterday evening.

— There is an attractive display of dry and fancy goods in the windows of Copeland & Bowser's store.

— It is reported that Mr. J. F. Ramsdell has bought the A. A. Brooks real estate on Arlington Road.

— Patrolman Austin G. French is taking his "one day off in thirty," in pursuance to an act of the Legislature not long ago.

— The Public Library authorities are thanking Herbert Brooks, Esq., of Columbus, Ohio, for the gift of some valuable historical works.

— On May 12, 1907, or a year ago last Sunday morning, the ground here was frozen stiff. Maine lumbermen were still hauling logs on sleds.

— The Ladies Auxiliary of the South End Social Club are to give a May party in Lyceum Hall this evening. A grand good time is expected.

— Woburn abounds in baseball clubs, among which there are lots of smart ones. There'll be something doing here on the diamond this season.

— P. McDevitt has decided to have safe, cool electric lighting in his tailor shop at 452 Main street and the service is furnished by the Edison Company.

—Miss Angie Crawford Heartz, who graduates from Mount Holyoke College in June, is substituting in the French Department of the Springfield High School.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— According to the report of the Overseers of the Poor, 54 families and 227 persons received help from the city last month, and $148.02 was paid out by the Board.

— The St. Charles C. T. A. S. are to hold a Ladies Night on May 20, and entertain the ladies who contributed so materially to the success of their late minstrel show.

— The other day Ward Brown, son of George E. Brown, the builder, while employed on a house on Winn street, fell from a staging 25 feet to the ground and received serious injuries.

— Apple and pear trees and lilac bushes are in bloom, and everywhere, on lawns, in orchards and fields, the eye rests with delight on great masses of flowers whose perfume fills the air.

— Several Woburn Congregationalists attended the semiannual meeting of the Woburn and Andover Branch of the W. B. M. which was held in the Highland church at Lowell yesterday.

— Lawn mowing set in here more than a week ago, the railroad station grounds being the first to undergo the operation. The crop was not heavy, but the almanac said it was time to begin, and the machines were brought out and sharpened for the work.

— The public weather prognosticator barely saved his reputation for veracity last Tuesday, but he got there. He assured his patrons that there would be showers that evening, and sure enough, they came, but hardly answered as an apology for the real thing.

— For size, flavor and sweetness Angelo Crovo's strawberries take the cake. Nobody ever saw before this year such large berries in the month of May. And then, again, shortcake don't cost all outdoors if the strawberries are bought at Crovo's, for his prices are low.

— Hon. John P. Feeney, ex-Mayor of Woburn, now a resident of Boston, is to attend the Democratic National convention at Denver as a delegate from the 11th Massachusetts District. He is pretty sure of having a finger in any political pie that is worth paying attention to.

— The Tuntsten lamps give the best light for matching colors. Copeland & Bowser are now using them in their dry goods store at 401 Main street and the lighting results are complete. These lamps are furnished to customers by the Edison Illuminating Company at a small excess charge.

— We anticipate hearing of a rush of fishermen from Woburn to the Maine lakes and rivers now that they are clear of ice, and the fish are waiting for the bait. Moosehead Lake and adjacent waters; the Rangeley chain; Chesuncook, and other favorite piscatorial waters were freed from winter's icy embrace last week, and the anglers in this vicinity have heard the news.

— The prospect for an abundant hay crop next July, and of apples and pears in the following fall, is encouraging. The weather during April and May has been of the most favorable character for a large yield of both, as the harvest is sure to demonstrate. Frequent rains and seasonable temperature have set the grass roots firmly and hardened the fruit buds, and all is well that ends well.

— Lieut. "Tom" Mulkeen was seen at his post of duty at Police Headquarters a few evenings ago as large as life and twice as natural. The Mayor's brief holdup of the Lieutenant was not a serious proceeding, but done to clear the atmosphere of some idle talk that was being handed out by unthinking people. Mulkeen has been a member of the Woburn Police force 28 years, and has always been called a faithful public guardian.

— Beginning on June 3 the merchants of this city have decided to close their stores every Wednesday afternoon during the months of June, July, August and September, the same as last season and previously. The practice now in vogue, and which has been for several years past, is to close Monday and Wednesday evenings, and after June 1 the closing is to include Wednesday afternoons during the period mentioned.

— In his first liquor raid after May 1 Chief McDermott made a misfire. On Monday, when the case was tried, Jeremiah Sullivan, manager of the Magnet store, against whom the charge of illegal liquor selling was brought, was discharged by Judge Johnson. The respondent swore that there was no sale of anything intoxicating, but the beer seized was used only to enhance the pleasures of a little social sitdown. That settled it.

— After a thorough combing over of our city last week, accompanied by those stalwart guardians of the public weal, Mayor Blodgett and President of the City Council Brown, a representative of the Metropolitan Improvement Commission, said that, with the addition of a boulevard, or two; completion of Pierce-Mendum's State Road to Peabody; rendering navigable Put Fowle's Brook; and a few other small matters, he couldn't see, for the life of him, how Woburn could be "improved."

— The Woburn druggists get their "certificates of fitness," which allows them to sell intoxicating liquors on prescriptions from physicians, from the State Board of Pharmacy, to whom they petitioned for the same. On motion of Mayor Blodgett, who was opposed to granting the certificates, the Board last Tuesday gave a hearing on the applications of the druggists, which, after the testimony was all in, were as good as granted. Mr. A. W. Whitcher and Ald. Samuel Highley, druggists, were the main pushers for the permits before the State Board, and substantially victorious. Now, as we understand it, the Board of License Commissioners having refused to grant the customary licenses to our druggists, the City Council will take the matter in hand at their first meeting in June.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

367 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

Electric Light-Free.

STREET LIGHTING.

By the use of the new Tungsten Lamps the Edison Company will now give at its regular rates those TOWNS THAT WANT TO BE BRIGHT AND SAFE 40 candle power street lights in place of 25 candle power—60 per cent more light—free.

COMMERCIAL LIGHTING.

Private customers may now have the same change—32 candle power in place of the old 16 candle power lamps—practically 100 per cent more light—Free. The new lamps cost $1.10 and and during its life saves $1.05 in current at 15 cts. per unit, the ordinary residential rates. It doubles the light for 700 hours at an extra total cost of only 5 cts.
Ask about it—Free.

Edison Electric Illuminating Co.,

33-39 Boylston Street BOSTON

Phone "Oxford 3300—Collect."

— Mr. James H. Callahan, the veteran railroader who looks after the Church avenue Boston & Maine crossing, has engaged his berth and will sail from Boston for Ireland on the steamer Republic on July 4 next. He had such a pleasant visit at his boyhood home near Cork in 1906 that nothing would do but it must be repeated this season. "Uncle Jim" expects to be gone about 4 months, and is lotting on a pleasant summer on the "Old Sod." May his brightest and fondest anticipations be fully realized, and more, too.

— Doubting Thomases may pronounce this statement apochryphal, if not something worse, but it is true, nevertheless, and can be substantiated by the best of testimony, that this year's mosquitos made their appearance in local bedrooms last Tuesday night, May 12, and got in their work as vigorously and annoyingly as they do later on in the season, when they have become acclimated, and better fitted for hard work. It was early in the season for mosquitos to sprout, but they were on deck all right last Tuesday night, and don't you forget it.

— Mishawum Club, the oldest in this city, composed of leading citizens, had a joyous time last Monday evening when they celebrated the 40th anniversary of the organization of the Club. The chief features of the grand social affair were a banquet and vaudeville entertainment, both of which passed off in fine style. The intention was carried out of confining the attendance to members, except that a few out of town guests were present and enjoyed the hospitalities of their hosts clean up to the handle. Mishawum Club flourishes all the time like a green bay tree.

— At the annual meeting of the Woburn Firemen's Relief Association held on Wednesday evening, May 13, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Frank E Tracy; Vice-President, Joseph C. Larock; Financial Secretary, George H. Brauer; Secretary, George H. Newcomb; Treasurer, Edward E Stowers; Auditors, Wm. G. Stretton, Amos Bryenton; Alvah J. Foster; Trustees of Burial Lot, John F. Kenney, James H. McGovern, Wm. R. Greenleaf. The Treasurers report shows $3,188 58 to the credit of the Association.

— Mrs. Helen C. Hanson of Uxbridge, formerly of Woburn, came over last Tuesday and attended the funeral of L. Herbert Owen, late Principal of the High School, of which her husband, Mr. James I. Hanson, was the honored head for many years prior to his decease. She cherished a high regard for Mr. Owen as an educator and man, and sincerely laments his passing away in the prime of life and height of his usefulness. Mrs. Hanson returned a fortnight ago from a trip through the Southern States and Mexico and visit with her son and family at Toledo, Ohio, which she greatly enjoyed.

— For quantity and quality of caloric in the atmosphere last Tuesday was a record breaker. It had been cold for some days previously, the thermometers running along in the low 50s, but Monday night there was a change, and by noon on Tuesday it was 85 in the shade, and in some localities the figure was nearer 90 degrees. It was a scorcher that melted things. Early in the evening successive showers arose in the west and approached this city without hitting it; yet, the lightning moderated the temperature considerably, and the night proved a comfortable one for repose. It was hot on Wednesday, too.

— The installation of the new soda fountain at McLaughlin & Dennison's popular and prosperous drugstore is completed and doing business on a large scale. It is a fine one, and from its several silvered faucets the purest and most delicious drinks are drawn to tickle the palates and assuage the thirst of their customers. The proprietors are not now dependent on outside dealers for acids, but have put in a plant which enables them to do the whole business at the store, and give the public the best in acid and syrups that there is in the market. McLaughlin & Dennison make a specialty of Jersey icecream, which is standard and superior to the commercial article. This has been proved by scientific tests It would surprise our readers to be told the amount of icecream these gentlemen sell every day in the year. The proprietors, two worthy young men, are pushing the sale of it, and patrons are increasing in numbers right along.

— Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds and her daughter, Mrs. Minnie Nichols, of No. Weare, N. H., will please accept our thanks for bunches of fresh Mayflowers.

— Assistant Librarian Pollard's communication regarding the exhibition of Shakespere illustrations now on view at the Public Library, came to hand too late for publication this week.

— Last Wednesday, at 1 o'clock, there was a big change in the temperature, the thermometers showing a drop of 20 degrees in one hour. It was a tough trial on the nerves. Such changes are not conducive to health or happiness.

— The E. Prior real estate agency has sold for Judge E F. Johnson his former residence No. 1 Highland street to N. H. Allen of Revere. The estate consists of fine dwelling with about 36,000 feet of land. Mr. Allen buys for occupancy.

— Yesterday forenoon we received from Editor Wilson of the Winchester *Star* the sad news of the death of Mr. George H. Gilbert, which occurred at 6 20 o'clock Thursday morning, May 14, 1908, at Sunnyside in that town, his home for many years past. He was born at North Andover on April 24, 1841, and, until compelled by ill health to retire from business, was a working member of the Gilbert Company, manufacturers of worsted fabrics at Ware, Mass., established by his father, and its New York and Boston selling agent. He had many warm friends in this city who will learn of his death with sincere regret.

— Mrs. H. M. Aldrich of Montvale avenue, Treasurer, kindly sends word to the JOURNAL that the net proceeds of the late May party given by the ladies of Woburn to help along the Floating Hospital charity, were $258 09, a larger sum, we believe, than has ever been contributed by this city to that worthy fund. The amount has increased each year, showing that ours are a benevolent people, and that their sympathy and aid for the poor babies and mothers of Boston "grows with their growth and strengthens with their strength." We doubt if any city of its size in the State has done as well by the Floating Hospital as Woburn

— Last Monday afternoon we were honored and gratified by a visit from Mr. William F. Kenney of Allston, for many years Day Editor of the Boston *Globe*, and member of the Board of Boston Library Trustees, and his daughter Inez. They were on a brief visit to their former home here. Mr. Kenney was Chairman of the Woburn School Board 15 years ago, and chiefly instrumental in then securing Mr. L. Herbert Owen for the office of Principal of the High School. He and his family live at Gloucester during the summer, where Inez has captured and worn the honors of champion swimmer for some seasons past.

City Council.

A regular Aldermanic session was held last Monday evening with a full attendance, or as full as usual, with President Brown in the chair. A large amount of business was transacted.

Mayor Blodgett was authorized to ask the Legislature to allow the city to issue bonds to the amount of $50,000, with which to execute the plans of Consulting Engineer Barbour for an additional water supply. That looked like business.

There was considerable discussion of the matter of widening Union street, during which Ald. Highley gave Mrs. Munroe's stipulations concerning her land to the city for that purpose. No definite conclusion was reached.

The following jurors were drawn: Leon L. Dorr, William O'Railley, William C. Parker, F. W. Legg, James Duffey, Michael Cuneo.

An appropriation of $50 was voted the Spanish War Veterans for Memorial Day use.

A $5000 loan for moth suppression was passed.

Several Department reports were received and filed.

The session was eminently harmonious.

Melancholy Milk.

"Haven't you any milk that is more cheerful than this?" queried the new boarder as he poured some of the liquid into his coffee.

"Why, what do you mean by that?" queried the landlady.

"Oh, nothing," rejoined the new boarder; "only this milk seems to have the blues."

Master Owen.

LEVI HERBERT OWEN was born at Leeds, Maine, on June 27, 1856, and died at his home on Fairmount street in this city, Saturday forenoon, May 9, 1908.

On Thursday afternoon, April 9, Mr. Owen was discovered lying unconscious on the floor of a room in the High school by one of the teachers. Medical aid was hastily summoned and the stricken Master conveyed to his home, where he remained in a semiconscious condition until the end came. It was peaceful, and not unexpected, for it had been seen some days previously that the final change was near at hand. The sudden stroke he suffered while at the post of duty, and his passing away, were a severe shock, not only to his family and school, but to the whole community, who, long since, learned to value his worth as a teacher, man, and citizen.

Mr. Owen was a scholar—a man of rare intellectual attainments—a teacher of the highest rank. He graduated from Colby College, Waterville, Maine, in 1882 with honors, since which date his years have been wholly given to teaching, in which profession he was eminently successful. His first service as Principal of High school was at Fairfield, Maine; from there he went to Oakland, near Waterville, and after three years there was called to Milford, N. H., where he remained until 1888, then accepted the Principalship of the Weymouth, Mass., High school, and was there four years. His next engagement as Head Master of a High School was at Natick, and from there he came to Woburn in 1893 and accepted the office of Principal of the High school in this city, which, at the time of his decease, he had filled almost 15 years, with marked credit to himself and benefit to the educational interests of this community.

In 1883 Mr. Owen was united in marriage with Miss Helen Folger of Oakland, Maine, who, with one child, Philip, a student in the Maine University, and a brother, Rev. Edson Owen of Waterville, Maine, is left to lament the death of a kind and affectionate husband, as the others are to mourn the loss of an indulgent father, and beloved brother.

For the first few years Mr. Owen's task here as Head Master of our High school was not an enviable one. He was not popular in the general use of the word; he mixed but little in general society; but by absolute devotion to the interests of those in his charge; by his scholarship; his zeal and untiring labor, to which was, no doubt, attributable, in a large measure, his death in the prime of years and usefulness, he won the love of his pupils, the confidence of the School Board, the highest respect of the community, and an honorable and influential standing among the teaching fraternity in the State.

The funeral, under the direction of undertakers Tripp, was held at the First Congregational church at 2 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, and was the largest that has taken place here for many years. The auditorium was filled with the schools and scores of the most prominent people of the city. In the body of the church were seated the pupils of the High school, those of the Grammar departments occupying adjacent pews. The religious exercises were performed by Rev. Dr. March, Rev. Dr. Norton, both of First church; Rev. Dr. Williams of the First Baptist church; and Rev. H. C. Parker of the Unitarian church pronounced an eloquent eulogy on the character and work of the deceased. It was a fitting tribute to a worthy man, a successful and honored teacher, and a citizen without reproach. The Weber Quartet of Boston sang "God's Goodness," "Nearer My God to Thee," and "God be With You Till We Meet Again" in a manner in keeping with the fame of that masterly band of singers.

The pallbearers were: Superintendent of the Woburn schools, Mr. George I. Clapp; Herbert B. Dow and Samuel W. Mendum, members of the School Board; George F. Bean, ex-Chairman of the Board; Alfred T. Carter, and George W. Low.

Beautiful flowers, in many forms and great numbers, were contributed by the School Board, the teachers, scholars, and friends who admired the Master in his lifetime, appreciated his successful efforts to raise the standard of our schools, and would do honor to his memory.

The remains were taken to Waterville, Maine, where, on Wednesday morning, short religious services were held in the College chapel; at the close of which they were lowered to their last earthly restingplace in the family lot in the cemetery there.

Mrs. Owen; Philip, the son; the brother; and other relatives; have the heartfelt sympathy of this community in their sore bereavement.

Hon. Joshua B. Holden Started It.

Commissioner Joshua B. Holden of the Charles River Dam Commission this morning operated the controller which moved the big upper gate of the lock in the Charles River dam on its first journey across the lock. The iron gate with all its intricate machinery and huge proportions had never before been moved from the position in which it had been built. The first time a lock gate of this size is operated is always an interesting performance because of the uncertainty attending the working. Not only is the gate a heavy piece of construction, but its internal and external machinery is of such a complicated nature that until it has been tried no one knows whether it is going to balk or run smoothly. This morning's test was satisfactory in every detail. From the time the huge mass of iron began to stir until it had been rolled back into its former position there was neither hitch nor hesitation.

With Commissioner Holden at quarter to ten o'clock, when he started the machinery were: Frank C. Hall, manager of the Hotel Somerset; J. Nelson Parker, Treasurer of the Cobb, Bates & Yerxa Company; Chief Engineer Hiram Miller of the work; Principal Assistant Engineer J. L. Howard; and Electrical Engineer A. I. Plaisted. Both of the coffer dams at each end of the lock have been torn out and the dredging almost is completed. The completion of the lock part of the dam construction is a matter of a very short time. All that is necessary now is the fitting of the oak timbers up and down the ends of the gate and along its bottom. These correspond to similar timbers on the sides and along the bottom of the lock itself, and are to make the lock water tight when in operation. A difference of water level on either side of the gate pushes it up against the sides of the oak timbers, making an oak to oak connection that is practically water tight.—*Boston Transcript.*

Rufus R. Whitten.

In the death of Mr. RUFUS R. WHITTEN, which occurred last Wednesday morning, May 13, 1908, this community lost a good citizen, and Burbank Post, 33, G. A. R., one of its most highly respected and useful members. He was a genial, kindhearted man, and had a wide circle of friends, who will deeply mourn his death.

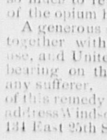
Mr. Whitten was born at Plymouth, Mass., on Nov. 29, 1835, and has been a respected resident of Woburn for many years. He did patriotic service for the Union in the Civil War as member of the 5th Mass. Reg't, from which he was honorably discharged on Nov. 16, 1864. He left a widow and two daughters, Mrs. Edward F. Tebbetts and Mrs. William A. Richie, to mourn his death. The funeral is to be held at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

New Malay Opium Cure

Being Distributed Free by a New York Society.

Co-operating with missions in Malaysia, the Windsor Laboratories of New York have secured a supply of the wonderful combretum plant, which has done so much to revolutionize the treatment of the opium habit.

A generous supply of the new remedy, together with full instructions for its use, and United States consular reports bearing on the subject will be sent to any sufferer. To obtain a free supply of this remedy and the consular reports, address Windsor Laboratories, Branch 30, 134 East 25th Street, New York City.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

FORECLOSURE.

22 Union Street.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John C. Finnegan of Woburn, Massachusetts, to L. Jennie Neal, dated December 26, 1905, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Book 3207, Page 63, for breach of the condition contained in said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on

MONDAY, the first day of June, 1908,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in Woburn, Massachusetts, on the northerly side of Union street, containing about 10,682 square feet, bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on said Union street and at land of Cooper; from thence runs westerly on and by said Union street eighty-four feet to land of Flagg; thence turning the line runs northerly on and by said land of Flagg about eighty-one feet to land of Connolly; thence turning the line runs easterly by said land of Connolly about thirteen and 8-10 feet to a corner; thence turning and running again northerly still by said land of Connolly about thirty-one feet to land of Gerry, now or formerly; thence turning the line runs easterly by land of said Gerry thirty feet to a corner; thence the line turns and runs northerly still by said land of Gerry sixty-six and ¾ feet to Broad street; thence turning the line runs easterly on and by said Broad street thirty-three and ½ feet to land of Cooper; thence turning the line runs southerly on and by said land of Cooper one hundred and four feet to a corner; thence turning the line runs easterly still by said Cooper's land abouteight and 7-10 feet to a corner still at land of Cooper; thence turning the line runs again southerly by said Cooper's land about eighty-four feet to the point of beginning. Subject to a prior mortgage for $2500 held by the Wildey Savings Bank.

$500 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale and balance on mortgage.

L. JENNIE NEAL, Mortgagee.

May 6, 1908.

Persons interested will please see G. FRANKLIN NEAL, 101 Tremont Street, Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ann O'Donnell, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Edward F. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of June, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—4th Sunday after Easter.
10 30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Rev. Wm. H. Osmond, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Mortals and Immortals."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4 30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, May 9, Levi Herbert Owen, aged 51 years, 10 months, 12 days.

In this city, May 10, John H. Bancroft, aged 59 years.

In this city, May 10, James E. Herring, aged 49 years, 2 months, 29 days.

Literary Notices.

The Centenary of Balfe, by the Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, in the May number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, will be read by all music lovers. Father Blunt gives a most interesting account of the composer's early struggles and of the production of his numerous operas, including the still popular Bohemian Girl. There is a facsimile of Balfe's list of his works, and there are many illustrations to add to the attractiveness of the paper. Two pleasant travel sketches, Here and There in Paris, by Robert M. Sillard, and Touring in Ireland, by James Morgan, have a special timeliness. The Third Republic is the period of French history covered by the Rev. Francis A. Cunningham, in this installment of his series of papers on The Struggle for Religious Liberty in France. There are some excellent short stories.

The NATIONAL MAGAZINE for May has the fresh, spring-time liveliness that harbinges the season of flowers and the green. Crisp from the pen of the Editor, Joe Mitchell Chapple, are The Affairs at Washington. They have that suppressed anticipation that forerun a great political contest when factions and wide interests have not coalesced into strenuous actions. The political fever pervades Washington. In these short, spicy articles, there is that personal touch and inspiration from the contact of great men and political forces; it is all told with marvelous intuitive skill that draws the reader into the presence of these men and women and the legislative world with surprising reality. The Maytime moving spirit is on in Washington, and the house-cleaning spirit too, and it has even permeated the legislative halls, and these delightful, interesting pen pictures of Editor Joe Mitchell Chapple in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for May give supreme satisfaction to the prospective visitor at Washington, or to those interested in this city of American cities. Read the NATIONAL for May and you will know what a recess in Washington really means.

From Hand to Mouth.

"I'll never speak to him again!" exclaimed the dark young woman. "He called me his queen and asked if he might kiss my hand. I said yes, and—and after that he kissed me on the lips without asking."

"I suppose," said the light young woman, "he followed along the line of least resistance."

Thousands of loaves eaten every day,
Thousands of people kept healthy.
There is great satisfaction in
Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread.
Have you tried it?

C. F. Hathaway & Son,
Cambridge Waltham

Ups and Downs.

Whether times are good or bad during the ups and downs of prosperity or depression the diamond, above all other assets one may have, remains at par. It grows in value every year. Cupid's demands must be met at any cost, and there is nothing the prospective groom could invest in that would please his fiancee more than saving up before marriage and investing in a diamond.

Smith & Varney,
JEWELERS.
No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
PETITION.

To the Honorable County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex:

We, the undersigned, inhabitants of the Town of Wilmington, respectfully petition your Honorable Board to relocate the way known as Woburn street, in said Wilmington, between the intersection of Lowell street and the junction of Park street, for the purpose of establishing the boundary lines of such way.

JOHN W. HATHAWAY and four others.
May 1, 1908.

COMMONWEALTM OF MASSACHUSETTS.
PETITION.

To the Honorvble County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex:

We, the undersigned, inhabitants of the Town of Wilmington, respectfully petition your Honorable Board to relocate that portion of the way known as Lowell street between West street and the Reading boundary line, for the purpose of establishing the boundary lines of such way.

JOHN W. HATHAWAY and four others.
May 1, 1908.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
PETITION.

To the Honorable County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex:

We, the undersigned, inhabitants of the Town of Wilmington, respectfully petition your Honorable Board to relocate that portion of the way known as Burlington Avenue in said town, between the junction of Boutwell street and the premises of Peter McGrane, for the purpose of making alterations in the course of said way.

JOHN W. HATHAWAY and four others.
May 1, 1908.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eight, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge on the second day of May, A. D. 1908.

ON the foregoing petitions Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Wilmington Station, Southern Division of the Boston and Maine Railroad, on Monday, the eighth day of June, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the Town of Wilmington, in said County, with copies of said petitions and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Wilmington, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

Copy of petitions and order thereon.
Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

A true copy. Attest:
JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

HARRY DUSTIN JOLL
ARCHITECT
431 MAIN STREET
WOBURN, MASS.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE

By virtue of and in pursuance of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John R. Carter to John M. Harlow, Trustee under the will of Charles Choate, late of Woburn, Mass., deceased, dated May 24th, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Libro 2369, Folio 385, which mortgage was duly assigned to Isaac Sprague, Trustee for Helen O. Sprague, under the will of said Charles Choate, by assignment dated December 10th, 1903, and recorded with said Deeds, libro 3075, folio 235, and again assigned by said Isaac Sprague, Trustee as aforesaid to Herbert B. Dow and Charles D. Adams, Executors of the will of Lydia G. Choate, late of said Woburn, by assignment dated January 31st, 1906, and recorded with said Deeds, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on

Monday, the first day of June, A. D., 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:—

A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing about one and one-half acres, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on the easterly side of Main street, at land of S. Franksford Trull, from thence the line runs southerly by and with said Main street, one hundred and fifty and 73-100 feet to a stake at my other land; thence turning the line runs northeasterly on and by said other land one hundred and fifty-four and 27-100 (154.27) feet to a stake; thence turning the line runs south 9° 50' east by my said other land and by land of Fred H Burdett, one hundred and six and 16-100 feet to New Boston street; thence turning the line runs northeasterly by and with said New Boston street, twenty and 44-100 feet to land of Everett P. Fox; thence turning the line runs northerly on and by said land of said Fox, one hundred feet to a corner; thence turning the line runs north of east still by said land of Fox sixty-seven and 2-10 feet; thence more northerly by land of Adeline Place, one hundred seventy-three and 8-10 feet and thence slightly deflecting to the left still by said land of Place forty-eight feet to an angle; thence turning the line runs northerly still by land of said Place, ninety-five feet to land of Pierce; thence turning the line runs westerly on and by said land of Pierce, one hundred and forty-five and 2-10 feet to a stake at my other land; thence turning the line runs southerly by my said other land eighty-one and 3-10 feet, to a stake; thence westerly again by my said other land and by land of S. Franksford Trull aforesaid, two hundred forty-two and 5-10 feet to the point of beginning. Being the same premises, in part, described in a deed to the grantor from Adaline Place dated May 24, 1895, and subject to the restrictions therein referred to.

EXPRESSLY EXCEPTING THEREFROM, a certain parcel of land, released by said John M. Harlow, Trustee, to said John R. Carter, by partial release, dated April 27, 1898, and recorded with said Deeds, Book 2651, Page 381, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—A certain parcel of land containing 4161 square feet, situated in said Woburn and bounded as follows viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises at the corner of land of William E. Blodgett and land of one Austin, thence the line runs northerly on said land of Austin and land of Place, ninety-five feet to land of Pierce; thence turning the line runs westerly on said land of Pierce, forty feet to a stake at land of grantee; thence turning the line runs southerly on land of the grantee one hundred twenty-five and 5-10 feet to a stake at the northwesterly corner of said Blodgett's land; thence turning the line runs northeasterly on said Blodgett's forty-eight feet to the point of beginning.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, tax titles, or assessments, if any.

Terms: $500. at time and place of sale, balance in ten days.

HERBERT B. DOW and CHARLES D. ADAMS, Executors of the will of Lydia G. Choate, assignees and present holders of said mortgage.

Chas. D. Adams Atty.
10 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

QUAKER

Wheat Berries

7c. Pkg.

Always sold for 10 cents.

These goods are made from the whole grain of the finest Northern Wheat puffed and baked to a delicious crispness in a temperature of 400 deg. Fahr. Very palatable and nutritious. Try them with maple syrup, cream or fruit juices.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House,

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-1.

Many People

WHO TRIED

- Brooks's -

Hypophosphites

for Spring Weariness last year, are using the same remedy this season. It is a great body builder tonic.

Price 85 Cents

MADE BY

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,

361 Main Street,

WOBURN

Lest U Forget:

TAKE A

KODAK

WITH YOU.

Anybody can use 1

Anybody can buy at

Whitcher's PILL BOX

Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore

NOT "ROGERS" ONLY—BUT "1847 Rogers Bros." is the Trade mark that appears on the old original brand of

Knives, Forks and Spoons.

There are many imitations—"1847" is identifying mark of the genuine, which are sold by leading dealers. Send to the makers for booklet No. 6 of beautiful new designs.

THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. Meriden, Conn.

"Silver Plate that Wears."

Woburn Gas Light Co.

GAS STOVES

for cooking and heating. Welsbach lights, Welsbach and Humphry Arc lights, and for everything pertaining to gas lighting apply at office of Company.

314 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,

— DEALERS IN —

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adaline B. Church wishes to announce to her patients and friends that she will resume practice in Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church street.

Office Hours:

Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.

Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appointment.

Extension Telephones

Saves Time—Energy—Patience.

Convenient for the aged.

Comforting to the invalid.

Invaluable to the business man who regards his time in money equivalents.

Indispensable to the housewife who may have to go up-stairs or down-stairs to answer a telephone call or to send a message.

The convenience tremendously out-weighs the cost. Ask your neighbor who has one, or, for further particulars call up the Local Manager. (No charge for such a call).

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Butter Nut

MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT SUN

Home-made Bread

made in the county is one thing. Made in the city it's another.
Can coal or gas take the place of good hard wood for baking? Can you afford to use milk such as the farmer's wife does?
It doesn't pay to bake your own bread, anyway.
BUTTERNUT BREAD ought to be used in your home.
It costs less per loaf than the bread you make yourself, and the family will like it just as well.
Think of the work you save.
Try it
Be kind to your stomach—buy BUTTERNUT
Five cents.

Geo. G. Fox Co., Boston

MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT SUN

EVERY DAY

You Need Our Knead

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Annie C. McCormick, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Edward F. Johnson, of Woburn in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-first day of May, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Lina M. Page, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Etta R. Page, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-ninth day of May, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

WINCHESTER.

Congressman McCall's family are at home here from Washington.

This town has sent to the Chelsea sufferers $2747.10. That is a fine report.

Scarlet fever still prevails here among school children, although it is said to be on the wane.

The High School A. A. have engaged an expert to coach them for the balance of the season.

The Congregational church authorities want next fall's session of the Woburn Conference held here. Their wish will probably be gratified.

For good and sufficient reasons the announced May party has been put off to Oct. 10 next. The postponement was regretted, but couldn't be avoided.

Mr. Albert E. Brown, the new Music Director of our public schools, seems to be the right man in the right place. He is an Englishman by birth, but can sing and direct "for a' that."

Walter F. Flanders is the new President of Calumet Club. He and the balance of the officers were installed last week. Flanders is said to be admirably equipped for the head of the Club.

On the Sunday preceeding Memorial Day the usual religious services are to be held in the Episcopal church here. Rev. E. T. Sullivan, rector of Trinity church at Newton Center, is to preach the Memorial sermon.

The new bell on St. Mary's church is a fine one, and its tones please everybody.

The annual meeting of the Fortnightly Club was held last Monday, May 11, when officers for the then ensuing year were duly elected. The Fortnightly is a prosperous society, and a pet. It has sent to the Woman's Club of Chelsea, in cash and clothing, $453.

Another hitch, rumor says, in the grade crossing scheme. The commission will not recommend the Gould plan on account of its impracticability. The end of this perplexing question seems no nearer than years ago. But, then, it makes a good thing to talk about.

The Home for Aged People corporation have elected the following officers for 1908-9: President, Alfred S. Hall; Vice-Presidents, Preston Pond, Charles A. Lane, Mrs. E. Florence Kelley; Secretary, Harry C. Sanborn; Treasurer, Henry C. Ordway; Auditor, Geo. H. Carter; Directors, for one year, Mrs. John K. Murdock, Mrs. M. A. Cummings, Mrs. Alex. Foster, Mrs. Alfred Otis; Directors for two years, Mrs. Charles N. Harris, Mrs. Francis Hight, Mrs. Josephine Witmer, Mrs. Mary L. Johnson.

A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Tired, Aching, Callous, Sweating, Swollen feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

THE PRISON BIRD.

This African Beauty Seals His Mate Up In the Nest.

The peculiarity of the prison bird, a feathered beauty of Africa, is that he is the most tyrannical and jealous of husbands, imprisoning his mate throughout her nesting time. Livingstone watched the bird's habits while in Moupour and in his subsequent observations referred to the nest as a prison and the female bird as a slave.

The nest is built in the hollow of a tree through an opening in the bark. As soon as it is completed the mother bird enters carefully and fearfully and settles down in it. Then papa walls up the opening, leaving only just space enough for air and food to pass through. He keeps faithful guard and brings food at regular intervals without fail. The female thrives under her enforced retirement. But if the prison bird is killed or in any other way prevented from fulfilling his duties the mother and her little ones must die of starvation, for she cannot free herself from bondage.

Normally the imprisonment lasts until the chicks are old enough to fly. Then the male bird destroys the barrier with his beak and liberates his family. "It is charming," writes Livingstone, "to see the joy with which the little prisoners greet the light and the unknown world."

TOBACCO POISON.

If You Must Smoke, Puff Your Cigar or Pipe Leisurely.

That it is much more injurious to smoke quickly than slowly is the conclusion arrived at by two Austrian scientists after careful study and experiment.

The two professors—Dr. Liebermann and Dr. Davidovics—tested pieces of cotton which had been placed in the mouthpieces of pipes and cigar holders and found them covered with yellowish brown flecks. These were found to be of a tarry nature, produced during the process of combustion, and highly poisonous.

It was found also that two cigars of the same brand and strength often produced differing degrees of discoloration of the cotton. Further investigation showed that these differences were due to the length of time occupied in smoking. The same weight of tobacco smoked in five minutes produced nearly three times as many yellowish brown spots as if it were smoked in fifteen minutes. The professors therefore concluded that a rapid smoker inhales a much larger quantity of poisonous substance, to the consequent injury of his health, than does his more phlegmatic colleague.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Horses and Music.

Horses are particularly sensitive to music. Guenoe, who carefully studied the matter, quotes the following curious fact: "In 1892 the Fifty-eighth regiment of infantry was making a military test march when the music struck up. The young horse of Captain De R. hastened forward and placed itself, in spite of its rider, behind the last rank of the musicians. Then it followed peacefully, giving obvious signs of pleasure.

"When the music ceased the captain was able to resume his place at the head of his company, but the band struck up again, and the horse, notwithstanding the efforts of Captain De R., galloped ahead and once more placed itself behind the musicians. This happened every time the band played."

Lions have been found to listen with marked joy to the piano. They appreciate the top notes and the medium, but roar terribly when the bass keys are struck loudly.—Paris Revue.

Her Sweet Revenge.

Difficult subjects require careful handling, and for this reason a room clerk at a woman's hotel must have special qualifications. One of the many applicants to approach a clerk of this class was a young, prepossessing woman, who, a few days ago, walked to the desk and hesitatingly asked if a room could be had at a moderate price. "Would you like a room at a dollar and a half a day?" With a startled look she replied, "I want one at $3 a week." "We have rooms at that price, but none vacant. You can see that the office is full of guests, and it is not probable that we shall have such a room as you desire until one of our guests dies—or gets married." Sweeping the office with her eyes, the young woman replied sweetly, "Oh, then, it is hopeless!"—New York Tribune.

Changed Accompaniment.

One can hardly be expected to have "music in his soul" when there is discord in his stomach.

Husband—What was that you were playing, my dear?

Wife—Did you like it?

"It was lovely—the melody divine, the harmony exquisite!"

"It is the very thing I played last evening, and you said it was horrid."

"Well, the steak was burned last evening."—Stray Stories.

Pretty Bad.

Boston Bill—I'm getting weary of this blase, nomadic, peripatetic existence. Aren't you, pal? Omaha Red (after recovering)—Why—er—you see, Bill, it never struck me in dat light before. Is it really as bad as all dat?—Puck.

Art Appreciation.

"You Americans don't appreciate art," said the man from abroad.

"We don't, eh?" rejoined the earnest patriot. "Why, we pay some opera singers more than we do baseball players!"—Exchange.

Learn to unlearn what you have learned amiss.—German Proverb.

The Old, Old Story.

Old Lady (reading a letter from her son in college)—Lor' sakes alive, Josiar, if John hain't gone an done it! An' he warn't no hand fer the gals nuther!

Her Worse Half—Wut's the trouble, Samanthy?

Old Lady—Why, he says he's fallen in love with Belle—er—Belle Lettres.—Brooklyn Life.

His Thanks.

"I notice," said the young man's employer, "that you are always about the first in the office in the mornings."

"Thank you, sir."

"Why do you thank me?"

"For noticing it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Needed Practice.

"Little girls should be seen and not heard, Ethel."

"I know, mamma. But if I'm going to be a lady when I grow up I've got to begin practicing talking some time, you know."—Yonkers Statesman.

OUR FIRST PRESIDENT.

The Average American Knows Very Little About Washington.

Born Feb. 22, 1732; died Dec. 14, 1799; fought Indians; time and place a little vague. Was he not with Braddock? Married a widow named Martha; was commander all through our Revolution; was our first president and had two terms; wrote a farewell address; knew Lafayette and Thomas Jefferson; crossed the Delaware at Trenton just before Christmas and surprised the Hessians; beat Cornwallis at Yorktown and was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

These are all public facts. What does the reader know of Washington the man? More than likely it will be as follows:

Cut down a cherry tree with a hatchet; owned up to having done so, saying, "Father, I cannot tell a lie;" threw a stone very far across some river; climbed up the side of the Natural bridge and cut his initials; worked hard at school; was steady; was very good all the time, and everybody looked up to him; of course very brave, of course very wise and a great patriot; was one of the greatest men in all history; was tall, strong; wore those knee breeches of colonial days and a wig; looked stern; would probably lecture you and tell you to be virtuous and you would be happy. Such, if I mistake not, is the reader's vision of Washington as a man—cold, austere, unemotional, without passions, grand, not merely greater than human, simply not human at all—a sort of marble statue. A figure to prize, to be proud of as an American, a figure to revere, but not a character to love, to be drawn to, to feel any kinship with—in a word, immortal, yet not living.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Preservation of Caste.

It is well known how carefully, apparently at least, the Hindoos are to preserve their caste from contamination with anything of a lower order. In towns where Hindoos and Mussulmans, followers of Mohammed, live side by side the sellers of drinking water supply the liquid through little portholes, one for each religion. The drinker is thus supposed to be ignorant of the caste of the man who supplies the water and his own caste is consequently unbroken.

The Efficacy of Prayer.

Among my esteemed neighbors there is a family known for the piety of its members and their implicit confidence in the efficacy of prayer. One of the daughters, Miss Kate B., has almost reached the age when she could be referred to ungallantly as an old maid. She is the target for many a good natured quip pertaining to her alleged hopes and endeavors in the direction of matrimony.

Not long ago a certain society of young men which had interested itself in a campaign for higher saloon license sent a committee to visit the homes of the district and obtain signatures to a high license petition. When this committee, numbering half a dozen members, ascended the front steps at the B. home my friend's wife was the first to see it through the front window.

"Laws, John!" she exclaimed to her husband. "See all those young men coming to visit us."

Mr. B. glanced out of the window, noted the number of the invading force and remarked, with an air of conviction:

"Humph! Kate's been praying again."—San Francisco Call.

An Anecdote of Ellsworth.

There was a characteristic incident in the early life of Colonel Ellsworth, the brilliant young lawyer who was one of the first notable victims of the civil war. His struggles to gain a foothold in his profession were attended by many hardships and humiliating privations. Once, finding the man he was looking for on a matter of business in a restaurant, he was invited to partake of the luncheon to which his acquaintance was just sitting down. Ellsworth was ravenously hungry, almost starving, in fact, but he declined courteously, but firmly, asking permission to talk over the business that had brought him thither while the other went on with the meal.

The brave young fellow in telling the story in after years confessed that he suffered positive agony at the sight and smell of the tempting food.

"I could not in honor accept hospitality I could not reciprocate," was his simple explanation of his refusal. "I might starve, but I could not sponge!"—Marion Harland's "Complete Etiquette."

Starting Early.

Wangles was married recently, and there was a regular hail of rice, confetti and old shoes for good luck as he got into the cab. Moreover, on turning round he was struck above the eye by a friendly shoe with rather a heavy heel.

As the cab immediately drove away no notice was taken of the accident, and, despite the large handkerchief tied by his sobbing bride over his injured optic, the blood still flowed down Wangles' face.

When they arrived at their destination the newly created Benedict went out to a doctor to get the bleeding stopped.

"How did you come by this, my man?"

"Well, you see, doctor—aw—I got married this morning, and"—commenced Wangles, when the doctor broke in:

"What! Has she started already?"—London Answers.

Circumstantial Evidence.

"You say you met the defendant on a street car and that he had been drinking and gambling," said the attorney for the defense during the cross examination.

"Yes," replied the witness.

"Did you see him take a drink?"

"No."

"Did you see him gambling?"

"No."

"Then how do you know," demanded the attorney, "that the defendant had been drinking and gambling?"

"Well," explained the witness, "he gave the conductor a blue chip for his car fare and told him to keep the change."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Lucky Horseshoe.

The Australians when they find a horseshoe throw it over their shoulder. A lady in Sydney found one and threw it gracefully over her shoulder. It went through a hatter's window and hit a customer who was trying on a new hat. This gentleman, under the impression that one of the shopmen in a fit of temporary insanity had played the trick, promptly struck him and sent him through the plate glass window. A general melee ensued, although on consideration nobody knew what it was all about.

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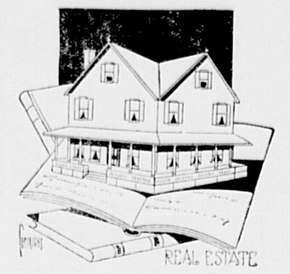

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Whither the Fates Call.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

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Elsie Reynolds had just finished her first year of teaching. She had not enjoyed the experience particularly, and now that the train was carrying her back to the east, which she loved, she wondered how she could have even half pledged herself to return in the fall. But she had, and at length she admitted to herself the reason for it.

It was not the work. Work she must have somewhere, to be sure, but it was not necessary to seek it at so great a distance from home. No, it was not the work, but the friends she had made, or, rather, to be strictly truthful and spare herself no blushes, it was one friend, Gilbert Chandler.

The admission came as a revelation. For six months she and Gilbert had been good comrades, and they had parted as comrades, exchanging promises to write to each other during the long summer vacation if it were not too hot and if they were not too busy, etc. But Elsie had made the identical promise to half a dozen other men, more or less, who had come to the train to see her off, for Elsie was pretty and popular and Gilbert Chandler had by no means a clear field.

Had the truth been told him (by any one save Elsie) he would have dismissed it with a smile of incredulity.

But Elsie had no intention of telling him—indeed, having discovered the state of her feelings, she had no intention of favoring him with information of any kind. Gilbert must write first. On that point she was inflexible, even after a month of anxious waiting.

Other men wrote, but the seals of their letters she broke listlessly and answered them only in the hope that through them she might hear something of Gilbert. At length they served her purpose.

Over and over again Elsie read the unbelievable words. "You've doubtless heard about Chandler's illness," the letter ran. "Pneumonia has now set in, and that, with the typhoid complications, knocks his chances for recovery about out, and just as he was beginning to be looked upon as a young lawyer who must be reckoned with. Tough luck!"

Elsie crumpled up the letter and sobbed her heart out. There was no one to comfort her, no one who would even understand.

The summer was nearly gone before Elsie received further news. Gilbert had lived through the awful crisis, but not to receive his full health. In fact, the doctors had ordered an entire change of climate and occupation, and in consequence he had given up all his youthful ambitions, said goodby to the world of friends and activities and taken up life with his sister on a small ranch in Texas.

Then to all who knew her Elsie Reynolds did a surprising and unaccountable thing. She resigned her position in the western boarding school and accepted the thankless task of teacher in a district school in Texas.

Her alleged reason—that she was tired of civilization and hungered for primitive experience—was termed sheer madness. Yet there was no one to hold her back. She was fatherless and motherless and perforce self supporting.

For the next two years there were two very small institutions in the Lone Star State that prospered amazingly. One was a forlorn one room schoolhouse, the other a pocket handkerchief ranch which surrounded a brave but unpretentious little bungalow. In both daily miracles were happening. The schoolhouse knew all about the bungalow, but the latter had never guessed the existence of its wide awake neighbor to the west.

And when a letter arrived there one summer morning announcing that Elsie Reynolds was passing through Texas on her way east and if convenient would like to stop off for a few days to visit old friends the bungalow opened wide its doors and windows with astonishment and let the sun in like some unexpected guest come to warm and cheer its lonely heart.

During the days that must pass before she should come all was one busy whirl of anticipation. To Gilbert Chandler and his sister the actual presence of a friend from their old abandoned world would seem nothing short of a glimpse of heaven.

Arrayed in its sudden acquisition of muslin ruffles and chintz flowers and quite consciously proud of its honeysuckle perfume, the little house fluttered and beamed with expectation.

At last the great day arrived. Gilbert rose early, his browned face radiant with happiness, saddled the two horses and went to meet her.

The ride back over the rolling prairie, which for each of them held its special meaning, was tremulous with things unspoken. From full hearts little save commonplaces reached the lips.

"You have been traveling, Elsie?"

"I traveling?" She laughed back at him merrily. "No; same old story, Gilbert—teaching."

"But you're brown as a Mexican, and you don't look the least bit fagged, though that's damning you with faint praise," he added, looking at her with very frank admiration. "Where have you been teaching?"

"Oh, let's skip sordid details," Elsie answered evasively. "Don't you love this country?"

Gilbert followed her gaze out over the luxuriant wealth of grassy meadows and beyond to the high, grim mountains.

"Yes," he answered loyally; "I do love it. It has given me back my life."

To Elsie it seemed as if her heart must cry out and demand the whole truth.

"Do you mean that you are really well and strong again or merely that you are grateful just to be alive?" was the question that begged to be asked, but she forced it back relentlessly.

Gilbert himself broke the tense silence between them.

"See, there's the shack," he said joyously, indicating the little gray bungalow set cozily in its frame of orchard green.

Elsie gave a cry of delight, put her horse to the gallop and rode straight and fast toward the open door.

The rest of that light hearted, sun filled day passed like a flash. At the end of it, however, came the inevitable moment when confidence and the exchange of mutual experiences and future hopes would no longer be denied expression.

Gilbert watched Elsie's dark head resting against the vine covered post as she sat on the low steps of the porch, and his heart bounded toward her in a mighty yearning.

"It is time now to tell me where you have been these two long years, Elsie. Don't you think so?"

Elsie continued looking out on the endless stretch of prairie lawn before them.

"Right here," she said at last, sighing happily.

"Here?" questioned Gilbert in amazement.

"Well, in Texas," Elsie amended teasingly.

"Please be serious, Elsie."

"I am, perfectly. For two years I've been teaching in a district school down here."

"In the name of heaven, why?" demanded Gilbert.

But Elsie would not let her hand be forced. She must know first how the game was to end.

"It is my turn to ask a question," she said. "You have succeeded here wonderfully, haven't you, Gilbert?"

As he looked down at her his smile had so much pride and pathos in it that Elsie longed to throw her arms about him and to tell him that she knew—she understood.

"Pretty well," he admitted, "for a perverted young lawyer."

"Don't," begged Elsie. "I can't bear to hear you speak like that."

"Why, bless your sympathetic little heart!" exclaimed Gilbert, noticing the tears in her eyes. "I've no kick coming over the law business. Am I not a healthy brute again? What else counts beside that?"

The joy that leaped in Elsie's heart as Gilbert spoke these words sent the color flying to her cheeks. That Gilbert might not observe her agitation she jumped up and pretended to be training a vagrant honeysuckle vine.

"But if you are really well again you'll go back to law, won't you?"

"Perhaps, some time," answered Gilbert thoughtfully. He was pacing up and down the porch now. "You see, I've been out of it now for over two years, and it would take some time to get into the running again. Down here I'm making my way far better than I hoped. I think there's a big chance for success. And I'm well here—gloriously well." He stopped speaking a moment, then added, looking wistfully into the little home and lowering his voice: "The hardest thing is having my sister go back. She's to be married this fall, you know. She's been a brick."

Emotion checked his further speech.

The next moment, with a little broken sob, Elsie was in his arms, and the lovers gave themselves up to the ecstasy of their emotions.

Suddenly Gilbert held her at arm's length from him, nearly crushing her slender hands in the agony of his renunciation.

"No, Elsie," he said hoarsely, "I can not, I will not let you. I have no right. It would be asking you to sacrifice too much for me. You would die of ennui down here."

But Elsie's eyes were shining; her face was radiant with happiness.

"You forget, dear," she said gently, "that I've made it my country, too—that I have no sacrifice to make. You are my all. Besides," she added roguishly, "it's leap year, and you've no right to refuse me, Gilbert."

He Began It.

The man whose wife often said that "he never would learn not to talk to people" looked at his seat companion and at the first opportunity broke the silence. "Traveling man, like myself?" he inquired.

"Yes," said the other. "Travel for a wool house."

"Mine's boots and shoes," said the talkative one, "but I've got a fad for golf—you see my sticks? I carry them everywhere on the chance of getting a game.

"Every man ought to have some sort of fad, seems to me. It rests him, changes the current of his thoughts. Don't you agree with me? Now, golf"—

But the other had pulled a small round box from his pocket and was ready to talk.

"Here's my fad," he broke in. "As I said, I travel for a wool firm, but this little ointment made by an aunt of my wife is my fad.

"I always carry a couple of dozen boxes with me, and, as you say, it rests me and changes the current of my thoughts. And when I find a man like you that can talk about something besides business and evidently likes to I tell him the story of one of these little boxes of ointment and what it did, and if I don't convince him in half an hour that it's exactly what he needs—why, I can do it in an hour sure."

"Stung again!" muttered the golf enthusiast as he looked at the firm jaw of his seat mate.

An Admiral's Stories.

One of the English admirals has a choice collection of stories at the expense of laymen placed in office at the admiralty as a consequence of a turn of the political wheel. Of one lord of the admiralty he told a delighted house of commons how, receiving a report of disaster to a ship couched in technical phrase, he wrote a reply remonstrating with the officer for his use of bad language. Another civilian lord, looking over a chart and observing that one of his majesty's ships, homeward bound, passed within a space of two inches on the chart an island where castaway sailors were sheltering, wanted to know why it could not call and relieve them. The admiral explained that the two inches on the chart meant a distance at sea of 4,000 miles.—London Strand Magazine.

Boone's Portrait In Oil.

There never was but one oil portrait of Daniel Boone painted from life, and that was by Chester Harding, a distinguished artist of Boston, who came to Missouri in June, 1820, and painted it in the residence of Flanders Callaway, Boone's son-in-law, where Boone was then living, near the village of Marthasville, in Warren county. The Rev. James E. Welch, one of the oldest Baptist preachers in the state and father of Alkman Welch, attorney general of Missouri during Governor Gamble's administration, sat in Boone's bed behind Boone for him to lean against while Harding painted the picture, the pioneer being too feeble to sit alone. Harding's portrait of Boone now hangs in the state capitol at Frankfort, Ky.—Kansas City Star.

The Glass Snake.

The slowworm is the snake which country people tell you has the peculiar property of breaking itself into bits, each piece afterward surviving. The truth differs slightly from the legend. The slowworm is a timid creature and when first captured tightens all its muscles, thus reducing itself to a remarkably rigid state, in which condition it will no doubt snap like a dry twig; but, needless to say, only the upper and vital portions survive the ordeal.—London Globe.

WORSE THAN HISSING.

Stone Throwing Was a Habit In Theaters of Ancient Greece.

Getting the bird, writes a correspondent, need not always prove a source of woe to the unfortunate actor, for there are still some nations that express their applause by hissing. The Basutos, for instance, and the natives of the New Hebrides employ this method of expressing their admiration. Even among ourselves any interruption of the actor who grips our attention is quelled with the hissing "Hush!" which is intended to silence the interrupter and show our admiration for the interrupted.

On the whole, authors and actors of today have reason to congratulate themselves upon the disuse of many of the ancient Greek methods of showing dissatisfaction in the theater. The worst that a playwright must reckon with now is an ironical cry of "Author!" followed by a booing demonstration. But it is on record that the Athenian audience at least once forcibly ejected an unsuccessful comic poet from the theater. The pelting of bad actors with vegetables and questionable eggs is rare now even in the remotest provinces. But the Athenians did not draw the line at figs and olives as missiles. Aeschines was said nearly to have been stoned to death during his stage career, and there is a story of a second rate musician who borrowed a quantity of stone from a friend to build a house with, promising to repay the loan with the stones collected at his next performance.—London Chronicle.

HUMAN SACRIFICES.

The Brutality That Went With War In Former Times.

Before a battle in former times the priests solemnly devoted to the gods the whole of the hostile army then in sight, and, if possible, no man of it was left alive. When Hermann decoyed the great host of Varus into the forest depths all the Romans that escaped death in the battle were captured and led into the dark recesses, where every man of them was sacrificed upon hastily erected altars.

Latham, in his edition of Tacitus, quotes six contemporary authorities to show that this practice of concluding a victory with human sacrifices was customary among our Teutonic ancestors. Some crucified their prisoners, others hung them up to trees for archery practice, but in general a captive was either slain on the spot or else reserved to be sacrificed to the gods. Even when the progress of agriculture induced them to keep a majority of the prisoners alive to be slaves they appeased the gods for this indignity by increasing the tortures inflicted on the small remainder.

Gibbon describes how, before the blazing altar, every hundredth man's arms were hacked off him and, before his eyes, thrown into the flames. All that a red Indian would have done in the eighteenth century was freely practiced by our ancestors of twelve centuries ago. And the highest ideal of a man then included, as a duty, dark cruelty and grewsome revenge against all his enemies.

Marriage by Halter.

Among ignorant people of English birth it was once the belief that a wife bought with money or goods was legally married if the purchaser led her all the way home by a halter.

Mr. Baring Gould, the English antiquarian, told of a village poet known to him who bought a wife for a half crown and led her twelve miles to his cottage. The squire and the rector protested to the village poet that he was not legally wedded.

"Why, yes, I be," he replied. "I'll take my Bible oath I never once took the halter off till she'd crossed the doorsill and the door was shut."

The latest instances of such wife sales occurred in 1858 and 1859, when women were sold in Little Horton and in Dudley. In these cases a blue ribbon took the place of the straw halter.

Hang Up Your Watch.

The question whether it is better to wind a watch at night or in the morning was discussed at a meeting of the British Watch and Clock Makers' guild. The London Express took up the subject and obtained the views of George Russell, an expert on timepieces. "Given a good watch, it does not matter in the least whether you wind it at night or in the morning," he told the reporter. "But a watch never keeps the same time when the position is constantly altered. Watches which are sent to Kew and which are tested in several positions rarely keep the same time. The moral to be drawn, therefore, is keep your watch as much as possible in the position in which you wear it during the day. In other words, hang your watch up at night."

Where Were the Gordons?

An old woman of the name of Gordon in the north of Scotland was listening to the account given in Scripture of Solomon's glory, which was read to her by a little grandchild. When the little girl came to tell of the thousand camels which formed part of the Jewish sovereign's live stock, "Eh, lassie," cried the old woman, "a thousand Campbells, say ye? The Campbells are an auld clan, sure eneuch, but dinna ye see the Gordons too?"

So He Couldn't Tell.

"Is it true, pa, that the most sensitive part of the human body is the tip of the tongue?"

"I don't know, my son. Nobody ever stepped on my tongue the way they have on my corns."—New York Press.

Force without judgment falls by its own weight.—Horace.

The Wrestler's Pride.

In olden times a wrestler who had won a belt used to go to his village church on the following Sunday wearing the belt. On the Sunday following that he went to some neighboring church in his belt and claimed precedence over the other young fellows. Nearly all the champions were men great in girth and weight. Old Steadman, accounted by many the most powerful wrestler ever known, was twenty stone weight.—Manchester Guardian.

How the Dutch Eat.

A Dutch meal is always reminiscent of a game of cards, for the mother deals out all round the table, and when that first hand is played out she deals afresh, and so on until the dish is empty. There is no promiscuous serving, as with us, and the quick feeder (if such a person could exist in leisurely Holland) reaps no advantage. If meals are to be likened to games of cards, our meals in Dutch eyes must look like games of "grab."—London Queen.

WHEN FASTING IS FATAL.

Loss of Weight Below a Certain Point Brings Death.

During a long fast the daily loss of weight becomes gradually less and less. Death comes when the total loss has reached a certain percentage, which percentage varies with the original weight. Fat animals may lose half their weight, thinner ones perhaps two fifths.

A man or woman of rather spare habit, weighing 143 pounds, could, therefore, lose about fifty-five pounds before succumbing. Heart action, respiration and blood pressure remain unaltered during starvation, but the temperature of the body falls nearly a degree in most cases. The secretion of gastric juice ceases, but saliva and bile are still formed. The duration of life depends upon the extent and activity of the physiological processes.

Children die after a fast of from three to five days, during which they have lost a quarter of their weight. Healthy adults, however, have fasted sixty days when water has been taken.

A German physician notes the case of a woman, aged forty-seven, who died after a fast of forty-three days, during which she drank water freely. Her weight, which was 143 pounds a year before her death, was reduced to ninety-nine pounds. It was a case of suicidal melancholia, and the woman patiently carried out her horrible undertaking so quietly as to scarcely attract the notice of her family and died at last calmly and peacefully without complaint or apparent evidence of suffering.

WRITE IN SECRET.

The Way Chinese Court Historians Do Their Work.

There are court historians in China, as there are in other countries, but there is one striking difference, and it lies in the fact that the work of the Chinese court historians does not see the light until the reigning dynasty comes to an end.

In this way these Celestial historians have an opportunity to describe most truthfully the virtues and vices of the valorous rulers and the real significance of the events which take place during their regime. They can write what they please without fear of censure, for they know that their work will not be published as long as the reigning dynasty lasts.

This has been the rule for more than 2,000 years, the first court historian having been appointed by the imperial house of Han, which reigned from 206 B. C. until 25 A. D.

The duty of these historians is to write plain accounts of all the events that occur during their tenure of office. At regular intervals their completed work is taken from them and is locked up in an iron safe or vault. There it remains until the first member of a new dynasty ascends the throne.

It is then given with all the other histories in the vault to the court historian, who is then living, and from the mass of documents he is expected to prepare a truthful history of the dynasty which has just expired.

Tortoise That Dreads Rain.

The tortoise is not an animal one would naturally fix upon as likely to be afraid of rain, but it is singularly so. Twenty-four hours or more before rain falls the Gallapagos tortoise makes for some convenient shelter. On a bright, clear morning when not a cloud is to be seen the denizens of a tortoise farm on the African coast may sometimes be seen heading for the nearest overhanging rocks. When that happens the proprietor knows that rain will come down during the day, and, as a rule, it comes down in torrents. The sign never fails. This presensation, or whatever you may call it, which exists in many birds and beasts, may be explained partly from the increasing weight of the atmosphere when rain is forming, partly by habits of living and partly from the need of moisture, which is shared by all.

Knew His Dickens.

A third form boy in a city school belongs to a family of Dickens worshipers who have a kind of Dickens fellowship among themselves—read Dickens round the fireside in turns at night, quote Dickens in all sorts of little "family" catch phrases. The boy of nine took his place in the Scripture class recently, the lesson had been on the story of Uriah the Hittite, and the form master was driving it home by close questioning. "And what," he asked, "was the name of Uriah's wife?" Dead pause; then the voice of the youthful Dickens scholar piped, "Please, sir, Heep!"—London Chronicle.

His Sufferings.

"Your debts don't seem to worry you much."

"That's where you wrong me," answered the genial but impecunious person. "I have a highly sympathetic nature, and I can't begin to tell you how it disturbs me to see my creditors so worried. Sometimes I almost wish they'd keep away!"—Washington Star.

Making Trouble Pay.

"What does you do when de wolf howl at de do'?"

"Well, suh," replied Brother Williams, "I mos' ingenrully sets a trap fer de wolf an' sells him ter a circus."—Atlanta Constitution.

His Way.

First Broker—I hear it's been touch and go with poor old Carter. Second Ditto—Yes, he touched me for a dollar this morning and went.—Harper's Weekly.

Light may disclose a jewel, but it takes darkness to disclose a star.—Van Dyke.

The Jaws of Death.

Teacher (after reading the "Charge of the Light Brigade")—Who were the six hundred referred to in the verse, "Into the jaws of death rode the six hundred?" Pupil—I expect they were dentists, ma'am.—Illustrated Bits.

Not Worth Stealing.

A certain dramatic author was seen by a friend to have a manuscript almost falling from his pocket. "If you were not so well known you would have had your pocket picked," said the friend.

The careful reader of a few good newspapers can learn more in a year than most scholars do in their great libraries.—F. B. Sanborn.

He Went.

She (after 12 o'clock)—And would you really put yourself out for my sake? He—Indeed I would! She—Then do it, please. I'm awfully sleepy.—London Telegraph.

He who does a thing through another does it himself.—Legal Maxim.

Feminine Inconsistency.

A clubwoman, writing in the Philadelphia Record, reveals a feminine inconsistency in the peculiar views held by some women about the use of their first names. She says:

"A couple of years ago I had occasion to send a letter to a married woman, and in addressing her I wrote 'Mrs. Henry ——.' Imagine my surprise when in reply I received an indignant letter from her, in which she said: 'I do not at all like to have my identity submerged in that of my husband. I do not see why I cannot be addressed by my own name. Because I am married is that any reason why I should lose my individuality? My name is Anna.' The next letter I wrote to the indignant wife you can be sure it bore the first name of the woman in question, but the climax came recently, when the husband died and my fastidious friend was left a widow. I wrote her on club business and, bearing in mind her first scolding, took particular pains to address her as 'Mrs. Anna ——.' The answer to this from her makes me shiver to think about. 'Do you think I have so far forgotten my beloved Henry,' she said, 'as to be willing to abandon his name altogether? I wish you would address me as Mrs. Henry in the future, please. I may be an unfortunate widow, but I still bear my husband's name, I think.'"

The President's Salary.

It is safe to say that very few of the people living in this country know how the president of the United States draws his salary of $50,000 a year. Of those few who may have given the matter a thought, a large majority do not know whether he receives his salary monthly, quarterly or semiannually. As a matter of fact, the salary due the president is taken to the White House by a trusted messenger from the office of the treasurer of the United States on the last day of each month and handed over to the official whose business it is to look after it. The president receives his salary in the shape of a check, the $50,000 being divided into eight checks of $4,166.67 each and four checks of $4,166.66 each. Thus one month out of every three the president receives 1 cent less on his check than he does the other two. Some such arrangement as this is necessary, as, of course, $50,000 is not exactly divisible by twelve.

How to Guess Any Number.

Desire one of the company to think of any number she chooses, provided it be even. Tell her to triple it, halve the product, triple this half and then tell you how many times nine will go into this last number. Multiply this by two and it will produce the original number. Thus suppose 4 to be the number thought of. You triple it, making it 12; halve this product, leaving 6; again triple this, making 18, in which 9 will go twice. This twice, multiplied by 2, gives you 4, the number thought of. Or, to give another example, suppose 6 to be the number. Triple it, 18; halve this, 9; triple it again, 27. You ask how many times 9 will go into the result and, being told three times, multiply 3 by 2, and the answer is 6.

On What Their Fate Depended.

During the week certain members of the Scotch minister's flock had been paying overmuch attention to sampling the local whisky, and the minister took advantage of his position in the pulpit to administer gentle reproof. "An' I tell ye, one an' all, ye're on the way to perdeetion!" he cried. At that moment a fly settled on the Bible before him. He raised his fist. "Ye're gaein' tae hell!" he shouted. "An' ye'll all get there, just sae sure as—sae sure as I ding the life out o' this flee!" His fist crashed down as he uttered the words. Then he looked to see the result of his handiwork. "Missed!" he ejaculated. "Ah, weel, maybe there's a chance for some o' ye yet!"—London Bellman.

The Commencement.

The word "commencement" enables orators in frock coats to tell beautiful young ladies in white organdie that the extinction of the academic era marks the "commencement of their real lives." Maybe you have heard them and witnessed the thrill with which the notion was received by blushing maidenhood. It is a stupendous thought, bulging with originality, and I suppose it is mean to meddle with it, even though one knows how that use of the word commenced—or "began," if you prefer. In the old days degrees or diplomas were not granted in June. They were granted in September, and the seniors of yesteryear were forced to reinvade the academic shades to acquire them at the commencement of the new term. After awhile it dawned upon our institutions of learning that the arrangement necessitated undue bother, so they moved the "commencement" exercises back across the vacation and put them at the end of the year. However, they neglected to rechristen them, and oratory has gained much by that inspired oversight.—Boston Transcript.

A Fountain of Ants.

The house I was occupying in India was a bungalow, and, as is the case with many bungalows, the inner walls were constructed of merely sun dried bricks, and in the recesses of one wall a colony of white ants had established a nest. It was evening. I heard behind me a buzzing sound. I turned, and from a hole near the bottom of the wall I beheld a fountain of young white ants ascending. They reached the ceiling, and then the descent commenced. They alighted by thousands on the table and there shook off their wings. In a few minutes the cloth, the plates, the glasses, even the lamp shades, were covered with the little white, feeble, crawling creatures. The fountain of ants continued to play for at least ten minutes. When, next morning, the floor was swept the wings that the ants had shaken off filled a large basket. What became of the ants themselves I cannot say.—"Haunts and Hobbies of an Indian Official."

Sly Old Commodore.

"When Commodore Vanderbilt was alive," says a New York Central official, "the board of directors of the New York Central used to find their work all cut out for them when they met. All they had to do was to ratify his plans and adjourn. Yet they had their uses. Occasionally a man would come to him with some scheme which he did not care to refuse outright.

"'My directors are a difficult body of men to handle,' he would say. 'I'll submit it to 'em, but I warn you that they are hard to manage.'

"The matter would be submitted to the board when it assembled and promptly rejected.

"'There,' the commodore would say when his visitor came to learn the result. 'I did the best I could, but I told you in advance that my directors were an obstinate lot.'"

Laundering Shirt Waists.

Mathilde, the popular washerwoman, having sprained her wrist, was unable to do her week's ironing, but she stood over the young Irish girl she had hired and directed the work.

"Maybe, Bridget," observed Mathilde, with a watchful eye on her understudy, "you'll t'ink, you, dat all shirt vaist ees iron alike. Maybe you'll t'ink she ees som' easy job for iron shirt vaist for hall dose lady of different shape.

"But non, Bridget, she ees mos' difficult. Som' of dose vaist ees for dose so fat Mme. Jone, w'at weigh t'ree, two honder pound. Som' ees for dose so t'in Mlle. Smit', w'at weigh lak som' small feddaire.

"Eet ees not sufficient to but iron dose vaist, she mos' hall be mold to fit does bodee.

"De vaist of dose t'in, dose tall, does fat, she ees iron hall of a difference. Dose fat, she ees not desire som' hump hon behin' hees shouldaire. Does t'in, she ees weesh for stick out biffore. For dose tall mam'selle you mus' mak high dose collaire; for dose fat madame mak wide dose arm'ole.

"Eet ees dose weesdom, Bridget, w'at ees bring hall dose mos' bes' shirt vaist dese town to de door of old Mathilde."—Youth's Companion.

Congressional Bell Signals.

On the floor of the house the doorkeeper has his desk, and it is here that the bells are struck that give notice of the needs of congress. One bell calls for tellers when the house is in committee of the whole; two bells indicate a call for yeas and nays; three declare a recess; with four bells the red light over the door goes out; five bells mean a "call of the house," under which the sergeant at arms is supposed to summarily arrest any member on sight and bring him in, whether on foot or horseback. Any member who is not present at a call of the house is subjected to a severe reprimand. Looking down the corridor, the going out of the red light gives the curious suggestion of the tail end of a passenger train dashing through a tunnel. While the red light burns bright and clear it means that congress is under way, but when the light winks and goes out then the visitors understand that the wheels of legislation have ceased to revolve.—National Magazine.

Countermanded.

A very devout clergyman had just married a couple and, as was his custom, offered a fervent prayer, invoking the divine blessing upon them. As they seemed to be worthy folk and not overburdened with this world's goods, he prayed, among other things, for their material prosperity and besought the Lord to greatly increase the man's business, laying much stress on this point.

In filling out the blanks it became necessary to ask the man his business, and, to the minister's horror, he said, "I keep a saloon."

In telling the story to his wife afterward the clergyman said that as he wrote down the occupation he whispered:

"Lord, you needn't answer that prayer."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lord Kelvin and the Cable.

It is perhaps not generally known that the success of the Atlantic cable was due to the calculations and experiments of the late Lord Kelvin, at that time plain William Thomson. He discovered that the current through a long cable would arrive gradually at the receiving end and devised the apparatus which rendered it possible to utilize such a current for making the Morse signals. It was through disregard of his theoretical predictions that the first Atlantic cable, in 1858, was ruined by too powerful currents. Without his mirror galvanometer to translate into visible signals the delicate impulses received through the cable the enterprise would have been a complete failure.

How to Fill Up Holes In Wood.

It sometimes becomes necessary to fill up cracks or dents in fine woodwork, furniture, floors, etc. The following is the best way of doing it: White tissue paper is steeped and perfectly softened in water and by thorough kneading with glue transformed into a paste and by means of ochers (earth colors) colored as nearly as possible to the shade of the wood. To the paste calcined magnesia is then added, and it is forced into the cracks or very firmly to the wood and after drying retains its smooth surface.

An Apology.

An excited military looking gentleman entered the editorial sanctum one afternoon, exclaiming: "That notice of my death is false, sir. I will horsewhip you within an inch of your life, sir, if you don't apologize in your next issue."

The editor inserted the following next day: "We extremely regret to announce that the paragraph which stated that Major Blazer was dead is without foundation."—Detroit Free Press.

A Loud Kiss.

Bob Footlite (actor)—Failure? I should think it was! The whole play was ruined.

She—Gracious! How was that?

B. F.—Why, at the end of the last act a steam pipe burst and hissed me off the stage.

A Lark.

What a lark it would be if an egg came down the chimney!

No, it wouldn't, unless it was a lark's egg, and even then not until it was hatched.

Eggsactly!

The Worship of Serpents.

The small town of Werda, in the kingdom of Dahomey, is celebrated for its "temple of serpents," a long building in which the priests keep upward of a thousand serpents of all sizes, which they feed with the birds and frogs brought to them as offerings by the natives.

These serpents, many of them of enormous size, may be seen hanging from the beams across the ceiling, with their heads pointing downward and in all sorts of strange contortions. The priests make the small serpents go through various evolutions by lightly touching them with a rod, but they do not venture to touch the largest ones, some of which are large enough to infold a bullock in their coils.

It often happens that some of these serpents make their way out of the temple into the town, and the priests have the greatest difficulty in coaxing them back. To kill a serpent intentionally is a crime punished with death, and if a European were to kill one the authority of the king himself would scarcely suffice to save his life. Any one killing a serpent unintentionally must inform the priest of what has occurred and go through the course of purification which takes place once a year.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect December 16, 1907.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m., 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11 02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p. m., then 11 00 p m) SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Sunday, January 5, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

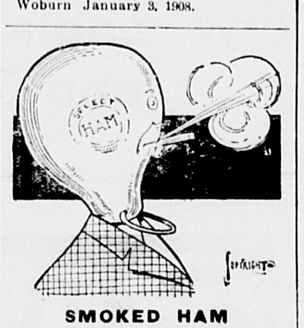
Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn January 3, 1908.



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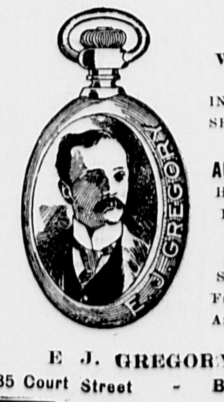

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Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 55, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11·15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb 15, 1906.

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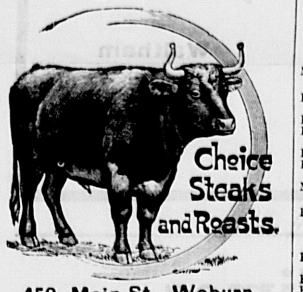

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Notice To Patrons,

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Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5 00, 5 30, 5.45, 6 00, 6 30, 6 45, 7 00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5 20, 5.50, 6 05, 6 20, 6,50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5 40, 6.10, 6.25, 6 40, 7.10, 7 25, 7.40, 8 10 A M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6 45, 7 00, 7.30, 7.45, 8 00, 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6 50, 7.05, 7 20, 7.50, 8 05, 8 20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11 50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6 40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7 30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6 50, 7.50, 8.20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7 30, 8.30, 9.00, 9 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect December 16, 1907

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON—†5.55 †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8 21, †8.55, §9.23 †10.21, †10 55, §11.01, †11.38 a. m., §12.05, †12.59 †2.00, §2.00, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.26, †5.02 †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.
LOWELL—†6.24, †8.22, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, §5.26, †6.42, §9.27, §11.02, †10.59, †11.46 p. m.
NASHUA—†D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2-26 †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.
MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H.—†D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, Pas. Traf. Mgr. C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Ag

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

Box.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street. opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

M. J. MULKEEN,
Steamship Agent.
Notary Public
— AND —
Justice of the Peace.
Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN
OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director
241 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR,
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

Lamson Pride

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Seymour frowned savagely into the fire and rumpled his hair with impatient fingers.

"If you would listen to reason," began Pauline argumentatively, but her fiance interrupted her.

"Reason!" he snorted contemptuously. "There is no such word as reason in a woman's vocabulary."

Miss Lamson arose from her seat and surveyed him with cool hauteur.

"You forget yourself, Mr. Seymour. Remember, please, that you have not now and never will have the right to address me in that manner. I beg you will excuse me, sir. Good night." She swept from the room while Seymour stared miserably after her.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and Pauline did not return. Then Seymour got upon his feet and, taking his hat and stick, left the house with a sense of deep injury, somewhat tempered by the knowledge that he was entirely in the wrong. If Polly wanted the dining room on the south side of the new house they were building, what matter?

His own wishes were for a cool, shady dining room on the north side of the house, while the library occupied the sunny southern exposure, where Pauline could have blooming plants in the windows and where he could see her bright head bending over her sewing when he looked up from his work.

What evil spirit had tempted him to argue the question with her and to act like an unmannerly brute? Now there would be no home at all. He turned in at the club and spent the evening in solitary wretchedness.

Miss Lamson made dignified haste to her own room, where she locked the door and confided to her pillow that Bob Seymour was a sour, cross, crabbed old thing and that she was glad they would never be married. Upon this reflection she sobbed more bitterly.

Finally, when the fury of her brief mental storm had subsided, she heard the closing of the front door and the echo of familiar footsteps on the pavement dying into silence.

She sat up energetically.

"Pauline Lamson, you are a little fool!" she soliloquized. "If Bob wants the library on the south side of the house, what difference does it make to you? He has to work in there most of the day, while the dining room is only used at mealtimes, and it doesn't matter where it is. Now there won't be any library, north or south, nor any dining room nor anything, for I cannot go back on my word. A Lamson never does that!"

She sobbed herself into a most unpleasant slumber, which was broken by frequent lapses into wakefulness, and at last a gray morning dawned. And all the mornings and afternoons were gray after that, for Bob Seymour did not come to sue for pardon, and neither did Pauline send the little note which would have brought him repentant to her feet.

It was Seymour pride against Lamson pride, and so Love drew his rosy mantle about him and spread his wings to be about other and more profitable business.

* * * * * * * *

"I came by the new house today Pauline, and it is a dear!" Emilie Raymond helped herself to another bonbon from the dish on Pauline's tea table and nibbled it appreciatively.

"Yes?" Pauline's voice was faint, and there was a pink flush in either cheek.

"Yes!" mimicked Miss Raymond petulantly. "Your indifference is well assumed, Polly, dear, but"—

"Emilie," said Pauline, with sudden decision, "I must tell you—I haven't told another soul—that Bob Seymour and I are not going to be married!"

Miss Raymond uttered a surprised shriek.

"Polly Lamson, what do you mean? Why, I was talking with Bob not five minutes ago—he was standing on the steps of the new house—and from what he said"— She paused with embarrassment and busied herself with the bonbon dish.

"What did he say?" Pauline's tone was icily cold.

"Why—now, dear, of course I don't understand anything about the matter, but he said when I hinted that I would like to go over the house, 'Mrs. Seymour will have that pleasure in the spring,' and he smiled so naturally that I supposed"— She looked expressively at her friend.

"It is probably some one else—some other girl," smiled Pauline stiffly.

"It might be," was the disconcerting reply. "I did see him talking to Linda Burton the other day, and just as I passed them Linda was saying, 'I much prefer the library in green too.' I didn't think anything about it at the time, but—Linda is certainly attractive."

"Linda is a dear," gushed Pauline, pouring herself another cup of tea.

"Well," remarked Emilie practically, "of course I'm surprised to hear that your engagement is broken, but I must say that Linda Burton can certainly make that house look like a dream. She is an artist."

"That is so," said Pauline soberly. "Linda's gowns are lovely."

After Emilie Raymond had fluttered away to another tea table and probably to other confidences Pauline fled to her own room, where she spent a very quiet hour. Then just as the dusk was falling she donned her wraps and crept out of the house and along the avenue to that pleasant cross street whereon stood the house of dissension, the house that had been built with love as adviser and architect.

Pauline approached it timidly from the opposite side of the street. She would rather die than meet Bob Seymour in that vicinity. She could dimly see that the house was quite completed, a lawn graded and turfed with green and—strange to relate—it was illuminated from top to bottom, and there were people moving about inside. She slipped across the street and entered the yard. Along the north wall of the house ran a flagged path to the rear, and when she had walked along this path she found herself directly beneath a brightly lighted bow window. Some one was speaking.

"This is to be the library, Linda," said Bob Seymour's voice, "and it will be green, of course."

"You are making a mistake, Bob, in using this room for the library. The south room is much more suitable."

"Polly planned it this way, and I want it to be exactly as she wishes." There was an obstinate note in Bob's voice that Pauline knew well. She uttered a bewildered little gasp at the complications of the situation.

"Very well," said Linda cheerfully. "I only wish Polly were here to give her opinion about that shade of green. But I am very grateful to you, Bob, for giving me an opportunity to display my talents as a professional decorator. I shall hope for an avalanche of orders after this. Why don't you run up and get Polly? We could decide all these puzzling matters at once."

"I don't believe she could come down this evening," came Bob's voice evasively and rather despondently. Pauline choked. He was clinging to a last hope that she would relent before it was too late. He was comforting himself with the hope that their engagement was not formally broken.

A moment later she found herself speeding through the wide hall into the library. She slipped her hand through Bob's arm, and she felt his start of surprise and then the warm, firm pressure of his hand upon her own.

"I came down to help choose the decorations, Bob," she said breathlessly.

"Good! Now everything will be all right!" exclaimed Linda gayly.

And so it was.

A Rule For Dramatists.

A dramatist must never keep a secret from his audience, although this is one of the favorite devices of the novelist. Let us suppose for a moment that the spectators were not let into the secret of Hero's pretty plot in "Much Ado," to bring Beatrice and Benedick together. Suppose that, like the heroine and the hero, they were led to believe that each was truly in love with the other. The inevitable revelation of this error would produce a shock of surprise that would utterly scatter their attention, and while they were busy making over their former conception of the situation they would have no eyes nor ears for what was going on upon the stage. In a novel the true character of a hypocrite is often hidden until the book is nearly through; then when the revelation comes the reader has plenty of time to think back and see how deftly he has been deceived. But in a play a rogue must be known to be a rogue at his first entrance. The other characters in the play may be kept in the dark until the last act, but the audience must know the secret all the time. In fact, any situation which shows a character suffering from a lack of such knowledge as the audience holds secure always produces a telling effect upon the stage. The spectators are aware of Iago's villainy and know of Desdemona's innocence. The play would not be nearly so strong if, like Othello, they were kept ignorant of the truth.—North American Review.

Apostrophe to a Champion Cow.

Hail, O champion nurser of the human race! Hail, O quiet chewer of nutritious cud! Blessed be peace and open air, beasts and sunlight, and especially blessed be this cow; of her we sing. Hail, Pauline; number 48,426—if that name you love, O butter champion of the world! Think of giving 104.4 pounds of milk in a single day and also at a high average of fat!

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self contained.
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition.
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins.
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things.
Not one kneels to another nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago.
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

Would the pen of Homer were our own, for we have no taste to celebrate the feats of admirals and presidents, prizefighters and millionaires and would fain do justice to the cow, for she by her own unaided might can support thirty babies on this earth.—Collier's Weekly.

A Sermon In Rhyme.

An English sporting parson who wished to shorten the Sunday morning's service so that he might join some kindred spirits delivered the briefest and meatiest sermon on record. "Dearly beloved," he said, "the subject of our discourse this morning is 'Life.' I shall divide it into three parts and a conclusion—first, man's ingress to the world; second, man's progress through the world; third, man's egress from the world, and, to conclude, man's life after departure:

"Man's ingress to life is naked and bare
Man's progress through life is trouble and care.
Man's egress from life is nobody knows where.
If we do well here, we will do well there.
I could tell you no more if I preached a whole year."

—Boston Post.

A Misnamed Island.

The island of Madagascar is misnamed. It should be called St. Lorenz island. Marco Polo in his work on Africa named a stretch of land on the east coast, south of the equator, Madagascar. Some time after this Martin Belhaim of Nuremberg prepared a chart of Africa, using Marco Polo's works as a guide, but misunderstood the report on Madagascar, thinking it meant an island. He thereupon deliberately added an island to the east coast. This imaginary island was mapped on the charts of the geographers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In 1506 the Portuguese sea captain, Fernando Svarez, discovered the real island of Madagascar and gave it the name of St. Lorenz, and for a time thereafter two islands found their place on the charts. In 1531 it was known that there was really only one island, and in accordance with this discovery the original name of Madagascar was retained, and the other name was dropped.

WE SHORTEN OUR LIVES.

Human Beings Should Live at Least a Hundred Years.

Every man who dies before he is a hundred years old does so because he has neglected the laws of health. I believe the time will come when men will commonly live to be 150 years old. But to do this they must be born right and be taught matters of health with their A B C's.

A majority of the people of America lose about thirty years of life through not understanding or not following the demand of nature for regular and adequate exercise. Our systems of civilization have worked a vast improvement in production by training men to special lines of work. Thus they become wonderfully proficient. To see a man rattling up long columns of reading matter on a linotype machine is inspiring, to hear a lawyer clearly and incisively summing up a case fills one with admiration, to read a strong, forceful editorial affords pleasure at the thoughts so well expressed, to watch the violinist and listen to the sweet melodies he draws from the strings wafts our souls to higher realms, yet the acquirement of each and all these abilities has robbed the trained or talented performers of something else. The linotype is wearing out his nerves in setting type at such a rapid pace; the oratory of the lawyer has been acquired at the expense of a dyspeptic stomach; the man who wins us with his facile pen envies the strength of the sturdy laborer shoveling in the street; the virtuoso would fain have the appetite of the performer on the big horn in the little street band.

In thus specializing each is apt to neglect the routine work for all the muscles that nature demands to keep up the physique. Had each of these performers or geniuses done his stint of work on a farm, raising the food he consumed, he would have been less skilled in his vocation, but possessed of vastly better health. And all would live out not only their full seventy, but a round hundred or more of years. —Charles H. Cochrane in Metropolitan Magazine.

FRENCH THRIFT.

Examples Found In the Parks and Open Squares of Paris.

There is no better place to study French frugality than in the parks and open squares of Paris. Go to one of the secondhand fairs held on the outer boulevards. What in other countries would be cast aside as useless is here exposed for sale, having been carefully sorted over by ragpickers, whose sole support is the rubbish which you see—broken china, bits of glass, pieces of stone, old nails, old pots and pans, old shoes, old combs and brushes. Does a woman need a cup? Has she broken a saucer? For 2 cents she can replace them. Is her lock broken, her key lost? Behold a thousand from which to choose. The poor students may find their books, mothers their children's shoes, says Donohoe's Magazine.

Each house in Paris is provided by the city with a large box. Into this the servants throw all that is not needed by the family, whether of food or raiment. Every morning the chiffoniers or ragpickers are privileged to search through these boxes before the contents are carted by the city to distant fields, where the refuse is employed in fertilizing the soil. From the homes of the wealthy the poor receive many articles of real value. Fifty thousand ragpickers, say the statistics, realize $10,000 daily from their pickings.

English of Long Ago.

The king's English has changed as kings have come and gone, says the St. James Gazette. Here is a passage from the record of a crowning of long ago: "The Cardinall, as Archebishoppe of Caunterbure, showing the king to the people at the iiij parties of the said pulpitt, shall say in this wise, 'Sirs, I here present Henry (true) and rightful, and undoubted enheritour by the lawes of God and man to the coroune and roiall dignite of England, with all things thereunto ennexed and apperteyning, electe, chosen and required by all three estats of the same land to tak yppon him the said coroune and roiall dignite, whereupon ye shall vnderstand that this daie is prefixed and appoynted by all the piers of this land for the consecrasion, envnccion and coronacion of the said most excellent Prince Henry; will ye, sirs, at this tyme geve your willes and essentes to the same consecracion, envnccion and coronacion? Whereupon the peple shall saie, with a greate voice, 'Ye, Ye. So be hit. King Henry! King Henry!'"

Chinese Duplicity.

A south sea islander said of his race, "As soon as we open our mouths a lie is born." The Chinese acknowledge without shame the same of themselves. It may be true among western nations that "the affairs of life hinge upon confidence," but in the east, and especially in China, they hinge upon suspicion. There are few Chinese who attach any importance to keeping an engagement. Most of them are like the man who, being accused of having broken his promise, replied that it was of no consequence, as he could make another just as good. The Chinese say that one should never refuse a request in an abrupt manner; on the contrary, he should grant it in form, although with no intention to do so in substance. "Put him off till tomorrow and then until another tomorrow. Thus you comfort his heart," they say.

Soon Tired of His Books.

The 7,000 volumes of chronicles and travels from which Gibbon distilled the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" were purchased by Beckford after the writer's death. "I bought it," said the author of "Vathek," "to have something to read when I passed through Lausanne." There were few rarities in the collection, but most of the authors were in the best obtainable editions and in perfect condition—the fastidious Gibbon was incapable of behaving disrespectfully to a book. For six weeks Beckford reveled in his purchase and read himself nearly blind. He soon tired of his books, however, and presented the whole collection to a German physician named Schell. The recipient showed his appreciation of the treasure by promptly selling it.

CHURCH TOWERS.

They Are a Distinctive Feature of the Mexican View.

There is no country better worth visiting than Mexico. It is very striking in crossing the border from the United States to note how completely everything changes. Here there hardly seems anything man has constructed which harmonizes with its surroundings; there everything seems to be entirely a part of the country. It is more foreign than Europe is now and constantly reminds one of the east. Riding in some of the little traveled districts, I could hardly believe that I was not in India. The dust in the road, the thorn scrub on both sides, with that pungent smell of the blossoms, all reminded me of the country about Ahmedabad. The plateau in winter, the dry season, is very much like the desert—long stretches of country, with purple mountains in the distance, without a tree in sight except where there is a town or where irrigation has kept a little green and a few trees have been planted. Often the horizon is so distant that the mountains melt into the sky, and perhaps one catches a glimpse of the snow on one of the volcanoes. The color is that of its own Mexican opal—greens, blues and reds.

Everywhere the distinctive features are the church towers and tiled domes rising above the towns. The exteriors of these churches are always picturesque and interesting, but the interiors are usually disappointing, for they have suffered much during many revolutions and perhaps even more from senseless renovations. There are a few still untouched, where one can see them as nearly all were once, entirely covered with richly carved wood heavily gilded. Gold was used thickly everywhere till the carving looked like solid metal. I have seen much gold in churches, but none to equal that in Mexico. —Lockwood de Forest in Century.

NO ALTERNATIVE.

The Jury Had to Teach the Pompous Judge a Lesson.

A certain trial judge in a certain state became so unpopular that the only way he could get a verdict for the state was to make his charge in favor of the prisoner. When matters had reached this stage a famous feud fighter was arrested on a charge of murder and brought to trial. The case, which was the judge's first murder trial, attracted much attention, and the judge, whose unpopularity arose from his vanity and pomposity, greatly enjoyed his role as umpire of the law. The case was a clear one against the defendant, and his guilt was so conclusively proved that the judge even presumed to charge accordingly. The jury retired, and when they filed back into court it was noticed that they avoided the prisoner's eye and looked unusually solemn.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, waving the clerk into silence, "have you reached a verdict?"

"We have," said the foreman.

The judge opened a paper bag and drew out a black cap. With an important look around the courtroom he placed this on his head and pulled it down until it met his ears.

"Prisoner," he said, "arise and look at the jury. Jury, arise and look at the prisoner. Gentlemen, what is your verdict?"

The jurymen, who had been whispering to each other, nodded cheerfully at the prisoner.

"Not guilty," said the foreman.

"Of course," he said later, when every one had shaken the innocent man's hand, "he was guilty all right, and that was going to be our verdict, but when the little judge put that black cap on his head and pulled it down over his ears like that there was only one thing for us to do, and we did it." —New York Sun.

Graveyard Neighbors.

The agent for a cemetery company was expatiating on the good points of a certain lot. Presently the prospective purchaser interrupted with the enumeration of several prominent families owning property there.

"Is this lot near theirs?" she asked.

The agent admitted that it was quite a distance off.

"Then," said the woman, "I don't want it. I'd rather pay more and get in a good neighborhood."

The agent collapsed.

"Has it come to the point," he said, "where people consider their next door neighbors even in a graveyard?"—New York Sun.

Business Sense.

In new lines of goods is where the profits lie. The old standbys that every dealer keeps have the prices all cut to pieces on them. Get the new things ahead of the other fellows and make money on them. Frequent change of the arrangement of your show cases gives the effect of new goods received The same old arrangement month in and month out, no matter how many new goods, looks like the same old stock.—Printers' Ink.

Without Alcohol

A Strong Tonic	Without Alcohol
A Body Builder	Without Alcohol
A Blood Purifier	Without Alcohol
A Great Alterative	Without Alcohol
A Doctor's Medicine	Without Alcohol
Ayer's Sarsaparilla	Without Alcohol

Ayer's We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They act directly on the liver, make more bile secreted. This is why they are so valuable in constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick-headache. Ask your doctor if he knows a better laxative pill.
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

Changing First Impressions.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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Until Nettie joined the Moonlight Maiden company Dick Grantley had never given a derogatory thought to his padded stomach and his chin beard. They were simply parts of his funny makeup, like the great grease paint and the long haired wig which completed his resemblance to the German character type found only upon the stage.

In fact, Grantley had been rather proud of his makeup. There were certain little tricks and artifices which the other comedians did not seem to know and which completed his ludicrous appearance. Grantley rarely left the dressing room without taking a self satisfied glance at himself in the mirror.

But Nettie's coming had changed all that. A score of chorus girls had come and gone since the company had opened, and their presence or absence had not affected Grantley at all. As the comedian he was not called for the rehearsals held for the benefit of the new girls. The stage manager drilled them in their songs and dances, and it was not always that Grantley noted a new face in the chorus ranks.

But Nettie Bladen was different from the rest. She was an ambitious girl, with a desire to take her place some day among the principals. Her fresh young voice rang true to key, and she did not go through her work with the mechanical dullness displayed by the other girls. Grantley, coming on the stage for his first entrance, glanced up and down the chorus line to discover the identity of the girl whose clear soprano held the others together.

As they were waiting for the next big entrance Grantley spoke to Nettie. He uttered only a few words of self introduction and a bald remark in praise of her voice, but in so doing he stammered like a schoolboy, glad that the heavy coat of paint hid his blushes. Even in that brief moment he had fallen in love, and love was a new sensation to the comedian.

Nettie smiled her thanks and then rushed off with the other girls, leaving Grantley to follow more slowly, as his part demanded.

Even the other members of the cast, who usually were intent only upon their own work, noticed that Grantley tonight was exerting himself to do his best, and various were the speculations as to the cause. Perhaps he had a friend "out front." This was the easiest and therefore the accepted solution.

But Grantley knew he was playing to the new chorus girl, while Nettie was spending every moment she could spare from her changes of costume in watching the show that she never would see in its entirety. Once or twice a suppressed laugh from the wings meant more to Grantley than the roar of applause from the audience, and as they were all waiting for the last act curtain he turned to the new girl.

"What do you think of the show?" he demanded.

"It's splendid," was the enthusiastic response. "I think you ought to be on Broadway with a theater of your own."

"Thinking that has spoiled a lot of good men," answered Grantley, with a shake of the head, but he was none the less pleased with her praise, and there was a warm glow about his heart the rest of the evening.

After that Grantley saw much of "the newest girl," as the others called her. There were several moments in the play when they stood on the same side of the stage waiting for cues, and it was always to Nettie that Grantley directed his conversation, though the other actors crowded around, enjoying the fun. Grantley, for all he headed a cheap company, was a comedian at heart as well as by training, and he could give a humorous twist to the most serious of statements.

Though they became fast friends, weeks passed before Grantley put his fate to test. They were making a long railroad jump, and Grantley, passing through the day coach given over to the chorus, dropped into the seat beside Nettie, whose chum, Bessie Nevins, was restlessly pacing the aisle.

"It's a funny place for a proposal," he said abruptly, "but there is such a racket in the car that no one can hear what the others are saying. Besides, you won't give a fellow a chance to catch you without that everlasting Bessie Nevins along. I love you, Nettie, and I want you to marry me. Will you, dear?"

The girl's face grew troubled, and she put her hand upon his for an instant.

"I'm sorry you asked me," she said softly. "I am sorry to hurt you. It was for that reason that I—that I have stuck so close to Bessie."

"Then you don't care?" he demanded.

"In a way, yes," she began. "But I am sensitive to first impressions, and somehow I can't look at you without recalling that property stomach and the absurd chin whiskers. You have been awfully good, but—oh, I can't love—a—funny man."

"But I didn't suppose you thought I was always a fool. Look at that foolish house right there on top of that hill. Think what it must mean to live there all winter. It's all right in the summer time; but, oh—oh—in the winter time!"

Nettie glanced at him quickly. She could not understand his abrupt change of subject, and she concluded that she had not hurt him very much, since he so soon forgot, which was exactly Grantley's purpose. But from that moment he hated the padded stomach and the false hair which were his bread and butter.

He made no attempt to reopen the discussion, and the weeks went past rapidly with no apparent change in their friendly relations. Nettie did not dream that beneath his fun Grantley nursed the sorrow she had caused and that only in the watches of the night did he give way to feelings none the less poignant because so successfully concealed.

Then came the lesson the girl needed. They were playing a small theater in a week of one night stands. At the matinee some gas tanks used for color effects thrown up from beneath the stage in the last act exploded as the operator tried to start them up. He was the company's electrician and unaccustomed to handling calcium lights. An incorrect mixture of the gases, followed by a momentary panic of the man, and the damage was done. Flames burst through the traps to the stage, the dust on the fireproofed scenery carried the fire to the rigging aloft, and the place was ablaze. It only remained for the stage hands to drop the fire curtain, cut the skylight ropes and then make for safety.

Once the skylights were opened the draft drew the flames up to the roof and away from the auditorium; but, though this saved the audience, it meant death for the girls who were dressing on the top floor. The small theater was insufficiently supplied with dressing rooms, and the chorus was herded in an unfinished loft above the auditorium, usually given over to the storage of odds and ends. With the skylights open they were trapped.

With no thought for himself, Grantley sped up the narrow iron stairway leading to the loft. Behind him the stage was a mass of flames. So he drove back the few girls who were trying to make their way down the stairs. Most of the chorus were too terrified to attempt to escape, but as Grantley burst into the room they rose to their feet, wild with hysteria.

"The roof's the only chance!" cried Grantley as he pointed to the iron ladder leading to the skylight. "Until the flames spread there is safety in the front of the building. Hurry up, girls!"

He drove them up the narrow passageway, and as he stood at the foot of the ladder he encouraged them with his voice, relieving the tension by joking. He was the last through the skylight, and it was Nettie who helped him through.

Already the rear of the roof was blazing, but the front was still safe, and on one side there was a drop of a dozen feet to the roof of an adjoining building. Leaning over the edge, Grantley swung the girls down one by one, and at last he dropped to the roof himself just as the flames burst through the front of the theater roof, and a stream of water drenched him to the skin.

"Close call," he commented as he glanced up and rubbed his aching arms. "I'd like to find the fellows who turned the hose on me."

"It was from the street. They could not see you," explained Nettie. "I'm glad they did it, Dick."

She pointed to the painted tin of the roof, where his wig and beard lay wet and draggled. "It's washed the memory out," she explained. And the light of understanding came into Grantley's eyes as he bent and kissed her white face, to him sweeter than ever in the awakening of love.

English Contempt For Labor.

Contempt for labor is an attitude of mind which is more marked in England than it is in other countries. "It is abominable to have created —— a peer; he was originally a common workman." That is said notwithstanding that Lord —— has remarkable ability, has established an enormous business and controls a body of men far larger than a territorial magnate commanded in feudal times. "The house of commons is detestable now; those Labor members have completely spoiled it." Most of the Labor members have spoken only on subjects concerning which they are experts and have been of great use in making clear to the house important matters which ordinary members are extremely ignorant about. "Society" expresses its contempt for any who have raised themselves from the labor level, but is prepared to enjoy their hospitality and borrow their money. "The county and district councils ought never to have been established; a multitude of common laborers are now in a position to interfere in local matters." Those superior people, the spendthrifts and speculators, alone are fit to associate with, to legislate for the country and to manage municipal affairs.—London Truth.

Eccentric Balzac.

Leon Gozlan used to relate how he met Balzac one day on the Boulevard des Capucines "dying with hunger." The novelist insisted on taking Gozlan to a confectioner who sold macaroni patties. Forgetting his hunger, Balzac plunged into an appreciation of Cooper's "Lake Ontario" (newly appeared). Gozlan noticed that the shop attendant, an English girl, had heard him address Balzac by name and was gazing at the author as though fascinated. She was astounded presently by the appetite of genius for macaroni patties, which disappeared by couples.

"How much do I owe you?" asked Balzac.

"Nothing, M. Balzac," said the English girl firmly.

Balzac was nonplused for a moment; then he pushed his precious copy of "Lake Ontario" into the girl's hands, saying, "I can never sufficiently regret, mademoiselle, that I did not write that book."

Persuasive.

"Your wife is somewhat strong minded, isn't she, Littlejohn?"

"Strong minded? A furniture polish peddler came here yesterday and in five minutes she sold him some polish she had made herself."—London Telegraph.

An Easy Way.

One of the easiest and most effective ways of escaping the hardships of prison abuses is found in the simple old process of keeping out of prison.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Honor the tree that gives you shelter. —Danish.

Didn't Want Agony Prolonged.

Missionary—Will you do me a favor? Cannibal—What is it? Missionary—When you get ready to eat me, I wish you would arrange it so that I can be a quick lunch rather than a course dinner.—New York Press.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1908.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

In a little less than a month from now, namely, on June 16, the Republican National convention to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President will be held at Chicago.

It is expected that William H. Taft, Secretary of War, will have votes enough on the first ballot to nominate him. Hitchcock, his head manager, says Taft will have 700 on the start, which will do the trick.

Hughes and other "favorite sons," with, perhaps, the exception of Knox, have, as good as dropped out of the race, and even Foraker is looking for a seat on the Taft carryall.

It is to be Taft, sure, unless a political earthquake comes along, of which there are no signs.

☞ Judge Edward F. Johnson, who was chosen an alternate delegate to the Republican National convention at the Eighth District Republican convention, declines, for business reasons, to accept the honor, and on last Monday Mr. Henry W. Pitman, Secretary of the Republican Middlesex county Committee, and one of the Taft campaign managers, and ex-Mayor Champlin of Chelsea came to this city for the purpose of securing a prominent party man to fill the vacancy. At a meeting of the District Committee held on said Monday afternoon Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., of this city was selected to fill the vacancy occasioned by Judge Johnson's declination. The choice of Mr. Mendum was a wise and judicious one.

☞ Some of the Boston papers said early this week that earnest work for the nomination of Governor Curtis Guild of this State for second place on the Republican National ticket has commenced; that his campaign managers had been chosen; and that they are laying wires. The Governor would, no doubt, like the office of Vice-President firstrate, and he may be nominated, as the Massachusetts Republicans hope may be the case; but bets on it would be deemed "extra hazardous," as insurance men say.

☞ It is reported from Beacon Hill that the Legislature expect to get through with the business of the present term and adjourn on June 15. Should this prove true, it is quite safe to conclude that the railroad merger, on which the public hearings closed last week, will have to go over to next year. Legislation in favor of it would stand a poor show for getting through this session, whatever may be the date fixed for the adjournment. Opposition to the merger appears to be growing stronger all the time.

☞ Mayor Hibbard's brilliant scheme for consolidating several Boston municipal Departments under one head was knocked higher than Gilroy hung his bacon, by the Legislature last Tuesday. He had bragged of cutting loose from the Republican party that elected him Mayor of Boston, and burned his bridges, and defeat of his pet measure followed. He is not the ablest or best Chief Executive the Hub has ever had

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

G. Place—Real Estate.
Shumway Co.—Cummings.

— A camp of real gypsies is located over at Montvale.

— One week from tomorrow is Memorial Day.

— Mrs. Julia P. Lewis of Illinois is visiting friends in this city.

— Clan MacKinnon gave $25 to Clan Campbell who were sufferers in the Chelsea fire.

— The St. Charles Parish annual picnic is to be held in Forest Park on Independence Day.

— The St. Charles Altar Boys B. B. Club were used up by the Billerica Juniors last Saturday.

— Misses Ellen M. and Julia Dow and Miss Parrott sailed from Boston for Europe last Saturday.

— The Woburn Machine Company are giving 50 men all the work they can do. The usual number is about 75.

— There has been quite a lot of fairly good summer weather here this week. More of it wouldn't come amiss.

— Frequent "seaturns" have given the evenings of late an uncomfortable chill, and rendered artificial heat a necessity.

— On Friday evening, May 29, the B. C. Winn Camp and Club will hold a pop concert in their hall 415 Main street.

— Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., entertained visitors from Lowell last Monday evening, and treated them handsomely.

— Seven beautiful pictures have been purchased from the funds derived from the late Hanson school Picture entertainment.

— Mr. Charles H. Johnson and his son, Rev. Frank P. Johnson of St. Paul's church, Boston, sailed for Europe last Tuesday.

— Last Tuesday afternoon the Golden Rule Circle Society of K. D., gave a quilting party to make quilts for Methodist June brides.

— It has been discovered that alleged "one percent beer," just now so popular, will intoxicate the individual who indulges in its use.

— A retreat for the women members of the sodalities opened at St. Charles church last Monday evening to continue the remainder of the week.

— A considerable number of Woburn W. C. T. U. members attended the Middlesex County W. C. T. U. convention at Watertown last Wednesday.

— Mayor Blodgett appeared before the Legislative Committee on Rules last Tuesday in the interest of the city's application for leave to borrow $50,000 above the debt limit to be used to increase the water supply.

— President J. M. Ellis of the Ellis-Buswell corporation, contractors, is getting on all right. He has been under the weather lately, but is much better.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Mr. Luke Warren Fowle was a delegate to the State Association of Congregational churches Tuesday, at New Bedford, May 19, from the Woburn First church.

— How many Woburn Democrats contemplate attending the Democratic National convention at Denver on July 7? who are they? and where is the money coming from?

— They say that the business of manufacturing patent leather is rather dull just now in this city. That was to be expected—a reaction is always sure to follow a boom.

— Last Friday the home of Daniel Tenney, 33 Garfield avenue, was burglarized to the extent of a valuable gold watch and some money. The theft was committed in broad daylight.

— City Clerk Finn will please accept the JOURNAL's thanks for a copy of the Department reports for 1907. The first spare hours at our command will be devoted to a careful perusal of the same.

— Some kind and thoughtful friend has furnished us with a program of exercises of Commencement Week at Lasell Seminary for Young Women at Auburndale which are to be held on June 4-9.

— Reports of that Arlington murder case are getting tiresome. It would be some relief if the officers over there would get up a new word for "clews," which has become stale, and, in that affair, means nothing.

— Superintendent John Connolly of City Hall is recovering from a severe bilious attack, and will soon be at his post of duty again. City Hall hardly knows how to keep house in the absence of Supt. Connolly.

— Editor Waldron of the Santa Cruz, California, *Sentinal* has kindly sent us copies of his paper containing a full account of the late visit of the great fleet of U. S. Battleships to that port, for which we return thanks.

— The public must be pardoned for feeling some anxiety concerning the matter of filling the vacancy in the High School caused by the death of Principal Owen. Nothing has yet been decided on by the School Board.

— It is reported that the Mayor of Boston has cut out some of the most important features of Charlestown's Bunker Hill celebration this year, in consequence of which it will be, comparatively speaking, rather a tame affair.

— In response to an official proclamation by the Grand Lodge, Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., of this city will observe Odd Fellows Memorial Day on June 7 at their rooms in Dow's Block. There are to be no ceremonies at the cemetery, as has been customary heretofore.

— The Supreme Court decides that Boston wholesale liquor dealers can, without violating the law, deliver goods, by the employees of their establishments, in no-license towns and cities, and run no risk of successful prosecution. At least, so the newspapers say.

— The Medford officers did the Elks initiation act very handsomely for the Woburn officers last Monday night in Mechanics Hall. There was a collation and pleasant social season after the exercises. Lawyer James E. Feeney is Exalted Ruler of the Woburn Lodge of Elks.

— The Linnell market makes tempting displays of good things to eat in the way of meats and vegetables these times, which demonstrate, if that were necessary, that James L., the Manager, knows what the public want, and how to gratify them. The Linnell is a fine market.

— A monument is to be erected at Wilmington, Mass., to the originator of the baldwin apple. Why this partiality? Somebody should at least write an ode to Ben Davis.—*Chicago Record-Herald.* And then the Boston *Globe* imprudently asks, "Wouldn't a limerick be better?"

— The Hanson school B. B. team beat the Stoneham team, 12 to 6 last Saturday, in that town. It was the sixth straight game the Hanson boys have won this season. Their success has been due, probably, to the fine coaching done by Miss Emma F. Hovey, Principal of the school.

— Men are at work this week ornamenting the High school grounds with shrubbery and trees, which, when completed, will change their appearance for the better. The handsome and costly school building deserves the best the landscape architect has to give, and that is what the school authorities intend to bestow on these grounds.

— The Choate estate on Warren avenue, so it is said, has been offered as a free gift to this city by Miss Helen O. Sprague, granddaughter of the late owner, for a hospital. The offer was taken under advisement by Mayor Blodgett and the local medical fraternity, and what its outcome may be has not yet been determined.

— On orders policemen Walsh and O'Neil went to Quincy last Monday to see if they could identify a man there who claimed that he was the uncaught member of the trio of yeggmen who did the Church avenue shooting last winter when these two officers were wounded. They failed to identify the man, who was evidently insane.

— A local philosopher and intelligent observer of men and things remarked to a JOURNAL representative the other day that ultimately, when the artificial boom shall have burst, which it is certain to do, as in the matter of bicycles, automobiles would be used by only two classes of people, the rich, for pleasure; and operators, or business men, to draw loads and save time. The time has gone by, he thinks, when people will mortgage their homes to enable them to buy autos, and the output and profits of the manufacturers will shrink amazingly. Shouldn't wonder.

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Our old Price List for 25-candle power Street Lights called for more money from a town than is called for on our new Price List for 40-candle power street lights—now 60 per cent more light for less money.

COMMERCIAL LIGHTING.

Our Regular Rate for burning 16-candle power with the ordinary lamp 700 hours is	$5.25
Our Regular Rate for burning 32-candle power with the new Tungsten Lamp 700 hours is—Current,	4.20
Cost of Lamp,	1.10
	$5.30

One Hundred Per Cent More Light for 5 cents.

Edison Electric Illuminating Co.,

33-39 Boylston Street BOSTON

Phone "Oxford 3300—Collect."

— Work on Mr. A. A. Fowle's new residence is progressing in a satisfactory manner. It is to be a good one.

— At a meeting of the Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D. A. R., held at the home of Mrs. D. W. Bond last Tuesday the present officers were re-elected.

— The music pupils of Maud H Littlefield are to give a rehearsal in the First Baptist church on Tuesday evening, May 26. In will be an entertainment worth attending.

—Members of the Woburn Woman's Club who are planning to attend the Biennial of the General Federation to be held in Boston from June 22 to June 30, may procure their tickets at Lyceum Hall from 3 to 4 'clock on May 25 and June 1.—C. N. KELLEY, Chairman.

— Mr. Ralph Goddard, the insurance agent, finds an auto a handy asset in prosecuting his large business. He had a new one come to town the other day. Automobiles are getting as plenty as horseteams, more so than oxteams, and more dangerous than either. By the way, some of the small boys who steal rides on passing autos will get killed one of these days.

— We understand that Capt. E. F. Wyer's theme at the High School patriotic exercises next Friday is to be "Patriotism," one with which he is familiar and likes to talk about. He was patriotic in the years of the Civil War, as his ancestors were in the early conflicts of arms in which this country was engaged; and no man among us is better qualified to address the people on Patriotism than he.

— Business at the Woburn Co-operative Bank warrants the conclusion that considerable is to be done here this season in the way of real estate improvements. At the last meeting the Bank there was loaned, chiefly for this purpose, over $20,000, which indicates an increase of business by that excellent moneyed institution, and public confidence in the future growth and prosperity of this city.

— The druggists of this city have not yet determined whether, or not, they will petition the City Council for licenses, which will be necessary for them to do, if they seek to hold permits to sell liquors. Their present authority from the State Board of Pharmacy allows them to sell on prescriptions from physicians, and they are not yet quite sure but this will suffice. Opinions differ as to the best policy to pursue.

— Mayor Blodgett thinks that users should pay for sewer privileges just as the people now pay for water. Logically that seems about right, and the City Council propose to take the question in hand. The sewer tax on the city is a large one, and the people pay it; but while that is true, not all of them enjoy the privileges. It is noticed, with satisfaction, that, in making public business suggestions, the Mayor usually lights on his feet.

— The Woburn Medical Association have secured a location for their proposed tuberculosis day camp near Forest Park, an admirable one for the object, where they expect to begin business early in June. The measures taken by the Doctors to raise funds with which to carry on the enterprise have been well patronized, and with a continuance of generous public aid the camp will result in great benefit, and become a blessing to many people in this city.

— This is Mr. Charles A. Nichols's busy season—housecleaning time is always a busy season at his headquarters, for it is then that carpets and rugs have to come up from floors and go through the Nichols cleansing factory. New rugs are, also, in great demand at this season of the year, and the fine ones that he evolves from old, wornout carpets are marvels of beauty, and every woman wants one, or more. In this way the Nichols shop in Buel place is kept busy.

— It was learned from Mr. Charlie A. Jones, in a recent interview with him, that he had not yet decided when, if at all, he would go to the fishing grounds in Maine that have been his favorite resort whereat to indulge in the sport of angling, which he loves, in seasons past; but his mind will be made up on that point soon. Several of his Boston fellow fishermen are already at the ponds down there, and it is not probable that he can long resist the temptation to join them.

— Mr. Arthur A. Brooks has sold his property in this city and taken up his residence in Boston, where he does business at 24 School street. He will keep in touch with his Woburn friends.

— The marriage of Miss Minnie McSweeney, daughter of Mr. Bryan McSweeney of No. 7 Munroe street, this city, and Mr. Edward Shay of So. Braintree, is to take place on June 10. The JOURNAL extends congratulations.

— North Woburn is congratulating itself on better postal service which the addition of another carrier makes possible. Postmaster Wyer has been working to this end for a long while; but delay in responding favorably to his request for more carriers by the Department at Washington has prevented the execution of his plans until the present time. The people of N. W. deserve the best there is going in mail accommodations.

— Mr. Frank C. Nichols expects to give his personal attention to the management of his landed estates on Littlejohn Island, Casco Bay, this summer. It is one of the finest of the 365 islands in the Bay; close to Portland; the most delicious seabreezes constantly on tap; the fattest and sweetest of mackerel; big, meaty lobsters; and beautiful landscapes and waterscapes till you can't rest. Several Woburn families have been summer residents on Littlejohn for some years past, and are going again this season.

— Miss Mary E Grimes, daughter of the venerable and versatile Editor of the *Times*, is to spend the vacation season at her home in this city, and, to make it more binding, she will bring along and entertain a fair daughter of the Hoosier State. Miss Grimes is a graduate from the Woburn High school and Radcliff College, and for a year past has filled an important position in the High school at Indianapolis, Indiana, where she has already acquired an enviable reputation as a teacher. She is a fine scholar, and most estimable young lady.

— In another column of this issue of the JOURNAL appears a list of events to be pulled off at the grand meet of the American Canoe Association on Horn Pond, this city, May 29 and 30, under the auspices of Innitou Canoe Club, one of the crack members of the Association. Innitou are making elaborate preparations for this meeting, which, it is confidently claimed, will excel in interest any former one held by the organization, and draw a big crowd of people. The festivities planned are something fine.

— Numerous applications have been received by the School Board for appointments to the position of Instructor of Music in the public schools of this city now efficiently filled by Miss Dora A. Winn. Why this should be so is not understood, for the present incumbent has been elected to serve "during good behavior," or until she voluntarily resigns, which, we understand, she does not contemplate doing in the near future. Miss Winn fills the bill admirably, and she is secure in the position so long as she cares to occupy it.

— The Oratorical Contest for silver L. T. L. medals by members of the Daniel March Loyal Temperance Legion advertised to take place at the First Baptist church on May 22, has been postponed to 7 45 o'clock, Tuesday evening, June 2. In addition to the contest in oratory there is to be vocal and instrumental music by the Legion, and a poem written by Rev Dr. March expressly for the occasion The exercises promise to be highly interesting and entertaining, and as the cause for which they are to be given is a worthy one, it is hoped that the attendance will be large and encouraging. The tickets are only 10 cents.

— Shortly the people will be casting longing eyes towards summer resorts, and making preparations for visiting them. In attending to this latter pleasing occupation it would be wise to apply to the Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad in Boston for copies of the Company's publications which tell vacationists where to go to get the greatest amount of cool comfort in hot weather, and how to reach there with the least expense and trouble, and greatest comfort. These publications are furnished gratuitously (postage excepted), and are just what the tourist and summer dweller at the seaside, or in the mountains, need to make vacation life worth living.

— Echoes from the fall of the first shovelful of earth on the Horn Pond boulevard have not reached this office, if, indeed, it has yet been taken out The people are waiting for it with intense interest, and with fear, also, that it will not be completed this summer. The H. P. boulevard is generally regarded as of vital importance to the wellbeing of our city, and delay in building it is irritating. A little while ago the enterprise was at floodtide; now, it seems to be at ebb What is Mayor Blodgett thinking about that he does not give us the boulevard?

— Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Stephen A. Norton were treated to quite a nice little surprise party at the midweek meeting of the First Congregational church last Wednesday evening. Someone had found out that May 20 was the 9th anniversary of the marriage of the couple, and Mrs. Richardson, a thoughtful and excellent woman, stood at the vestry door to spread the news and suggest congratulations to pastor and wife by the people as they went to their evening devotions. It was a firstclass surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Norton, who, if they thought of the anniversary themselves, were not aware that anybody in Woburn had knowledge of the date of the tieing of their nuptial knot. Congratulations were extended, and the surprise party was enjoyed by all present.

— Through the courtesy of Mr. George I. Clapp, Superintendent, the JOURNAL is privileged to peruse its own copy of that entertaining annual, the report of the Woburn public schools for 1907, without let or hindrance. It is an interesting Pub. Doc., carefully compiled by Supt. Clapp, chiefly, neatly executed, and containing about 50 pages, including a picture and interior plans of the new High schoolhouse. The information it imparts concerning the schools is important, and deserves to be taken particular notice of. Not everyone is enamored of this style of literature; but to minds given to names and figures the report, we doubt not, will be perused with avidity and pleasure. In its production Supt. Clapp clearly demonstrates his superior fitness for that kind of useful activity.

— The Public Library is proud of its fine collection of Shakespeare and Shakespeareana and was glad to place on exhibition this week, Boydell's famous Illustrations of the scenes and characters contained in the dramas of this great master of literature. These engravings are copies from paintings, and are a study and a great help to the student in understanding many of the various plays, besides being rare works of art. They are from the most eminent English artists, and combine in the pictures and engravings the best talent possible. It was the intention of Mr. Bogdell that the original paintings should be preserved in a building erected for their exhibition, but they have become scattered and only one example, Benjamin West's King Lear, now in the Boston Art Museum, has ever come to this country.—P.

— The Cemetery Commissioners have put the police on the trail of the vandals who, probably last Sunday night, removed, threw down, and destroyed gravestones in Woodbrook cemetery to the amount of not less than $500, and are determined to punish them, when caught, to the full extent of the law. Imprisonment for long terms, with solitary confinement, would be too mild a punishment for them. The work of these miscreants was discovered last Monday, and immediate measures were taken to discover and arrest them. They overturned, broke and changed the location of about 40 stones; markers at the graves of soldiers were pulled and piled up in a heap, entailing trouble and uncertainty on Memorial Day; and other wicked, lawless, and miserable deeds were done. It is to be hoped that they will soon be caught and get their deserts. A similar raid was made on that cemetery some 25 years ago, when the perpetrators were caught and punished.

Memorial Day.

The Memorial Day exercises are to be managed by Burbank Post 33, G. A. R., one week from tomorrow. It is not expected that they will differ materially from the usual program. Rev. H. B Williams, D. D, pastor of the First Baptist church, is to deliver the address.

On Memorial Sunday, May 24, the Posts will attend, in a body, divine services at the First Congregational church, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, pastor.

At 11 o'clock on Friday, May 29, patriotic exercises are to be held in the assembly hall of the High school, to attend which Principal Low extends a general invitation. Captain Edwin F Wyer has signified his willingness to deliver an address on the occasion: the G. A. R. Posts, Sons of Veterans, Spanish War Veterans, and Auxiliaries, have accepted Principal Low's invitation to attend; and, no doubt, the meeting will be a large and interesting one.

Canoe Meet May 30th.

The Eastern Division meet of the American Canoe Association is to be held this year on Lake Innitou at Woburn, the Innitou Club having the affair under its management. The dates for the meet are May 29, 30, and 31. The fact that it is to be held so near home will undoubtedly draw a large attendance, as the majority of the racing clubs in the Association are located in this vicinity. The Medford Boat Club will enter crews in all of the racing events, and as most of their racing men are well known in this town, it is anticipated that there will be a large attendance from Winchester on Saturday, May 30th, the day of the racing. The events will consist of the following:

War Canoe.
Single—Single blade.
Single—Double blade.
Tandem—Single blade.
Tandem—Double blade.
Club four—Single blade.
Club four—Double blade.
Open canoe sailing—40 foot sails.

The events will commence at 10 a. m., and anyone who has not witnessed a series of races of this kind should make a point to attend. The war canoe, which opens the program of races, is an especially stirring spectacle, there being nine men in each canoe, and it is anticipated that this year will see some seven crews contest for the trophy.

A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Tired, Aching, Callous, Sweating, Swollen feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Local News.

—Teachers of the High School are to purchase and place in the office of that building a portrait of the late Principal Owen as a memorial expressive of their high regard for him and in appreciation of his rare goodness, and ability as a master.

— Speaking about the gift of the Choate residential property on Warren Avenue by the present owner for a Home for Aged Couples, and a willingness to accept it for a hospital, instead, it is proper to observe that a committee of prominent gentlemen, at a mass-meeting this week, voted to take over the same, and to incorporate as a Hospital Board. The granddaughter was willing to make the change, and the public action, for which local physicians are chiefly responsible, insures a well equipped general hospital in a fine location

— The Nichols Corner Nickel Club, of which Mr. Frank C. Nichols, the Ice King, is President, held the last of this season's weekly meetings on Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. John C. Nichols, the most venerable of the Nichols stock in this city, and never has that neighborhood social organization had a better time, or one they enjoyed with keener zest. It assumed the form of a banquet, with appropriate trimmings; music, speeches, dancing, tricks of legerdemain, reading of letters from President Roosevelt and other distinguished people. Mr. John N. C. Parker proved a most accomplished prestidigitator, and his tricks of freeing himself from knotted chords, and emerging from a solidly nailed box, excited the wonder of everyone present. Professor Vandyke has no peer in the mystic art he so splendidly illustrated at this party. One of Caldwell's superior graphahones furnished delightful music for the happy event, and the menu for the feast was a gem. To appear in proper form President Nichols had his mustache shaved off, and so did actor Parker, at which their wives were disgusted. Those present were F. C. Nichols, Hattie Andrews, Mabel L. Parker, Milton Moore, George N. Parker, Mabel Moore, Sarah Nichols, Grace Nichols Porter, H. L. Andrews, Sarah E. Nichols, Nellie D. Moore, F. W. Bosworth, John C. Nichols, Mrs. Emerson, Albert Nichols, Helen N. Parker, John N. C. Parker, E. K. Porter, Charles A. Nichols, nearly all of them members of the Nichols strain of blood. The dancing was a fine feature of the affair. At least two octogenerians "tipped the light fantastic" as nimbly as the youngest of them. Frozen pudding was the piece de resistance at the banquet, and it was partaken of without fear, as Mayor Blodgett was out of town and couldn't scent its exhilerating ingredients. On the whole, it was the livliest and jolliest party that has been enjoyed here this season.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

Notwithstanding the fact that in every instance the success of the plays put on at the Boston for a run was as to more than justify the management in continuing them, it has been decided to return to the established stock idea of presenting each play for one week only, with the possibility of putting it on again at a future date, if the patrons of the theatre so desire. This means a change of bill every week, and in order to do so a splendid list of Frohman, Belasco and Leibler successes have been secured for the summer season. The first of these will be presented next week, "The Other Girl" one of the most popular plays ever written by Augustus Thomas whose "The Witching Hour" is now the reigning dramatic success in New York.

CASTLE SQUARE.

All the delights of comic opera will be experienced at the Castle Square next week, when the second week of the opera season will begin with a gala revival of Robin Hood. This popular work never lacked a welcome in Boston, and it will be remembered for its triumphal run of two weeks at the opening of the Castle Square opera season last year. With its music by Reginald de Koven and its libretto by Harry B. Smith, it lacks none of those elements that bring success to a comic opera. Its plot is genuinely humorous, its music is delightfully melodious, and its characters are attractive and picturesque. In fact Robin Hood has no rivals among American comic operas.

North Woburn.

There is going to be a big fruit crop in N. W. next fall, unless all signs fail.

Alderman Sam Highley is a capital representative of Ward 6, as well as a good man for the city. We are going to re-elect him next fall. He is active, has good working sense, and isn't afraid to lock horns with the Mayor, if circumstances seem to require it.

Mrs. William W. Hill was at Camp Ellis on Saco River recently, probably tidying up the family cottage there for the coming summer's occupancy. For ocean and country scenery; for purity and coolness of seabreezes; for opportunities for solid comfort in hot weather; there is no spot that goes ahead of Camp Ellis on the Saco.

To be sure there is a stringency in the money market, and a cry of hard times is heard all over the land, as is always the case when a Presidential campaign is on, or imminent, but this favored and favorite section of the city of Woburn is not standing still; signs of life and activity abound here. There is to be some building of houses this summer; and it is predicted, with confidence, that there will be more people here next digging potato time than at present. N. W. is going ahead.

Electric Illumination.

Nat D. Alexander has recently had his house at 1 Vernon street wired so that he can use electric lighting. The service for this lighting will be furnished by the Edison company.

Louis R. Jackson, the florist at 14 Montvale avenue, is now using the Edison company's service for electric lights in his store. This is the best form of light for keeping flowers and plants fresh.

Cummings, Chute & Co. are the new occupants and managers of the Park street livery stable and at 428 Main street. They will use electric lights and thus avoid the use of any matches or open-flame illuminants about the barns.

Edward S. Lyons of 4 Porter street has just had his house wired for electric lights and the Edison company will provide the necessary service. Many residents of Woburn are having their old houses brought up to date by the introduction of electric wiring. This work can now be done expeditiously and without inconvenience.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—5th Sunday after Easter.
10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Rev. Wm. H. Osmond, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Soul and Body."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, May 15, Owen Hughes, aged 64 years.
In this city, May 20, Mary C. Dolan, aged 38 years.

New Malay Opium Cure

Being Distributed Free by a New York Society.

Co-operating with missions in Malaysia, the Windsor Laboratories of New York have secured a supply of the wonderful combretum plant, which has done so much to revolutionize the treatment of the opium habit.

A generous supply of the new remedy, together with full instructions for its use, and United States consular reports bearing on the subject will be sent to any sufferer. To obtain a free supply of this remedy and the consular reports, address Windsor Laboratories, Branch 30, 134 East 25th Street, New York City.

Are You Using Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread?

Get the habit. It's wisdom exemplified

C. F. Hathaway & Son,

Cambridge Waltham

At All Times

and under all conditions there is some demand for watches, and the present season is not an exception. Filled watches have been better "sellers" than usual and we have an attractive assortment of same, besides all grades of movements, and can attend to your wants promptly and efficiently.

Our medium priced line of gold jewelry and silverware is exactly suitable for the requirements of the Spring trade.

Smith & Varney,

JEWELERS.

No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN

☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches.

David Cummings Estd. 1852

WORTH CUSHION SOLE SHOES

FOR TENDER FEET

A REVELATION to those who are used to wearing the ordinary make of shoes. The CUSHION SOLE conforms naturally and perfectly to the shape of the foot, relieving you from the discomfort and nervous wear and tear incident to the wearing of a hard, stiff sole. You can't appreciate the difference until you try the Worth. Made for Men and Women in various styles, both high and low cut, to suit all tastes. **Men's, $4.00 to $5.00; Women's, $2.00 to $4.00.** Call or write for catalogue.

The Cushion Sole is a non-conductor of heat, cold or moisture.

THE CUMMINGS CO.

406 Washington St., Boston

Up One Flight Take Elevator

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PETITION.

To the Honorable County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex:

We, the undersigned, inhabitants of the Town of Wilmington, respectfully petition your Honorable Board to relocate the way known as Woburn street, in said Wilmington, between the intersection of Lowell street and the junction of Park street, for the purpose of establishing the boundary lines of such way.

JOHN W. HATHAWAY and four others.
May 1, 1908.

COMMONWEALTM OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PETITION.

To the Honorble County Commissioners for the Ocunty of Middlesex:

We, the undersigned, inhabitants of the Town of Wilmington, respectfully petition your Honorable Board to relocate that portion of the way known as Lowell street between West street and the Reading boundary line, for the purpose of establishing the boundary lines of such way.

JOHN W. HATHAWAY and four others.
May 1, 1908.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PETITION.

To the Honorable County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex:

We, the undersigned, inhabitants of the Town of Wilmington, respectfully petition your Honorable Board to relocate that portion of the way known as Burlington Avenue in said town, between the junction of Boutwell street and the premises of Peter McGrane, for the purpose of making alterations in the course of said way.

JOHN W. HATHAWAY and four others.
May 1, 1908.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eight, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge on the second day of May, A. D. 1908.

ON the foregoing petitions Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Wilmington Station, Southern Division of the Boston and Maine Railroad, on Monday, the eighth day of June, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the Town of Wilmington, in said County, with copies of said petitions and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Wilmington, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

Copy of petitions and order thereon.
Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

A true copy. Attest:

JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE

By virtue of and in pursuance of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John R. Carter to John M. Harlow, Trustee under the will of Charles Choate, late of Woburn, Mass., deceased, dated May 24th, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Libro 2369, Folio 385, which mortgage was duly assigned to Isaac Sprague, Trustee for Helen O. Sprague, under the will of said Charles Choate, by assignment dated December 10th, 1903, and recorded with said Deeds, libro 3075, folio 235, and again assigned by said Isaac Sprague, Trustee as aforesaid to Herbert B. Dow and Charles D. Adams, Executors of the will of Lydia G. Choate, late of said Woburn, by assignment dated January 31st, 1906, and recorded with said Deeds, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on

Monday, the first day of June, A. D., 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:—

A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing about one and one-half acres, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on the easterly side of Main street, at land of S. Franksford Trull, from thence the line runs southerly by and with said Main street, one hundred and fifty and 73-100 feet to a stake at my other land; thence turning the line runs northeasterly on and by said other land one hundred and fifty-four and 27-100 (154.27) feet to a stake; thence turning the line runs south 9° 50′ east by my said other land and by land of Fred H. Burdett, one hundred and six and 16-100 feet to New Boston street; thence turning the line runs northeasterly by and with said New Boston street, twenty and 44-100 feet to land of Everett P. Fox; thence turning the line runs northerly on and by said land of said Fox, one hundred feet to a corner; thence turning the line runs north of east still by said land of Fox sixty-seven and 2-10 feet; thence more northerly by land of Adeline Place, one hundred seventy-three and 8-10 feet and thence slightly deflecting to the left still by said land of Place forty-eight feet to an angle; thence turning the line runs northerly still by land of said Place, ninety-five feet to land of Pierce; thence turning the line runs westerly on and by said land of Pierce, one hundred and forty-five and 2-10 feet to a stake at my other land; thence turning the line runs southerly by my said other land eighty-one and 3-10 feet, to a stake; thence westerly again by my said other land and by land of S. Franksford Trull aforesaid, two hundred forty-two and 5-10 feet to the point of beginning. Being the same premises, in part, described in a deed to the grantor from Adaline Place dated May 24, 1895, and subject to the restrictions therein referred to.

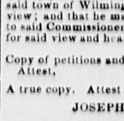
EXPRESSLY EXCEPTING THEREFROM, a certain parcel of land, released by said John M. Harlow, Trustee, to said John R. Carter, by partial release, dated April 27, 1898, and recorded with said Deeds, Book 2651, Page 381, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—A certain parcel of land containing 4161 square feet, situated in said Woburn and bounded as follows viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises at the corner of land of William E. Blodgett and land of one Austin, thence the line runs northerly on said land of Austin and land of Place, ninety-five feet to land of Pierce; thence turning the line runs westerly on said land of Pierce, forty feet to a stake at land of grantee; thence turning the line runs southerly on land of the grantee one hundred twenty-five and 5-10 feet to a stake at the northwesterly corner of said Blodgett's land; thence turning the line runs northeasterly on said Blodgett's forty-eight feet to the point of beginning.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, tax titles, or assessments, if any.

Terms: $500. at time and place of sale, balance in ten days.

HERBERT B. DOW and CHARLES D. ADAMS, Executors of the will of Lydia G. Choate, assignees and present holders of said mortgage.

Chas. D. Adams Atty.
10 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.

QUAKER

Wheat Berries

7c. Pkg.

Always sold for 10 cents.

These goods are made from the whole grain of the finest Northern Wheat puffed and baked to a delicious crispness in a temperature of 400 deg. Fahr. Very palataple and nutritious. Try them with maple syrup, cream or fruit juices.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-1.

Many People
WHO TRIED
- Brooks's -
Hypophosphites

for Spring Weariness last year, are using the same remedy this season. It is a great body builder tonic.

Price 85 Cents
MADE BY
F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN

Lest U Forget:
TAKE A
KODAK
WITH YOU.
Anybody can use 1
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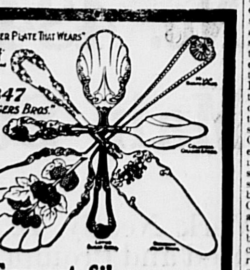
Whitcher's PILL BOX
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore



Correct Silverware

Correct in character, design and workmanship—is as necessary as dainty china or fine linen if you would have everything in good taste and harmony. Knives, forks, spoons and fancy pieces for table use will be correct if selected from goods stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Remember "1847," as there are imitation "Rogers." For Catalogue No. 6 address the makers
International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn.

Woburn Gas Light Co.
GAS STOVES

for cooking and heating. Welsbach lights, Welsbach and Humphry Arc lights, and for everything pertaining to gas lighting apply at office of Company.

314 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adaline B. Church wishes to announce to her patients and friends that she will resume practice in Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church street.

Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.
Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appointment.

Extension Telephones

Saves Time—Energy—Patience.

Convenient for the aged.

Comforting to the invalid.

Invaluable to the business man who regards his time in money equivalents.

Indispensable to the housewife who may have to go up-stairs or down-stairs to answer a telephone call or to send a message.

The convenience tremdously out-weighs the cost. Ask your neighbor who has one, or, for further particulars call up the Local Manager. (No charge for such a call).

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

FORECLOSURE.
22 Union Street.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John C. Finnegan of Woburn, Massachusetts, to L. Jennie Neal, dated December 26, 1905, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Book 3207, Page 63, for breach of the condition contained in said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on

MONDAY, the first day of June, 1908,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:

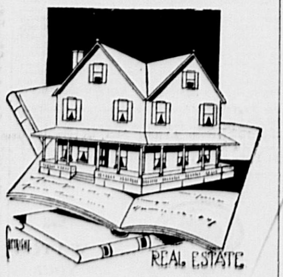
A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in Woburn, Massachusetts, on the northerly side of Union street, containing about 10,682 square feet, bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on said Union street and at land of Cooper; from thence runs westerly on and by said Union street eighty-four feet to land of Flagg; thence turning the line runs northerly on and by said land of Flagg about eighty-one feet to land of Connolly; thence turning the line runs easterly by said land of Connolly about thirteen and 8-10 feet to a corner; thence turning and running again northerly still by said land of Connolly about thirty-one feet to land of Gerry, now or formerly; thence turning the line runs easterly by land of said Gerry thirty feet to a corner; thence the line turns and runs northerly still by said land of Gerry sixty-six and ¾ feet to Broad street; thence turning the line runs easterly on and by said Broad street thirty-three and ½ feet to land of Cooper; thence turning the line runs southerly on and by said land of Cooper one hundred and four feet to a corner; thence turning the line runs easterly still by said Cooper's land abouteight and 7-10 feet to a corner still at land of Cooper; thence turning the line runs again southerly by said Cooper's land about eighty-four feet to the point of beginning. Subject to a prior mortgage for $2500 held by the Wildey Savings Bank.

$500 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale and balance on mortgage.

L. JENNIE NEAL, Mortgagee.

May 6, 1908.

Persons interested will please see G. FRANKLIN NEAL, 101 Tremont Street, Boston.



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Lina M. Page, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Etta R. Page, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-ninth day of May, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

WINCHESTER.

Bicycle riding on the sidewalks is to be put a stop to, if the law can do it.

Preparations for Memorial Day are in progress. The exercises are to be about as usual.

An orchestra and 100 children are to furnish the patriotic music on Memorial Day evening.

A. E. Richardson is President of the Milk Dealers and Producers Association of this town. They voted to establish a clearinghouse for milk bottles.

The County Sunday School convention is to be held in the M. E. church here on May 28. It is expected to call together a large number of people interested in Bible study and teaching.

Did orchards ever present a more lovely appearance than they did last week? Locke's Hill was a great bunch of bloom. The original Asa Locke, away back in the early 40s, loved such sights.

A special Town Meeting has been called to be held on the evening of June 8. Articles for the Warrant must be received by the Selectmen as early as May 25. The main object of the meeting is to vote money with which to pay debts.

Business is decidedly dull in this town. Merchants complain of light sales and lighter profits. But Winchester is not alone in this respect; stagnation of trade is reported from all the cities and towns around us. It is ever thus in a Presidential year.

Sumner McCall of Chicago, son of Congressman S. W. McCall, is engaged to be married to a fair damsel of Evanston, a beautiful suburb of the "Windy City." I believe that the Congressman is a native of, or was raised in, Illinois—at Galesburg, Knox county, perhaps, and is a good representative of the "Sucker State.

The following officers of Epworth League were duly installed last Sunday evening: President, Mr. George Davidson; Treasurer, Mr. Alfred Dover; Secretary, Miss Edna Johnson; First Vice-President, Mr. Milton Powers; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Hermon T. Pool; Third Vice President, Mrs. Thomas Bulmer; Fourth Vice-President, Miss Marion Carter.

In the death of Mr. George H. Gilbert last week this town lost one of its most highly prized citizens. He settled here in 1890, and has since lived a quiet, useful life, esteemed by everyone acquainted with him. He was 67 years old, of pure New England stock, kind, generous almost to a fault, and a consistent Christian. Although debarred by long illness from participating actively in social affairs, no one here could have dropped out from the ranks of the living whose loss will be more keenly and universally felt and regretted than that of Mr. Gilbert.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ann O'Donnell, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Edward F. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of June, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Persian Customs.

In Persia, as well as in Turkey and throughout the orient generally, modern waterworks are unknown, and in every Persian town the women and girls may be seen at daybreak on their way to the common wells just as in old Bible times. They carry their pitchers on their shoulders and bring water for the household uses of the day. The well is the general clearing house for news. Another common sight in Persian towns is the tea seller. He carries a big brass teapot in either hand, the one full of hot water, the other of tea. His cups are in a tray, which is fastened to his belt. He cries in a singsong tone: "Hot tea! Sweet tea! Tea of crimson color!" His tea is prepared with herbs and has a delicious thymy odor. Wine is carried about in beefskins, which, plumped out to their original form by the fluid within, present a startling appearance to the novice. It is one of the impossible things for the western barbarian to attain admission to the Persian royal harem, but the rage for photographs has penetrated even that sequestered spot, and photographers have lately been admitted for the purpose of photographing the royal infants.—New York Tribune.

Plants and Gravitation.

The sense of gravitation in plants is that sense, for example, that makes a pine tree grow straight upward. A plant that curves assumes that position because its sense of gravitation makes it take the one best suited to its needs. Some flower stalks are very curiously guided by the gravitation sense. The narcissus is an example. At first there is a straight shaft piercing the ground with its compact pointed flower bud, but as the flower opens the stalk bends close to the top and brings the flower tube into a roughly horizontal position, where it shows off its bright colored crown to attract the insects, on the visits of which it depends for fertilization. The flowers are guided to the right position by the gravitation sense, and they increase or diminish the angular bend in their stalk until the right position is attained.

Hugo and the Poets.

"One day," said Turgeneff in his "Reminiscences," "we were discussing German poetry. Victor Hugo, who did not like others to monopolize the talk when he was by, interrupted me with a disquisition upon Goethe. 'His best work,' he remarked in an Olympian tone, 'is "Wallenstein."'

"'Pardon me, cher maitre, "Wallenstein" is not Goethe's, but Schiller's.'

"'No matter; I have read neither of these authors, but I understand their spirit better than those who know them by heart.'

"What could I reply?"

Cheerful Prospect.

Patient—Tell me candidly, doctor, do you think I'll pull through?

Doctor—Oh, you are bound to get well. You can't help yourself. The Medical Record shows that out of a hundred cases like yours one recovers invariably.

"That's a cheerful prospect."

"What more do you want? I've treated ninety-nine cases, and every one of them died. Why, man alive, you can't die if you try! There's no humbug about statistics!"

Sagacious Bird.

Mexico has a clever bird, called the melanarpes, which has discovered a use for the telegraph pole. At the foot of the post this bird makes a large hole, in which it rears its family. Somewhat higher up the post it makes an observatory, from which bored holes permit it to observe the horizon in every direction. Still higher this sagacious bird makes its storehouse, and thus the pole serves as its home, fortress and warehouse.

Mean of Her.

"Everybody says baby is very like me," said young Mrs. Papley fondly.

"Yes, the cute little thing," remarked Miss Diggs. "What fat ankles she has!"—Philadelphia Press.

BAY STATE POLITICS

Massachusetts Likely to Vote Solidly For Secretary Taft

DRAPER HAS BEEN A SUCCESS

As Acting Governor Has Been Able and Fearless--His Vetoes Meet Popular Favor--Vahey Candidate For Democratic Nomination

Every day brings forward evidence making it more and more apparent that Secretary William H. Taft of Ohio will be nominated for president on the first ballot, and probably by acclamation, when the national Republican convention meets in Chicago the 16th of June next.

The supporters of other candidates are becoming convinced that Mr. Taft will have above the number required to nominate him on the first ballot before the convention meets.

It is always the case that the unpledged delegates are anxious to get on the band wagon while their presence may gain them favor and while their votes are needed.

Massachusetts will undoubtedly vote solidly for the Ohio man. That has been in the air ever since the state convention. The anti-pledging movement in this state was probably due to a misapprehension as to the actual sentiment of the Republican party here. That misapprehension was corrected by the contest which followed and by the attitude of the delegates to the state and district conventions.

Probably the state campaign will open much earlier this year than usual. The presidential nominations will all have been made early in July and it is likely that active work will be commenced immediately thereafter. It is comparatively easy to forecast the candidates, even at this early date. It seems comparatively certain that William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska will once more lead the Democratic party and that an active campaign will result. There are many who believe that William Randolph Hearst of New York will be the candidate of the Independence League, and that if he is, he will take sufficient votes from the Democratic party to make the election of Mr. Taft practically assured. It is whispered in League circles that the delegates of that party to the national convention will vote on the first ballot for a number of candidates, none of whom will have sufficient ballots to nominate, and that on some subsequent ballot Mr. Hearst will receive the nomination.

Acting Governor Draper's Success

There is a widespread feeling of relief over the rapid convalescence of Governor Curtis Guild, Jr. He has shown splendid recuperative energy and proved himself possessed of a wonderful constitution. Everybody will be delighted to see him back at his desk in the state house and to know that he has fully recovered from his long and critical illness.

During all the time he has been incapacitated Lieutenant Governor Draper has served as acting governor and filled the position with great ability. The lieutenant governor is a careful, painstaking business man, and believes in conducting the affairs of state with as great regard to the feelings of the taxpayers as he would to those of the shareholders in a corporation. He does not believe that the present time of business depression and enforced economies on the part of the people should be taken as an opportunity for increasing the salaries of state officials already well paid, and he has enforced this opinion by several vetoes of salary increases enacted by the state legislature.

He has given his reasons for this action in concise, forceful and convincing language and the public generally is in sympathy with this attitude. He may have offended a group of influential men, looking for more money for their services, but he has certainly secured the approval of those who pay the bills.

The merger measure before the Massachusetts legislature to authorize the consolidation of the New Haven and the Boston and Maine railroad systems has received a severe setback, owing to the decision of the supreme court that the former system was holding certain street car lines of the commonwealth contrary to the intent of the law. It is apparent from the language of the decision that the policy of a holding corporation does not legalize the transaction. The corporation has announced that it would give up these lines and the management acknowledges that the decision in this case would no doubt apply to the holding by the New Haven of a controlling block of the stock of the Boston and Maine.

What would happen in case the merger bill does not go through, remains to be seen. It is quite a difficult situation and evidently comes in the way of a surprise to the New Haven management.

Prorogation Early In June?

The legislators are already predicting that prorogation will come as early as June 13 and possibly earlier. There are several quite important measures still pending, the most important probably being the merger bill. It is intimated that the committee having this measure under consideration expects to report shortly. The hearings have occupied a good many weeks and it is a very delicate question what to do when all the facts have been submitted.

There is an additional incentive this year for the members of the legislature to adjourn early. The Massachusetts delegation to the Republican national convention, which is to be held in Chicago on June 16, will leave Boston on Saturday, June 13, and there are delegates and alternates in the great and general court who wish to attend and some who are not delegates who would like to witness the sessions of the convention. If the legislature does not adjourn before the 13th, these gentlemen will be obliged to remain at home or to cut the remainder of the session of the legislature. The special train which will leave Boston bearing the state delegation will travel via the Boston and Albany, the New York Central and its connections. A short stop will be made at Buffalo, to enable the party to visit Niagara Falls. The delegation will have headquarters at the Auditorium hotel and on its return will arrive in Boston on Saturday, June 20.

Senator James H. Vahey of Watertown has announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for governor. It has been known all along from his course in the senate that he intended to launch his boom shortly, and his announcement created no surprise among the Democrats or Republicans. Mr. Vahey is a fluent speaker and stands well with the radical element in the party. He has been twice elected to the senate from a Republican district and is recognized as a successful angler for votes. He has catered strongly to the radical element in the community, has supported everything in the way of labor measures, possibly with a view to solidifying that vote.

The ultra-conservative element in the Democratic party has not approved of a number of Mr. Vahey's acts in the legislature.

The Poor Hungry Fish.

"Here is an interesting thing that happened last summer to a friend and myself," said a New Yorker. "We had gone on a fishing trip in a rowboat, but it seemed that either all the fish were at another place or were not hungry. We decided if those fish were not hungry we were. We had taken our luncheon, as wise fishermen will, and in order to keep the bread as fresh as possible had left it in loaf form. My friend asked me to pass it to him, and in doing so the loaf of bread went overboard. We made out the best we could without the bread and later rowed to another place to fish. On our way back we passed the place where we lost our bread. Then we saw the sight of our lives. On each side of the loaf of bread stood a big fish, and for as far as we could see there was a great line of small fish. We wondered what it was, and then the thought dawned on us—those fish had formed a "bread line" and the two large fish were dealing out the bread. After that we didn't have the heart to try to catch any of those poor, hungry fish."

A Bride With Some Good Points.

Some years ago in an agricultural district in England there lived a farmer who wanted to sell one of his cows. There was not at that time a weekly paper in which he could advertise, so he resolved to follow a local custom and ask the vicar of the parish when giving out his notices at church to advertise the cow.

"Yes, farmer," said the vicar, "I should be willing to oblige you, but you don't attend my church."

Presently, however, they struck a bargain that the vicar should advertise the cow, and the man in return promised to go to church. Now, unfortunately the man was deaf, and on the Sunday following when the vicar gave out the banns of marriage between Joseph So-and-so, bachelor, and Sarah So-and-so, spinster, the farmer took it for granted that the vicar was giving out particulars of his cow and shouted out:

"You might as well say while you are about it that she is a most gentle creature and entirely free from vice."—Stray Stories.

Where Red Hair Is Disliked.

In Cornwall, particularly the Land's End district, it is not advisable to dub a person "a red haired Dane," though in most parts of England, especially inland, the expression would as likely as not provoke no comment at all or be regarded as simply frivolous.

At a police court case heard in 1867 at Penzance town hall it came out in evidence that the defendant had called the complainant "a red haired Dane," and this led to an assault. The strong repugnance of Cornishmen to be dubbed by this strange appellation is as strong as ever.

The Celtic nations hated the Danes and were always fighting them. And not only in Cornwall, but also all along our coasts, where the Danes or Norsemen made their ravages, this deep rooted prejudice against people with red hair, "red headed," more or less remains ingrained in the national character.—J. Harris Stone in "The English Illustrated."

Meat Versus Song.

The great tenor's lunch consisted of a cheese omelet, asparagus, fruit and an ice.

"No meat?" said the reporter.

"As little meat as possible," the tenor replied. "Meat kills song. The nightingale, the thrush and lark are grain eaters, and their song is sweet. The carnivorous birds, the crow, etc., only croak. And in countries that go in for excessive meat eating—England, for instance—there are few good voices, while in the more vegetarian countries, such as Italy, fine singers abound. Song birds are vegetarian," he concluded. "Carnivorous birds croak."—New York Press.

Where Water Means Life.

As illustrating the scarcity of water in some parts of Australia and the high value set upon it, I would draw attention to the case of three Afghans who were murdered in West Australia. Water was scarce, and yet these three orientals washed themselves in a road hole—the sole source of supply—adjoining a selector's homestead. In a fury he shot the three of them, and at his subsequent trial the jury unanimously acquitted him.—Wide World Magazine.

His Great Fault.

"Yes," said the would be author, "I've taken a house in the country, but it will be necessary for me to engage a gardener. There's quite a plot of ground around the house; too much for me to handle."

"Yes," replied Crittick, "you never could handle a plot, could you?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

All Pretty.

A rash paper announced for its columns a forthcoming story, entitled "The Prettiest Girl In the Town."

A hundred young ladies immediately sent post cards warning the editor not to use their real names.—London Globe.

Brevity.

"Too many words are wearisome," said Kwoter. "Brevity is the soul of wit."

"Not always," replied the observer; "but, in any event, it is always commendable."—Philadelphia Press.

Twenty and Twenty-two.

What is the difference between twice ten and twice eleven? None whatever. Don't you see that twice ten makes twenty and twice eleven makes twenty-two (too)?

The strongest things are in danger from the weakest.—Rossetti.

Instinct of the Mudfish.

The remarkable instinct of the mud fish to roll himself in a ball of mud when the dry season approaches is a wonderful provision of nature intended solely, it would seem, to prevent the extinction of the species. The most interesting fact about this fish is that it breathes my means of its gills when in its native element and by means of lungs during its voluntary imprisonment in the mud cocoon.

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The Mysterious Signature.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

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"The modern bungalow is a delusion and a snare."

"Suburbanites are an unneighborly, churlish lot."

Thus did Harriet and Pierce Elkins respectively sum up their first month at Meadow Manor, where, on the advice of old family friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Rogers, they had taken a picturesque bungalow for the season.

Harriet based her judgment on warping doors and a shortage in books and other small domestic essentials, summing up with the announcement that when women turned architects houses would be properly planned.

Her brother founded his criticism on the fact that the young woman whom he had nominated as the Meadow Manor beauty had so far ignored his very existence. She boarded the 8:30 train with him five days out of seven and yet seemed to hold herself aloof not only from him, but all other masculine creatures.

She was a most competent young person and never gave him the least opportunity to do her a service. In his determination to make an opportunity for knightly service he ignored the friendly overtures of other neighbors.

At last opportunity appeared on the horizon. Pierce had taken the 2:30 train home in hopes of getting a turn on the links to counteract the depressing effects of falling stocks, and there, walking briskly ahead of him under the arching trees of the quaint village, was the inaccessible beauty. And in the dust at the right of her daintily uplifted skirt lay a handkerchief. Pierce Elkins darted forward.

"I beg your pardon, but I think you dropped this."

The girl glanced first at the man, then at the bit of cambric in his hand, and smiled.

"But I did not drop it," she said and in verification of the statement pulled her handkerchief from her sleeve.

Mumbling inaudible words of apology, Pierce turned down the opposite street toward home. Even golf did not improve his humor, and the next morning at breakfast his mood had not changed.

"Will you have two lumps?" asked Harriet as she was pouring the coffee.

"Seventeen," growled Pierce.

"Seventeen, all in one cup!" cried Harriet in amazement.

"I thought you asked me the day of the month," explained Pierce. "Two will do. The fact is, Sis, I did not sleep well last night, and my brain is befuddled. That blamed roof leaked again, and the rain came right in on my bed. I've decided not to go to town this morning, but instead I'm going round to see our landlord and tell him what I think of him."

"The roof over the kitchen leaks, too," said Harriet plaintively. "You might mention that also."

"What's the beast's name?" asked Pierce.

"I really don't know," Harriet answered. "The bills come in signed 'M. M., per Hock & Hock.'"

"Well, I won't bother Hock & Hock, for they are like all agents," said Pierce. "I want the man higher up—the owner himself. M. M.," he mused—"I bet his name is Mike Murphy, and I'll also wager that I'll rouse his Irish before I get through with him."

"He lives in the little white bungalow on Maple avenue. Mr. Hock pointed it out to me," directed Harriet as her brother started on his mission.

Pierce soon found the bungalow and rang the bell. He waited a moment and then rang again. He was in no mood to wait. From the hall inside a voice called, "Coming, coming!"

And she came—the beauty!

Pierce gasped. He had evidently made another mistake.

"I am looking for our missing landlord," he exclaimed. "I really don't know his name—some Irish contractor, I'll bet, ashamed to sign his full name."

"Sit down on the porch, won't you, Mr."— She hesitated. The beauty would make no mistakes.

"Elkins is my name—Pierce Elkins—and I fear I have made a mistake. My sister and I live in the little red cottage on New street. I'm searching for our landlord—name unknown, but methods atrocious. Really Miss—Miss"—Now Pierce hesitated.

"Markwell," she added.

"This landlord signs his receipts 'M. M.,' and I'm after his blood," finished Elkins.

"Won't you sit down?" again suggested Miss Markwell, and she deftly turned the conversation into more agreeable channels. The landlord was forgotten.

"I wonder if your sister would like to know me," said the beauty finally. "I know it is my place to call, but I rather hesitated—well, for several reasons."

"Oh, I do wish you would call on Harriet! She's a brick all right and as lonesome as a stray cat. No one has called yet."

"Well, I'll come over this afternoon while you are on the links," said Miss Markwell, with some emphasis about the links.

But when Miss Markwell called that afternoon it was Pierce who answered the bell.

"You see, I've such a fearful cold from that leaking roof," he explained, "that I thought I had better stay home and nurse it."

Miss Markwell bit her lip.

"I do hope, Miss Elkins," she said, "that I may be allowed to see this much talked of roof while I am here. The fact is," she continued, with rather halting speech—"the fact is, oh, bother—I'm your landlord."

Pierce took a firm grip on the table to keep from losing his balance. Neither he nor Harriet spoke, and the beauty was forced to cover the pause.

"I'm the 'Terrible Turk;' I'm 'Mike Murphy,' alias Muriel Markwell, alias 'M. M.'" She seemed quite relieved that the awful news was out.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" This from Pierce.

"Who would think it?" This from Harriet.

"You see, I built these four houses as an investment with some money that father left to me," explained "M. M." "And now, Mr. Elkins, if you will come with me we will hunt up a roof man and have the repairs done right away. I am tired of agents. I want to be an old fashioned landlord and take good care of my tenants."

She smiled an irresistible smile.

Monday found the men at work, and "M. M." dropped in to see how things progressed. Tuesday morning she looked for Elkins on the 8:30 train, but he was not in evidence. Wednesday it was the same story, and that afternoon Muriel thought she would make another tour of inspection. Harriet met her at the door with rather a long face.

"The ceiling fell in Pierce's room on Monday night, and his arm is broken," was her greeting.

"Oh, Miss Elkins," cried Muriel, "I feel for all the world like a murderer at large. What am I to do?"

"Suppose you come up and see Pierce. Perhaps he can suggest a way out of it," said Harriet, with sisterly interest.

They found Pierce lying back in a morris chair reading the latest issue of a magazine. He made a very interesting picture with his bandaged arm and his smoking jacket thrown about his shoulders.

"What can I say?" said Muriel as she reached forth a supplicating hand to meet his free one.

"I don't know what you can say, but there's a heap of things you can do," boldly asserted the invalid.

"Anything—anything!" cried Muriel.

"Well, sit down for one thing," said Pierce as he pulled a chair very close to his. She sat down beside him, and it was twilight when she left.

It was a matter of comment in the neighborhood that Mr. Elkins nursed a broken arm for the longest time on record. When neighbors inquired of the local doctor how the patient progressed the doctor shook his head and smiled.

"A serious case," was his only comment—"a very, very serious case."

A Sudden Drop In Values.

One of those blinding snowstorms that sometimes happen had swept over the town, obliterating the landscape and piling the drifts high along the streets and on the sidewalks. The prospect as Mr. Hipperly looked out of his front window the morning after the storm was appalling.

"I suppose I've got to shovel that snow off my walks," he said to his wife, "but it will take me half a day. I wouldn't do it for $5 if I didn't have to."

He took his snow shovel, however, and went bravely to work. About five minutes later a man in the garb of a laborer came along.

"Mister," he asked, "don't you want to hire that done?"

"I don't know," responded Mr. Hipperly. "What will it cost me?"

The man looked at the huge drifts that covered the walks for a depth of nearly three feet and shrugged his shoulders.

"The job's worth $1," he said.

"It's too much," said Mr. Hipperly "I'll give you 50 cents."

The man shook his head and moved on. Mr. Hipperly was about to resume operations when he happened to glance at his front window and saw his wife looking at him with a queer smile on her face. Then he remembered.

"Hold on!" he called out. "Come back here, my friend! I'll give you the dollar."—Exchange.

Admonished.

On Saturday night Pat Dougherty announced that he should call upon a sick friend. Accordingly he gave his money to his wife and departed. Nine o'clock came—12, 3; still he did not return. At 5 in the morning the bell sounded.

"Be th' shades av St. Pathrick, Moike, yure a soight!" gasped Mrs. Doughtery as she viewed the battered figure of her belated spouse, who, with head tightly bandaged, one arm in a sling and his right eye done in court plaster, limped painfully into the room. "Phwat happened to yez?"

"Me an' Chris Schultz hod a little argymint down at Flannigan's."

"Argymint, is it? An' th' loikes av yez be afther gittin' licked be wan av thim weasel faced, shpindle shanked Dutchmin?"

"Whisht, Maggie!" returned Mike softly. "Niver shpake disreshpictful av th' dead."—Judge.

A Sponge Garden.

"My prosperity is due," said the foreigner, "to a garden, a submarine garden, a garden of sponges that I own in the Mediterranean." He twiddled his fingers so that the diamond flashed on his brown hands.

"Yes, I am very rich," he said complacently. "I cut from my garden about $30,000 worth of sponges a year. It is a large garden. From the Syrian coast it extends to—oh, an incredible distance. You didn't know we planted sponges like potatoes. Men own sponge beds in the Mediterranean as they own oyster beds in the Chesapeake bay. Only sponges are more lucrative than oysters. They fetch from $1 to $10 a pound. It takes a sponge after planting three years to mature. The best depth for a sponge garden is 150 feet."—New York Press.

Grandma's Object Lesson.

"My, my, my!" said the little girl's grandmother. "You mustn't make so much fuss when you have your hair combed. When I was a little girl, I had my hair combed three or four times every day."

"Yes," said the child, pointing at the poor little gray knot on the back of the good old lady's head, "and see what you've got for it!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Kisses.

An old sea captain, under the impression that he was saying a good thing, asked a lady passenger why men never kiss one another, while ladies waste a world of kisses on feminine faces.

"Because," the lady replied, "the men have something better to kiss and the women haven't."

The Inevitable.

"Do as I tell you," Tommy's mamma cried. "It's about time you realized the futility of struggling against the inevitable. Do you know what that means?"

"Yes'm," replied Tommy. "It means there's no use o' your washin' my hands an' face 'cause they'll only get dirty again."

His Taste.

The landlady was speaking.

"Mr. Barnstorme, how do you like your eggs?"

The tragedian's face relaxed into an expression of joy.

"Hard boiled!" he cried. Until that moment people had willfully mistaken his taste.—Baltimore Herald.

In a Close Place.

"How do you manage to live within your income, Briggs? Don't you feel cramped?"

"Cramped, did you say? Why, I have got to go out and borrow $10 every time I want to stretch myself."—Smart Set.

When People Laugh.

People laugh when they are amused, when they think people expect them to be amused and when they don't want to be rude and don't know what else to do.—Los Angeles Herald.

CARLOTTA AND NAPOLEON.

How the Crazed Empress' Curse Came to a Fulfillment.

General Henrico d'Almonte was from 1863 to 1866 the ambassador of Emperor Maximilian of Mexico to the court of Napoleon III. The most interesting and most pathetic episode to which D'Almonte was a witness and which is vividly described in his memoirs is the meeting between the scheming French emperor and Maximilian's wife, the beautiful and ambitious Carlotta, who shortly before the catastrophe at Queretaro had come to Paris to invoke Napoleon's aid for the tottering throne of her husband. But Napoleon III., who for his own perfidious purposes had by promises and allurements induced Maximilian, then archduke of Austria, to accept the "restored" throne of Montezuma, faithlessly abandoned the unfortunate prince to his cruel fate as soon as he realized his schemes to be impracticable.

Even at her arrival in Paris Carlotta's mind was already in such a high state of irritation that it was deemed advisable to have General d'Almonte at her side during the meeting with Napoleon, which took place in the empress' apartments at the Grand Hotel de Paris.

What lends special interest to that interview is the fact that the empress, crazed by desperation and fear for her husband's safety and by Napoleon's unsympathetic attitude, hurled a curse at the latter which in time was indeed fulfilled to the very letter.

"The empress," says General d'Almonte, "pleaded, partly on her knees and in the most beseeching terms, with the stony Frenchman to no avail. Then it was that I witnessed the most harrowing and dramatic scene of my life. Frantic with grief and excitement, the empress, with drawn mouth and flashing eyes, sprang to her feet, extending both her hands toward the retreating emperor.

"'Leave me,' she yelled in a voice which cut through me like a sword—'leave me, but go laden with my curse—the same curse that God hurled at the first murderer. May your own house and throne perish amid flames and blood, and when you are humbled in the dust, powerless and disgraced, then shall the angel of revenge trumpet into your ears the names of Maximilian and Carlotta!'"

At Sedan and by the revolution in Paris Sept. 4, 1870, the unhappy Carlotta's curse was fulfilled to the letter.—Captain Charles Kiener in Los Angeles Times.

Strength of Rings.

Some elaborate calculations, backed by experiments, have been made in England to determine the breaking strength of rings. It appears that a ring of ductile metal, like malleable iron, will be pulled out into the form of a long link before it breaks and that the ultimate strength of the ring is virtually independent of its diameter. Fracture finally occurs as the result of almost pure tension, and the resistance to breaking is a little less than twice that of a rod of the same cross section subjected to a straight pull. As the ring increases in diameter there appears to be a slight approach toward equality, with double the strength of a bar. Thus a three inch ring, made of three-quarter inch iron, broke at nineteen and one-half tons, a four inch ring at nineteen and nine-tenths tons and a six inch ring at twenty tons, the strength of a bar of the same metal being ten and one-half tons.

Worse Than Too Bad.

The suburbanite stood on the back platform of the car smoking his morning cigar. He struck up a conversation with the conductor when that brass buttoned gent was not busy.

"Whatever became of that basket of eggs that was left on your car?" he inquired.

"I took them home," gloomily replied the conductor.

At the astonished look from the passenger the conductor explained:

"You see, any article left in my car is mine if no one puts in a claim for it within six weeks. The six weeks were up yesterday, and the company told me to take the eggs away."

"Too bad," said the passenger.

"Rotten," said the conductor.—Kansas City Newsbook.

Shakespeare's Descendants.

Besides his first child, Susanna, Shakespeare's only other children were a boy and a girl, twins, born in 1585. Susanna married a Dr. Hall, a Stratford physician, in 1607, was left a widow in 1635 and died in 1640. She had only one child, a daughter, who, though twice married, left no children. Of the twins, the boy, named Hamnet, died at the age of eleven, and the girl, Judith, married Thomas Quincy and had three sons, who all died childless. —New York American.

Men's Dress.

Men are dressed as they are chiefly because fewer of them look ridiculous so clothed than they would in any other costume. Modern dress is merciful to men. It gives no undue advantage to the well built and handsome. Indeed, it detracts from their appearance and modifies the figures of those not blessed with a fine physique.—Court Journal.

Out of His Mouth.

His youngest grandchild had managed to get possession of a primer and was trying to eat it.

"Pardon me for taking the words out of your mouth, little one," said the professor, hastily interposing. —Chicago Tribune.

A good countenance is a letter of recommendation.—Fielding.

Right and Left Cigars.

It is not always because a cigar is badly made that the wrapper curls up and works off, says the Tobacco Worker. It is often because a right handed man is smoking a left handed cigar. A "left handed cigar" is one rolled by the maker's left hand, for all cigar makers must be ambidextrous. A piece of tobacco for the wrapper is cut on the bias and is rolled from left to right on the filler. The other piece for reasons of economy is then used and must be rolled the opposite way by the operator's other hand. Hence a smoker who holds a cigar in his right hand, sometimes twisting it about, rubs the wrapper the wrong way and loosens it.

A Youthful Estimate.

"Now," said the Sunday school teacher in her most winning tones, "which little boy can tell me about the still small voice that is within us?"

"Please'm," said the freckled boy at the end of the seat, "my uncle has one."

"He has?"

"Yes'm; he's a ventriloquist!"—Baltimore American.

A PERSIAN PARABLE.

The Side of the World the Pessimist Had Not Seen.

There was a certain man who thought the world was growing worse. He was always harking back to "the good old times" and was sure that the human race was degenerating. Men, he said, were all trying to cheat one another, and the strong were crushing the weak. One day when he was airing his pessimistic views the calif said to him:

"I charge you hereafter to look carefully about you, and whenever you see any man do a worthy deed go to him and give him praise or write to him about it. Whenever you meet a man whom you regard as worthy to have lived in the 'good old days,' tell him of your esteem and of the pleasure you have had in finding one so exalted, and I desire that you write out an account of these good deeds for me that I may share your joy in knowing of it."

So the man was dismissed. But before many days he returned and prostrated himself before the calif. When ordered to explain his presence, he wailed:

"Have pity on thy servant, and release him from the necessity of complimenting men upon their worthy deeds, oh, my master. And, oh, son of Mohammed, I pray thee absolve thy servant from the duty of reporting to thee all the good that is going on in the world."

"And why, oh, slave, dost thou come to me with this prayer?" the calif asked.

"Since I have been looking for what is good," the man replied, "I have had no time to do aught but compliment men for their splendid works. So much that is glorious is all around me that I may not hope to be able to tell thee half of it. My tasks lie neglected because I have no time"—

"Go back to thy work," said the calif. "I perceive that thou hast learned."

The Ruin of Restaurants.

A young man who dines quite frequently in a French restaurant, whose reputation is based on the unvarying excellence of the dishes served, sent for the chef the other night to compliment him on a poulet en casserole. "I like you," said the cook, "because you never bring any women in this place. They ruin a cook and a restaurant. A gentleman who comes in alone for his dinner regards the dishes and pays his whole attention to the food he is eating. But when he is with a woman! Bah! He laughs, he talks, he regards only his companion, his attention is distracted, the cook and his work are forgotten. I do not try for them. The boys who are learning prepare their dinners. It is not popularity that ruins a restaurant, it is the women and music."—New York Post.

The Printer's Devil.

The familiar term "printer's devil," as applied to the boy of all work about a printing office, is said by the Fourth Estate to have originated with Aldus Manutius. He employed a small negro boy, a curiosity in those days in Europe, who became known as the "Little Black Devil." Printing was then a mystery, and a superstition spread that Aldus was invoking the black art and that the negro boy was the embodiment of Satan. To correct this opinion Aldus publicly exhibited the black boy and declared: "Be it known to Venice that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the holy church and to the doge, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil. All those who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him."

Willing to Compromise.

A story of the Colombian idea of taxation is told by a traveler who recently visited that South American country.

"Some American 'friends of mine,'" said the traveler, "were visited by the city officials of Colon.

"'Senor,' said the leader of the delegation, 'we have come to collect $12 in gold from you, your share of the cost of collecting the garbage for this year.'

"'But, my dear sir,' said the American in surprise, 'you have not collected the garbage once during the whole year.'

"'That's true,' said the collector, scratching his head. 'Well, let's make it $6, then.'"

Matthew Arnold's Rudeness.

"Do you take sugar and cream?" a hostess asked Matthew Arnold from behind the breakfast urn.

"Neither," he repiled. "I only take cream when the coffee is nasty."

The feelings of the hostess may be imagined after this statement to have her guest taste the beverage and direct the waitress to bring him sugar and cream.

Quite Consistent.

Miss Mainchantz—I suppose you've heard of my engagement to Mr. Jenks?

Miss Ascott—Yes, and I confess I was surprised. You told me once that you wouldn't marry him for a million dollars.

Miss Mainchantz—I know, dear, but I discovered later that he had two millions.—Philadelphia Press.

Merely a Question of Judgment.

"What is it that leads a woman who has married unhappily and got a divorce to marry again?"

"Curiosity."

"Curiosity!"

"Certainly. She's curious to learn if her judgment of men has improved."—Chicago Post.

The Worried Housewife.

Husband—What have you been looking so blue about all day, my dear?

Wife—I'm afraid our hired girl won't approve of our new washerwoman.—Boston Post.

A Genius.

Small Son—I know what I'll be when I grow up—I'm going to be a great inventor.

Papa—That's encouraging, certainly. What makes you think you have inventive genius?

Small Son—Why, I wanted to take a screw out and I couldn't find a screwdriver, so I unscrewed it with your razor.—Short Stories.

A Wonder.

An advertisement was inserted for some one to take charge of the choir and play the organ at a village church. The following was among the replies: "Sir—I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

Much In a Name.

Being informed that he was to be taken before a judge whose name was Justice, a Georgia negro exclaimed:

"De goodness en gracious! Ef he gimme what his name call fer, I sho' is gone!"—Atlanta Constitution.

THE SNIPE.

Much Lead Is Wasted on the Artful Dodger at Migration Time.

The snipe, properly Wilson's snipe, Gallinago delicata, but commonly known as English snipe and wrongfully called half a dozen other names, is a widely distributed species. It visits every state at some season. Its northward migration extends within the arctic circle, while it is known to go southward to northern South America and the West Indies. Comparatively few of the birds which move northward from February until May breed south of the international line. It is quite true there are breeding grounds at various points of the northern states, but the great breeding range extends from latitude 42 degrees north to some undetermined point much nearer the pole than most sportsmen will venture.

Some time in September the first southbound birds pass below the Canadian grounds, and soon most of the suitable marshy bits of east and west have their share of long billed prizes. Then begins an astonishing attack which extends from ocean to ocean and generally sweeps southward from Canada to California. Probably tons of lead, half of which is wasted, are fired at the artful dodger.—Edwyn Sandys in Outing.

That Awful Boy Jones.

Fifty or more years ago "that awful boy Jones" was the torment of Queen Victoria's life, and his short career in public contains a mystery which would try the mettle of Sherlock Holmes.

He was a barber's apprentice who in some unexplained way discovered a passage into Buckingham palace, with which he alone was acquainted. When he was first found trespassing, he was gently admonished and sent home. Soon after he was encountered again in the palace. He would not tell how he obtained access. Again he was sent home, and again he reappeared.

Once he calmly admitted that he had been lodging in the palace for a fortnight. He had laid snug during the day, sleeping in the royal apartments, and at night had wandered from room to room, helping himself to the food left over from royal repasts. He had seen the queen repeatedly and indeed had never been far from her.

The matter was considered so serious that the boy was summoned before a special meeting of the privy council. He refused to give any account of his secret. Soon after he disappeared, and it is supposed that he was removed under state protection.

Promising For the Tenors.

Three tenors while strolling in Paris began to talk of their engagements for the coming season.

"Where are you two fellows going?" asked one.

"I'm going to Rio Janeiro," answered one of his companions.

"So am I," answered the other one.

"That's very queer," said the first speaker, "for I'm going there too."

They then compared notes and, finding that the same theatrical manager had engaged each of them, they called on him and asked for an explanation.

"I don't see why any of you should be dissatisfied," he replied. "I've engaged each of you because I don't want to be left without a tenor in Rio Janeiro. It is very probable that before you are acclimated there yellow fever will carry off two of you, and wouldn't I be in a nice fix then if I hadn't a third tenor on hand?"

The Value of a Struggle.

It is a curious fact in the history of nations that only those which have had to struggle the hardest for an existence have been highly successful. As a rule the same thing is true of men. One would think that it would be a great relief to have the bread and butter problem solved by one's ancestors so that one might devote all his energies and time to the development of the mental and spiritual faculties. But this is contrary to the verdict of history and the daily experience of the world. The strugglers, those born to a heritage of poverty and toil and not those reared in the lap of fortune, have, with a few exceptions, been the leaders of civilization, the giants of the race.—Success.

A Straight Tip.

Little Boy—I say, mamma says you are going to take sister away.

Engaged Young Man (soon to be married)—Yes, in a few weeks she's coming to my home, and my mamma and papa will be her mamma and papa.

Little Boy—I see. Then she'll be your sister same as she was mine. But, I say, don't you do anything she doesn't like, for, if you do, she'll bang you about awfully when your mamma and papa ain't looking.

The Millennium.

Little Dot—I know something my teacher doesn't know.

Mamma—Indeed! What is that?

"I know when the world is coming to an end and she doesn't. I asked her and she said she didn't know."

"Oh, well, who told you?"

"Uncle John. He said the world would come to an end when children stopped asking questions that nobody could answer."

Geraldine's Preference.

Mother—If you are a good girl, Geraldine, I will consent that you shall have another piece of cake.

Geraldine—I would prefer, maw, that you should make that indulgence dependent on the cake's being good.—Richmond Dispatch.

People who sell newspapers in the streets of Moscow are compelled to appear in uniform.

Those who have disagreeable news to tell you always find you in.—Atchison Globe.

Relative Importance.

"And you really think that the political boss of your party is a greater man than Henry Clay?"

"Well," answered the candidate, "I won't exactly say he's greater, but he has a great deal more influence with the people with whom I am doing business at present."—Washington Star.

Put the Paint on Himself.

The Plasterer—I thought you were working on old Kay's new house?

The Painter—So I was, but we had a row, an' he said he'd put the rest of the paint on himself.

The Plasterer—And did he?

The Painter—Yes; at least that's where he put most of it.

E is the most common letter. In 1,000 letters e occurs 137 times in English, 184 times in French, 145 in Spanish, 178 in German.

Most people put in a lifetime planning for some great pleasure and die before they get around to it.—Atchison Globe.

ATE HIS FILL.

The Sharp Traveler Had His Money's Worth and Caught the Coach.

There was a coach that used to run between Nola Chucky and Paint Rock, a matter of some forty miles. For lunch the coach stopped at a halfway house in Tin Can, and here a good fifty cent meal was put out—cake and pie, coffee and tea and all the cold meats you could mention.

But the landlord of the halfway house had a mean little secret dicker with the driver, whereby as soon as the travelers had paid for their lunch and got fairly settled to it a call would come for an immediate start. So off they'd all go, grumbling. They'd have paid for 50 cents' worth of food and only eaten, you see, about 5 cents' worth.

But along came one day a traveler with a sharp, bright eye. The landlord found this chap some ten minutes after the coach had started on again still tucking in pie and ham at a terrible rate.

"Why, man," he said, "you've let the coach go without you."

"I know it," said the traveler calmly. "I was too blessed hungry to stop eating."

Suddenly the landlord's face paled.

"Good gracious," he said, "all my silver's gone!"

It was too. Not a knife, fork or spoon was left except the sharp eyed man's.

He said as he kept on eating that he had noticed a suspicious looking character among the passengers, a man with a red beard, a hump and a limp—oh, very suspicious!

The landlord sent a hostler off to overtake the coach and bring it back.

In about forty minutes the coach returned. Then the sharp eyed man came forth, wiping his mouth But he made no effort to identify the suspicious looking passenger. Instead he got aboard the coach, took his seat and said coolly.

"Thanks, landlord, for the good food. You'll find the spoons and things in the coffeepot. Now, driver, off we go ag'in."—Washington Star.

PAYING BY CHECK.

References Required to Open a Bank Account In England.

"I like the American custom of carrying money loose in the pocket," said D. H. Lieban, a retired banker of London. "In England gentlemen and business men carry very little money with them. Nearly everything is paid for by check, except, of course, money enough to pay the small incidental expenses of a day.

"If a man goes into a store to buy a hat, he does not pay money for it, but gives a check. If he is dining at a public place, he very likely pays for his meal with a check. The system of credit in England is different from that in this country, and the mere fact that a man has an account in a bank serves to give him standing.

"One cannot open an account with a bank in England merely by carrying money to the bank and depositing it. He must have two first class references before a bank will accept his account, and when reference is given it means that the person giving it would indorse or stand for the person to whom it is given.

"A reference in England means more than a mere phrase. Checks on banks in England cannot be obtained for the mere asking, and a man must have an account in order to get checks from any bank. They cannot be picked up on bank counters or in public places.

"Private accounts in English banks are not accepted unless they are paid for, the general charge being $50 a year. There are one or two banks in England which discriminate so carefully in the accounts they accept that when a person is fortunate enough to be permitted to open an account with them he can get credit in any city in England or the continent of Europe."—Washington Post.

Disease Has Freaks.

No medical man needs to be told that even disease has its freaks and that recovery has occasionally been brought about by means inexplicably trivial. One of the most remarkable of these unaccountable eccentricities of disease took place at Halver, in Westphalia The case was that of a boy who, as the result of a very heavy fall backward on his head while skating, had for a year and a half been deaf and dumb One morning his brother went to awake him and, finding him sleeping heavily, tapped him lightly on the forehead. To his amazement the deaf and dumb boy awoke with a loud cry. Both speech and hearing had been restored.—Kansas City Journal.

Between Fifty and Sixty.

The sixth decade of life has been most prolific in human achievement and may well be designated as the age of the master work. In action alone its accomplishments have revolutionized history, and it would be most difficult to conceive what would be the present status of the world's affairs had these ten years of individual life never existed.—W. A. N. Dorland in Century.

Brought the Tears.

"Have you seen De Murky's latest battle piece? It's the most pathetic thing he has ever done."

"No, but I've seen Von Dawber's 'Horseradish Grinder.' Nobody can look at it without crying."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Arranging Matters.

"Here is a map of the route we shall take."

"Did you make two of them?"

"No. What for?"

"So papa will be able to overtake us and forgive us."—Houston Post.

Artificial Limbs.

"A manufacturer or dealer in artificial limbs who wears a cork arm or leg himself is much better equipped for business than his competitors who are sound," said a man who uses a cork leg. "In fact, it has become a sort of unwritten law among us to patronize such men when possible. Sentimental reasons may have something to do with the case, but I guess the chief reason is that we consider that if a man can make a limb for himself that fits like the paper on the wall he can make it for others. Manufacturers of artificial limbs know this, and frequently you will find an advertisement like this: 'The So-and-so artificial leg is built by a man who is wearing one and who knows from experience what you want for comfort.' This is a strong argument, for it's no easy thing to get an artificial limb that just fits. Persons who have trouble getting shoes that are just right are in great luck compared to us."—New York Sun.

You never have to go out of your way to walk to the right.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change ot time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect December 16, 1907.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minuts until 9.55 p m, 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p. m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m., then 11.00 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m)

SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Sunday, January 5, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

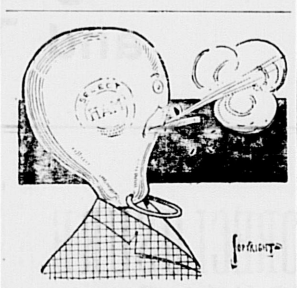
Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn January 3, 1908.



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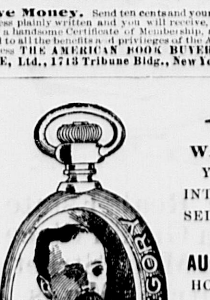

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Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9.30, †10.00, †10.30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.55, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 9.00, 9.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.
GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb 15, 1906.

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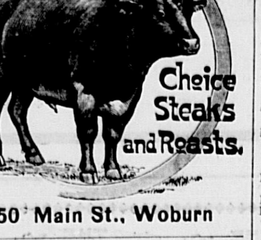

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington rof No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect December 16, 1907

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55 †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23 †10.21, †10.53, §11.01, †11.38 a. m., §12.05, †12.59 †2.00, §2.00, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.26, †5.02 †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.
LOWELL—†6.24, †8.22, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, §5.26, †6.42, §9.27, §11.02, †10.59, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26 †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, Pas. Traf. Mgr. C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Ag

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

M. J. MULKEEN,
Steamship Agent.
Notary Public
— AND —
Justice of the Peace.
Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN
OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director
241 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR,
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Office: 549 Main St., Woburn.

Angel's Fad.

By ANNA MUNSON.

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Michael Angelo Moultrie was his name, and the diminutive of "Angel," bestowed upon him by a doting mother, was well applied. At least this was the opinion of other tenants in the big Burlington apartment house.

Angel was eight years old, but he scarcely looked six, with his long golden curls and ethereal beauty. In his velvet suits he suggested some child of the Little Lord Fauntleroy period held over into an age of Buster Browns.

Mrs. Moultrie was possessed of a theory that as the child is named so the tastes incline, and she had set her heart upon his being a painter.

Angel's splotchy water colors were carefully preserved in a huge portfolio against the day they should become the priceless mementos of a world famous painter's youth.

The only child of a widowed mother, Angel was about as badly spoiled as a boy could be and yet escape the reform school, but his seraphic countenance and his big, innocent eyes had enabled him to successfully lie out of complicity in many juvenile crimes. Though the small boys of the block invariably explained that Angel was the instigator of all the mischief, even their own fond mothers believed them to be in a conspiracy to destroy the fair fame of the model child.

Angel was quick to perceive his popularity, and with unerring instinct he found his way to those apartments where candy and cake were to be had. He seemed to know when callers with offerings of candy had visited the different young women, and his own calls were scheduled for the following day.

His one exception was Nannie Dimmick. Nannie seldom entertained callers of the sort Angel most approved. No five pound boxes of sweets lay upon her table, and no great masses of flowers scented the room, yet Angel liked best of all to visit at the Dimmick apartment, for there was a certain tenderness in Nannie Dimmick's manner of which Angel approved most highly.

"She always looks like she's going to cry," he had told his mother in an endeavor to discuss the girl's peculiar charm. "She looks like she's going to cry, but she doesn't. She just holds you tight in her arms, and you feel glad and sorry all at once."

Clearly this blending of emotions appealed to Angel, for he was a regular visitor to the Dimmick apartment, and the girl found odd comfort in his prattle.

Nannie sorely needed comfort, for the look of sadness in her eyes deepened as the weeks sped by with no word from Arthur Ryder. When he had come to her with his face aflame with happiness to tell her that he had found his chance at last, that the firm had decided to send him on a tour of the African and Asiatic countries to introduce their wares, it had seemed that fate, with kindly hands, had swept barriers from their path.

"It will be the making of me," Arthur had explained. "I start at Cape Town and work up the east coast of Africa, then cross to Asia and so up to China. It will take about eighteen months, but if I make a success I shall be taken into the firm and we can be married, dear."

Mrs. Dimmick had refused to listen to an engagement. Time enough for that when Arthur came back, she had told them. An engagement of a year and a half would be worse than useless.

It would deprive Nannie of many pleasures, and no formal engagement was really necessary. If they both were of the same mind when Arthur should return there would be no opposition to a short engagement and an early marriage.

And so Arthur had gone on his long journey with gladness in his heart, for Nannie had assured him that it did not need the formality of ring and announcement to ratify the promptings of her heart.

First had come glowing letters from London and from Cape Town, letters that breathed of hope and love, then blank silence. For more than a year not a letter in the familiar handwriting had been received, though an inquiry at the office of the firm elicited the information that Mr. Ryder was not only alive, but exceedingly well, according to his reports to the home office.

Mrs. Dimmick had stormed at what she had termed his discourtesy, but Nannie would not listen to her mother's urgings that she go more into society and forget the affront.

In spite of everything she still loved Ryder, though pride forbade her to confess that fact even to herself, and she had no heart for the bustle and stir of social events. She preferred to stay at home and tell Angel the fairy stories in which he delighted.

She was telling for the hundredth time one of his favorite tales when Mrs. Dimmick came into the room with an envelope.

"A cablegram for you," she announced coldly.

With trembling hands Nannie opened the blue and white envelope and drew out the slip. Her expression changed as she read.

"It is from Arthur," she said quietly. "He is sailing from Japan."

"Much good may it do him," was the unsympathetic reply. "This is a nice time to hear from him. It's more than a year since he stopped writing. I suppose that you will let him give you some flimsy excuse and be as crazy about him as ever."

"It will take a very excellent excuse to explain his long silence," said Nannie dully. "Unless he has some legitimate reason to offer I shall refuse to see him."

Gently she put Angel from her lap and slipped off to her room. Angel munched the last of the little cakes brought in for his refreshment and took his departure.

Some weeks later Angel, playing about the lobby, observed a stranger enter and drew near to the telephone desk to learn his destination. Angel was interested in young and good looking strangers as a possible increase in the number of purveyors of candy.

His face took on an expression of surprise as the operator returned an answer that Miss Dimmick was not at home.

"She was there a little while ago," insisted Angel, selfishly interested in the stranger's success.

The operator flashed an angry glance at him, which caused Angel to subside, and the stranger left the lobby with an air of dejection far different from the springy step with which he had entered.

The next day he came again and asked that a note be sent upstairs. He waited for the answer and read it before he turned to leave. Angel followed him to the street.

"I say," he began, "are you the fellow Miss Nannie used to like?"

"Why?" asked Ryder, parrying question with question.

"Because she's sore on you because you didn't write," continued Angel. "Are you the fellow?"

Ryder nodded, and after a moment's hesitation Angel continued:

"On the level, I didn't mean to do nothing, but I took the letters for my collection."

"You are collecting letters?" asked Ryder, hardly comprehending the confession.

"Stamps," explained the Angel. "They were bully stamps. I didn't suppose Miss Nannie would care. Ma gets lots of letters that she throws into the fire without reading, so I hooked the ones with the funny stamps. I guess that's why she looks like she always wants to cry. I didn't think of it that way until the other day. Then I waited until I saw whether you made it up."

Ryder's face grew black as at last he realized what the boy was saying, but Angel's eyes were again his salvation, and the scowl vanished.

"Go up and tell Miss Dimmick what you have told me," commanded Ryder. "Tell her that I wrote every steamer in spite of the fact I received no replies. Tell her that I have been half frantic. Have you the letters that you can show?"

"Burned 'em," explained Angel—"that is, all except the stamps. They had no business leaving the mail out on the table where any one could swipe 'em. The elevator boy got most of the picture cards. I don't collect post cards," he added virtuously as though this were some extenuation of his fault.

Ryder paced the sidewalk while Angel went to make his confession. It was a long quarter hour, but at last Angel, his face white and scared, appeared on the steps.

"I fixed it for you," he announced, "but Mrs. Dimmick heard what I said, and I bet I get the licking of my life." And he sat down on the steps while yet he could sit to ponder on the fatal fascinations of a fad.

The Log Line.

Officers on the coastwise and foreign steamship lines are not limited to their regular duties, but are expected to answer the questions of curious passengers besides. Sometimes, however, the passengers take the matter into their own hands and instruct others more ignorant than themselves.

The purser on a well known liner tells of a lady who had made a passage before and who in consequence felt a superior knowledge of maritime things.

Several ladies were grouped in the stern, this one among them, when their attention was attracted by the log with its long line attached to the rail.

"Why, what can that be?" inquired one of the party.

"That?" said the knowing one. "Well, you see the vessel has to keep in communication with the land, and in order to tell just how far they have got on the passage they keep one end tied to the dock, and by looking at the amount of line paid out they can tell just how far they are from the other side."

"Oh!" exclaimed the other after this lucid explanation. "Well, I have always heard of the log, but I never knew what one was before. Thank you so much!"—Youth's Companion.

Fourteen Mistakes.

An English paper gives a list of what it terms "the fourteen mistakes of life." While there are undoubtedly other mistakes than those mentioned, the list is a fairly comprehensive one.

It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly, to measure the enjoyment of others by our own, to expect uniformity of opinion in this world, to look for judgment and experience in youth, to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike, to look for perfection in our own actions, to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied, not to yield in immaterial matters, not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power, not to make allowances for the infirmities of others, to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform, to believe only what our finite minds can grasp, to expect to be able to understand everything.

And the last and greatest mistake of all is to live for time alone, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

A Royal Road to Wealth.

When a certain late shah of Persia became temporarily embarrassed for money, he had quite a unique method of filling his purse. He would go to the market, where, after examining the shops, he would select one and, turning to the proprietor, would say, "Will you take me in as a partner in your business for the day?" The offer was, of course, eagerly accepted. The shah would take his seat near the shop entrance and say to his courtiers, whom he always took with him on these occasions: "Now, I'm salesman. Who'll buy?" The latter, not daring to refuse the offers of the royal merchant, set about clearing the shop of its contents, paying sometimes £50 for goods that were not worth £10. No one was allowed to beat down prices or to leave the place without making purchases. When everything was sold, the shah had a list of the cost price of each article made out and loyally shared with the shopkeeper the amount of the profit realized.

SUNSET AT GUAYAQUIL.

There Is No Twilight, No Interval Between Daylight and Dark.

The days and nights at Guayaquil are of equal length. The sun knocks off promptly at 6 o'clock in the evening and gets up at 6 in the morning with equal regularity the whole year around. There is no twilight, no gloaming, no interval whatever between daylight and dark—only a brilliant illumination, the sudden disappearance of a red ball into a blue ocean, a spread of flame color over all the western sky for a few minutes and a purple haze in the east.

Then the surface of the ocean, like the heavens, is lighted with millions of strange and shifting stars, for the water is so impregnated with phosphorus that each tiny wave is tipped with light, and the foam that follows in the wake of the vessel is often like a stream of fire. Sometimes you can see porpoises swimming along the bow of the vessel livid with phosphorescent light and followed by a streak of sparks like a comet's tail.

The Southern Cross, with the right arm tipped out at proper angle, lies straight ahead in the midst of myriads of unknown worlds that look strange to those accustomed to the northern constellations. Under the left arm is a large black spot in the heavens, brightened by only a single modest star, which the sailors call "the devil's dinner bag." Over the stern of the vessel in the early evening you can plainly distinguish the familiar constellation of the Great Bear, but it goes to bed with the children.

HIS SERVICES.

What Became of All the Bills He Introduced In Congress.

"Yes, my fellow citizens," said the political candidate, "if you have paid any attention to the work of congress you will have noticed that during the past session I introduced twenty-two bills, each of which was intended to benefit this community. I stand before you today with the proud consciousness of having served you faithfully and to the best of my ability. Those twenty-two bills would, if they had been passed, have made this one of the most favored districts on God's green earth, and"—

"Oh," yelled a man in the gallery, "we know you introduced 'em, all right, but what happened to 'em after that?"

"Gentlemen, I appeal to your sense of honor. Do you consider it fair that I should be interrupted in this manner? Is it right that I should"—

"There ain't no harm in answerin' the question, is there?" asked another of the statesman's hearers.

"Well, sir, I will tell you what became of those bills, my fellow citizens. Every one of them was printed in the Congressional Record, where, if you will look over the files, you may find them today. But to revert to the seed question, gentlemen, I do not hesitate to promise that no man living in this, the most splendid district in our grand old state, shall appeal to me in vain if you shall deem it best to send me back to Washington, where I have served you with such signal ability."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Ticket That Came Back.

A prominent railway man tells of a railway ticket that took a sudden journey on its own account. It appears that as a northbound train on the Colorado and Southern road passed one of the stations a passenger in a forward car raised a window, and in an instant his ticket was blown from his hands. The passenger naturally gave it up for lost and was much surprised when the baggagemaster handed it to him a little while later. It appears that when the ticket flew through the window a southbound train was passing. The suction of that train, which was moving at a rapid rate, drew the ticket along with it, and as it passed the rear end of the northbound train it blew into the door of the smoking car. There it was found by the baggagemaster.—Minneapolis Journal.

Moscow's Beggars.

Of the beggars so characteristic of Russia's ancient capital a writer says: "The old city of Moscow could not easily be dissociated from the 50,000 beggars who haunt its streets. The city belongs to them. If the city rats own the drains, they own the streets. They are part of the city; they are in perfect harmony with it. Take away the beggars and you destroy something vital. Some are so old and weather battered that they make the Kremlin itself look older, and of those who lie at the monastery doors some are so fearfully pitiable in their decrepitude that they lend power to the churches."

His View of It.

A little boy had been sent to the dairy to get some eggs, and on his way back he dropped the basket containing them.

"How many did you break?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I didn't break any," he replied, "but the shells came off some of them."

Keeping His Word.

Mrs. Fogarty (in fashionable restaurant)—Now, fer goodness' sake, Mike, don't order Irish stew.

Mr. Fogarty—All right, I won't, dear. Walther, fetch me ayther some Hibernian suey or Celtic goulash!—Puck.

She Didn't Understand.

"Can you tell your present fiance's ring?" inquired the romantic girl as the doorbell sounded.

"Why, certainly," answered her practical friend. "It's the newest of the lot."—St. Louis Republic.

Age glides steadthily on and beguiles us as it flies.—Ovid.

Changed View.

"He's dreadfully disagreeable and boorish."

"Tut, tut, my dear. He used to be, but he is no longer."

"How is that?"

"Why, since he has become famous we have decided to consider him only delightfully eccentric and original."—Chicago Post.

Ignorance is less distant from truth than prejudice.—Diderot.

The Servant Girl In Germany.

In most German households there is no such thing as the strict division of labor insisted on here. Your cook will be delighted to make a blouse for you, and your nurse will turn out in the dining room, while your chambermaid will take the child for an airing if you order it so. They are more human in their relation to their employers. The English servant fixes a gulf between herself and the most democratic mistress. The German brings her intimate joys and sorrows to a good herrschaft and expects their sympathy.

When a girl has bad luck and engages with a bad herrschaft she is worse off than in England because she is more in the power of her employers and of the police than she would be here. She has to have a dienstbuch, an official book in which her age and personal appearance are registered. In this book her employers write her character. It is under the control of the police and has to be shown to them when she leaves and when she enters a situation. It is hardly necessary to say that when a girl does anything seriously bad and her employers record it in the book the book gets "lost." Then the police interfere and make it extremely disagreeable for the girl.

Restaurant Stories.

"I don't care for the vulgar type of restaurant story," said a New York hotel keeper. "I refer to that type where the guest shouts angrily to the waiter:

"'Ugh, this steak is not fresh! What a horrible smell! Here, waiter, judge for yourself!'

"But, shaking his head, the waiter points to the next table and answers grimly:

"'Beg pardon, sir, you're quite wrong. It's the other gentleman's fish.'

"Or the story of the man who complained about his planked shad, winding up:

"'I hope you don't think me unreasonable, waiter?'

"'No, no, sir,' the waiter answered. 'You're the sixth person what has complained about that portion of shad.'

"On a somewhat higher plane are the meat stories. Thus a strange guest says:

"'Surely this isn't a barber shop as well as a restaurant? I see a lot of razors lying about.'

"'Oh, no, sir!' says the waiter. 'Those are for the steak customers. Did you say steak, sir?'"

Youthful Logic.

Mrs. L., a young and inexperienced Sunday school teacher, was at times sorely perplexed how to answer the questions put to her by some of her unusually bright pupils. One day just after she had finished telling the children the story that Adam was the first man God created quiet reigned in the class room for several minutes. Suddenly up jumped little Rosie and in a piping voice said, "Oh, teacher, you forgot to tell us whether God created Adam right away a man or a baby!" Embarrassed Mrs. L. looked up to the ceiling and then to the children for an inspiration. Happily she quickly spied Betty's little hand raised above the others eager to answer the question.

"Teacher, I am surprised my sister Rosie should ask such a foolish question. Why, God must have created Adam right away a big man, because if God had created him a baby he would have had to have a mother to take care of him."

Curious Book Titles.

Curious book titles are always being rediscovered, mostly from that prolific period the commonwealth, when sanctimony was supreme.

Thus: "John Dances Better Than Peter; Peter Dances Better Than John; Both Dance Well" (a vicious attack on the Jesuits, in five volumes). "A Sigh For the Sinners of Zion, Coming From a Hole In the Wall, by an Earthen Vessel, Known Among Men as Samuel Fisher" (was this how taverns came to take the sign of the "hole in the wall?")—London Scraps.

Unrequited Genius.

The world has never learned the name of the genius who conceived the idea of spreading butter upon his bread, a combination of food elements more palatable, more wholesome and more universally popular than any that the combined wisdom of all the professors who have ever lived has been able to devise.—Epicure.

An Expert Carver.

Mme. X. wishes to secure a new butler. "You know how to serve the table and especially can you carve well?" she asked an applicant.

"Madam may rest assured of it," he replied. "When one has been ten years a surgeon's servant in a dissecting room one ought to understand his business."

The Natural Kind.

"What sort of steed do you suppose was most popular during the days of chivalry?"

"I suppose it was a knight-mare."—Baltimore American.

A Cough Medicine

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a regular cough medicine, a strong medicine, a doctor's medicine. Good for easy coughs, hard coughs, desperate coughs. If your doctor endorses it for your case, take it. If not, don't take it. Never go contrary to his advice.

Ayer's — We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

The dose of Ayer's Pills is small, only one at bedtime. As a rule, laxative doses are better than cathartic doses. For constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick-headaches, they cannot be excelled. Ask your doctor about this.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

The Real Prince

... By ...
MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

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How Katherine Searle came to be Jack Carrington's ward belongs to the early chapters of a long story. It dates back, in fact, fifteen years, when Katherine was a three-year-old baby and Carrington a young man of twenty.

But at the beginning of the present chapter, after having been "finished off" at a very proper boarding school, Katherine had just returned from a winter in Europe with Carrington's married sister.

And Carrington as he sat in the twilight on the luxuriously appointed porch of his out of town house was expectantly awaiting a promised after dinner talk with her.

In accordance with a long and carefully formulated plan he felt that the time had now come for him to take Katherine seriously in hand and to prepare her for the prominent part she was sure to play in a world of admiring but, alas, inconstant men.

Katherine, radiant in a fluffy glory of some soft, delicate stuff beyond man's comprehension, at length tripped out through the casement door and perched herself affectionately on the arm of her guardian's easy chair. He took her little white hand in his and patted it gently as he would a child's.

"I suppose you haven't begun to think about marriage yet, little girl?" he asked by way of tactful beginning.

"Begun to think about it?" echoed Katherine. "Why, I've always thought about it—always and always."

Carrington looked up in amazement.

"H'm," he mused. "I haven't begun a moment too soon, it seems." Then aloud he added: "So you've always thought about marriage, my dear? Well, well! And what have you thought about it?"

Katherine threw her arms about his neck and gave him an energetic hug. Then she placed a cushion at his feet and settled herself comfortably.

"I'll tell you," she began confidentially. "I've always adored fairy stories, and of course there's a glorious young prince in every fairy story, you know. Well, it was always fun when I was a little girl to imagine myself the beautiful princess whom the prince was looking for—and now I'm grown up, guardy, dear, it's just as much fun," she finished naively.

Carrington laughed heartily. He was greatly relieved.

"Imaginary princes are all very harmless and proper, little Kit," he commented indulgently, "but pretty soon you'll begin to think about real everyday men."

"Pretty soon?" she queried teasingly.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Carrington, with an unconcern he was far from feeling. "You've not thought about real men already?"

"You'd call Harvey Dunton a real man, wouldn't you?" Katherine asked, looking at him roguishly.

Carrington's jesting mood passed in a flash. He shut his teeth with sudden vexation.

"Where did you meet Harvey Dunton?" he inquired searchingly.

"On the steamer coming back," answered Katherine. "Your sister introduced him. He's really very devoted to me. He's coming around later this evening. He sings, you know, and I've promised to play his accompaniments. Don't you like him, guardy? You don't look as though you do."

"Oh, Dunton's all right," he answered good naturedly, suddenly alive to the fact that he must play his hand cautiously. "You evidently like him, little girl?" he parried.

"I don't know really, guardy. But he likes me. That's as far as we've got," was Katherine's ingenuous reply. "I'm not taking him very seriously because, you see, somehow he isn't exactly like the prince I've been expecting."

"I should hope not," muttered Carrington.

"What did you say?"

"I said he's coming across the lawn now," evaded Carrington. "I'll stay out here and listen to the music if you don't mind, Kit."

"Just as you like, guardy, dear," laughed Kitty. "I'll come out again after he's gone and tell you how we got on."

"Well?" asked Carrington an hour or so later as Katherine appeared suddenly in the doorway.

She did not answer, but stood as if spellbound. This was a bad sign—a very bad sign, as Carrington interpreted it.

"Well?" he ventured again, this time a trifle peremptorily.

"Guardy," exclaimed Katherine, her rapt expression breaking into the merriest of smiles, "I'd forgotten you were out here."

"That's the way it seemed to me," returned Carrington dryly. "Dunton has a very alluring voice, hasn't he? Come over here, you mischievous kitten, and confess, as you promised."

Katherine came slowly.

"I'll tell you, guardy," she began hesitatingly, perching herself, as usual, on the arm of his chair—"that is, if I can. I hardly know myself how I feel. You see, when Mr. Dunton isn't singing I don't like him any better than I do lots of other men, not nearly as well as some, but"—

"Lots of other men, did I understand you to say?" interrupted Carrington.

"Oh, well, three or four, guardy! What do a half dozen, more or less, matter?"

"There's safety in numbers, to be sure," replied Carrington tritely.

"But let's get back to Dunton. You were going to tell me how you feel about him."

Immediately Katherine dropped her frivolous mood and became thoughtful.

"When he's talking, guardy, he might just as well be any man, as I told you, but when he sings, well"—

"Well?"

"I almost feel that my prince has come," breathed Katherine ecstatically.

"H'm! Very romantic," was Carrington's chilling comment. "When will you see him again?"

"Not for a week. He was to go up to town on important business," sighed Katherine.

"Well, off to bed with you now, my child," ordered the stern guardian, "and may some good fairy tell you how to know the real prince when he comes."

A week later to a night Carrington again sat listening to Dunton's full magnetic voice as, with seductive ease, it glided through one love sing after another to Katherine's sympathetic accompaniment.

Suddenly there came a pause in the singing—a long pause. Carrington waited for the sound of talking, but the silence was unbroken.

Without stopping to weigh the justice of motive or consequences, he jumped up determinedly and made a dramatic entree into the music room.

Dunton, startled, straightened himself stiffly. He had been leaning over Katherine, looking into her eyes with passionate pleading.

"This business must stop right here," commanded Carrington, looking Dunton squarely in the eye.

"I do not understand you, Mr. Carrington," replied Dunton haughtily. "If you have been eavesdropping you could have heard nothing, for nothing has been said."

"No; that's just the trouble," retorted Carrington hotly. "Nothing has been said. Miss Searle is my ward, as you know, and it is my duty to protect her from such sorcerers as you. I happen to know that, like the carefully guarded ladies in the fairy tales, she is waiting for her prince to come"—here Carrington smiled down upon Katherine gently and placed his arm about her—"a real prince, Mr. Dunton. They wear many disguises, you know, and the lady's protector has to be on the alert."

Dunton turned ashy white.

"I trust that she may find her—real prince," he answered scornfully and walked angrily from the room.

When the sound of his footsteps had died away Katherine flung both her warm white arms around Carrington's neck. Her eyes were full of shining tears, but her lips were smiling.

"Guardy," she said softly, "I have found my prince!"

"Katherine, you don't mean"— began Carrington joyfully.

"Yes—Jack—I do."

"And so," said Jack lovingly, after he had kissed her until she protested, "this is the end of the fairy story?"

"Oh, no!" laughed Katherine softly. "They lived happily ever after, you know."

Exercise or Die.

Every man and woman must do some muscular work or take equivalent exercise, else they will die long before their natural time. And if one's vocation involves the use of only one set of muscles work must be found for the other muscles, else the individual becomes disproportionate in form and eventually a prey to disease.

A hodcarrier, who is required to use nearly all his muscles, exerting himself close to the limit of his strength for many hours daily, never gives any thought to artificial exercise, for he has no need of any. But the professional man, the clerk, the typist and the saleswoman—all these find little real use for the muscles in their daily employment, and they require to take up some system of physical exercise to maintain normal health. Then there are factory operatives and the toilers in various trades, whose work brings into play certain sets of muscles, while others are out of use. These require exercise adapted to giving employment to the neglected muscles. There is also a class of wealthy people who do no regular work of any kind, who require to follow some strength giving sport in lieu of work. At the opposite extreme is a class of athletes who make a business of artificial exercise and build themselves up into mountains of muscle. These almost invariably overdo and in consequence suffer later.—Charles H. Cochrane in Metropolitan Magazine.

A Real Fire Engine.

In all the varied list of curious causes of fires perhaps the most absurd was the source of a conflagration that occurred in Worcestershire, England, in 1902. The Worcester Insurance company decided to change its fire engine from a horse drawn vehicle to one operated by a motor. The work was not quite completed when the company received warning of a fire which had broken out on a farm at nearby Kempsey village. However, the engine was in sufficient running order to be sent on forthwith under the action of the newly installed motor.

Unhappily the engine's funnel had not been protected by a spark protector. As a result the trail of the snorting mechanism was embellished with a gorgeous train of sparks. Therein lay the cause of trouble. In a lane the fire engine met a wagon loaded with straw, which it promptly set on fire. Unheeding, it hurried on its way and in its course presently ignited some stacks which bordered on the road. It still pushed on relentlessly, however, and came to a standstill only when the water tube of the motor burst. It was still some hundreds of yards from its destination, and there it remained ingloriously helpless while the fire at the farm burned itself out.—Boston Post.

Quite an Innovation.

"For a new actress she adopted an original way of drawing attention to herself."

"Attempted suicide? Diamonds stolen? Breach of promise case?"

"Nothing of the kind. She simply learned how to act, and acted."—Answers.

Opportune.

Miss Lily (after the proposal)—I don't think you'd better see papa today, Tom. My dressmaker has just been here with her bill.

Tom Featherhead—This is just the time. He will be glad to get rid of you.

The Inducement.

The Sister—I have become engaged to Fred.

The Brother—Whatever induced you to do that?

The Sister—Why, Fred, of course!

The Woburn Journal
Telephone 55.
FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1908.

PATRIOTIC EXERCISES

At 11 o'clock this forenoon, May 29, patriotic exercises were held at the High school, as was proper they should be. The assembly hall of the building was filled with deeply interested spectators. The proceedings consisted of an address by Captain Edwin F. Wyer, a Veteran of the Civil War, on "Patriotism"; brief speeches, singing of National hymns and songs, and orchestral music.

The JOURNAL would like to give a more extended notice of this meeting, and the loyal things said and sung at it, but the little time and space at our command prevents the execution of such a desire.

Captain Wyer's address was characteristic of its author—sound, patriotic, and forceably put. His ideas of War, and what this country owes to War, might grate harshly on the ears and nerves of the advocates of peace-at-any-price, or "mollycoddles," but history sustains them, and experience and patriotism approve of his sentiments. He began his address with the following handsome, and well deserved, tribute to the memory of the late Principal of the High school, Mr. L. Herbert Owen:

"When I was told, a few weeks ago by your late Principal that he was preparing, and hoped to have, appropriate exercises at the school May 29, and would be pleased to have as many of the Veteran Soldiers and their friends attend as could conveniently do so, I little thought that when this day should arrive he would not be here to greet us—little thought that for him taps would have been sounded, and he be numbered with the immortals in the Great Beyond. May his life, his character, his conspicuous example of devotion to duty, prove a benediction to us all."

The exercises were enjoyed by the people present. They were, as introductory to Memorial Day, a success, and highly creditable to all concerned in bringing about and carrying them through.

ENCOURAGING.

Last week's issue of Mayor Blodgett's semi-occasional public manifesto, or periodical account of his stewardship, is devoted mainly to a history of the recent unsuccessful raid on suspected liquor sellers. It makes interesting reading; but, to our thinking, the following information concerning the results of anti-license in this city since May 1 is of more importance than his history of the raid. Mayor Blodgett winds up his story with:

"I have some knowledge from personal observation and information which I tried to obtain last year as to the amount of liquor used in this city during the license period. With definite information as to the amount now legally expressed into the city, and a pretty fair idea, gained by inspection of the late trains and in other ways, of the parties who come here with it in their fists and in their stomachs, and allowing something for the routes I yet know nothing about, I estimate that the liquor traffic pertaining to this city has been reduced by about 85 per cent."

MEMORIAL DAY.

The official Order of Exercises for Memorial Day, tomorrow, is given in another place in this issue of the JOURNAL. The ceremonies will differ but slightly, if at all, from those of former years. They are to be carried out under the auspices of Burbank Post 33, G. A. R.

The usual luncheons, speaking and singing are to follow the decorations of the graves of departed soldiers, and at 2.30 o'clock p. m., an address will be delivered in Lyceum Hall by Rev. Dr. Williams, pastor of the Baptist church.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

G. Place—Auction.
C. J. Adams—Citation.
National Bank—Notice.
National Bank—Statement.
W. H. H. Tuttle—Com. Sale.
Wood et als—Bryant & Stratton.

— Harry B. Blye & Co. will move into their new store on July 1.

— Doctors Kelley, Chalmers and Lane are in the list of incorporators of proposed Woburn Hospital.

— The Mt. Pleasant Whist Club wound up the season's games with a dinner at Youngs Hotel, Boston, last Wednesday evening.

— The new gypsy moth spraying machine was set in motion early this week in Forest Park, and gave satisfaction to everybody but the moths.

— Last Saturday morning a lineman of the New England Tel. & Tel. Co., fell from a pole on Lake avenue 25 feet to the ground and escaped without serious injuries.

— The Metropolitan Park Commissioners have engaged the Woburn Brass Band to give openair concerts in Winchester this summer. Thomas J. Marrinan is the leader, and has been for many years.

— The annual Breakfast of The Winchester Visiting Nurse Association will be served in the Town Hall in Winchester on June 6 from six o'clock until nine. Tickets 25 cts. Strawberries and cream 10 cts. extra.—2

— On Decoration Day morning the Sons of Veterans will, as usual, decorate the monument on the Common and kindly ask the School teachers and scholars to bring flowers and green to them from 6 to 7. Let everyone bring something.

— At 6 o'clock tomorrow morning a delegation of the Sons of Veterans will be on the Common to receive flowers with which to decorate the Soldiers Monument from the teachers and pupils of the public schools, as has been the custom in years past.

— Last Sunday was about as hot as they make 'em Vegetation rushed ahead at a tremendous pace, and the streets were alive with autos. But the air was sweet and bracing, and by that token, discomfort from the heat was only slightly above the average. It reminded one of Lowell's line: "What is so rare as a day in June?"

— The "Boston East Wind" felt good yesterday.

— Sunny Circle Class of the M. E. church are to give a lawn party on June 15.

— The Military Club are to hold their annual dancing party in Lyceum Hall this evening.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— To conform to a local custom established by the storekeepers the National Bank will close at 1 o'clock every Wednesday afternoon during the months of June, July and August, prox., as will be learned by consulting the Bank's advertisement in this paper.

— As may be seen by his advertisement, Mr. G. Place, real estate and auctioneer, will sell at auction to the highest bidder at 3 o'clock on Wednesday, June 3, the property numbered 31 and 33 Elm street North Woburn, which consists, besides a house and barn, of 24,000 feet of land.

— At the Children's Day exercises in the First church vestry last Saturday afternoon the following lads and lassies took part: Bertha Pratt, Edgar Bond Blake, Marguirite Cotton, Lydia Roessler, Gerard Hern, Laura Durward, Gladys Caldwell, Emily Bromley, Claire Caldwell. They executed a very nice program.

— Because there was no provision in it for watermeters, Mr. C. W. Gilbert of Montvale avenue objected to the bill to allow Woburn to borrow $50,000 for an additional water supply now pending before the Legislature. Is it possible that he cannot see that a general installation of meters in this city is a dead issue?

— Attention is directed to the change in the advertisement of the New England Monument Co.—J. H. Hern & W. G. Carl Roessler. They are doing a whole lot of fine granite and marble work, and are prepared to do more of the very best. A few days ago they contracted to build a 600-dollar monument for a prominent citizen of Woburn.

— Last week, May 22, the 33d anniversary of the entry of Rev. James J. Keegan into the priesthood was celebrated by the St. Charles parochial school in a pleasing manner. It was, also, the anniversary of his birthday. A High Mass was given, followed by an entertainment by the children. The Reverend pastor enjoyed the occasion very much.

— Mr. James H. Connolly will not permit the "Big Four" to frighten him from making a run for the Mayoralty next fall, nor choke him off, as they did last fall. If, after mature deliberation and thorough study of the situation, he concludes to become a candidate, he will go in to win, of which intention the "Big Four" are advised to take notice.

— This is "Anniversary Week" in Boston, in view of which the weather has been remarkable. Boston has had an "Anniversary Week" in May for a whole century, perhaps, and it has hardly ever failed to rain during the whole seven days that the meetings of the numerous religious denominations have been held. The "Week" is a cherished "Boston Notion."

— Last week the First Baptist church elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: Arthur E. Gage, reelected Clerk; George W. West, Treasurer of the Benevolent Funds; William H. Lewis, elected Deacon to succeed himself; Mrs. Arthur E Gage, Mrs. J. W. Hammond, Wallace M. Bulfinch, Howard Chase, members of the Advisory Committee.

— Mr. George H. Ellison was a welcome visitor at the JOURNAL office last Saturday, from which printery he received his diploma in 1881 after a faithful apprenticeship of three years. He has been an employee in the composing room of the Boston *Transcript* for the last 16 years where he and Mr. Frank A. Winn of this city are likely to serve the rest of their lives.

— The funeral of Mrs. Nancy Calnan, who died at her home on Winn street, Friday, May 22, was held on Monday at St. Charles church. She was the widow of the late Mr. Patrick Calnan, a well known and highly respected citizen of Woburn for many years before his death; her age was 88 years; and she an estimable woman, whose many friends sincerely mourn her decease.

— At a meeting held one evening last week Messrs. James Skinner, Julius F. Ramsdell and John W. Johnson were appointed a committee to ascertain the exact conditions on which the Choate property will be presented to the city for a hospital, and Doctors Seth W. Kelley, Robert Chalmers and Albert C. Lane a committee to calculate the amount of money that will be necessary to maintain the hospital annually.

— Rev. H. C. Parker, pastor, and many members of the Woburn Unitarian church have been in attendance on the meetings of the American Unitarian Association in Boston this week, at which some of the ablest and most distinguished clergymen of the denomination have preached and delivered addresses. The services opened on Monday, and were to continue all the week. Visitors from all over the Union were present.

— Last Sunday evening, when driving down Warren avenue the horse of Dr. Richard Stewart of Summer street took fright at a passing automobile and ran away. The Doctor jumped from the carriage on Court street, and had some of his ribs broken by the fall, and, it was feared, received serious internal injuries. After running against a pole and staving the carriage up, the horse was caught in Lexington, 5 miles away.

— Rumor has it that Mr. Charles A. Lane and Mr. James H. Gerlach, who with F. H. Pray of Newton and F. J. Brown of Woburn are fishing at the Rowe Pond Camps, Bingham, Me., caught between them 90 fish on the first day of fishing.—*Winchester Star.* If Fred Brown, President of the Woburn City Council, said so, it is true; if some of the others sent the yarn back to the States, you can believe it, or not, just as you please.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,
367 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

More Light-Less Money

TANTALUM LAMPS can now be used anywhere on The Edison Service.

25 per cent. More Light. Electric Light Bill cut one-fifth.
Average life of Lamp 400 hours.
Saves in 400 hour 4 Electric Units besides giving 20 candle power instead of 16 candle power.

4 Units at 15 cents saved	**.60**
Deduct Cost of Lamp	**.30**
Net Amount Saved	**.30**

We deliver these Tantalum Lamps to our Customers in exchange for one old lamp and 30 cents each (less than cost to us) excess charge.

Edison Electric Illuminating Co.,
33-39 Boylston Street BOSTON
Phone "Oxford 3300—Collect."

— Winslow D. Conn, son of the late Charles Conn, has left the U. S. N. and settled in Oregon.

— Where was Dr. Stewart's runaway horse found—Lexington, Cummingsville, or Nichols's Corner?

— The hot wave struck this part of the world on Tuesday, May 26, and continued to rage until near midnight on Wednesday. The figure reached 88 by government measure, and above 90 elsewhere. On Thursday morning thermometers marked 50. How was that for a change?

— Of course, many Woburn people remember "Tom" Hill, who, years ago, figured largely in official affairs here, having been Clerk of the Board of Selectmen for a long period; well, last week we received from him a box of this year's apples gathered from trees at Sequachee, Tennessee, where Hill and Son publish the *Valley News*, for which we tender our benedictions. The apples were sizable, of fine flavor, and made excellent pies.

— At a meeting of the City Council last Monday evening the vetos of Mayor Blodgett of the Union street widening bill, and the loan order of $6000 for repairs of schoolhouses, both passed at previous meetings, were sustained, and His Honor emerged from the contest with flying colors. Some other business was attended to, but nothing accomplished that the public would be intensely interested in, although of importance—or the most of it was.

— The main object of the oratorical contest by members of the Daniel March Loyal Temperance Legion, which is to take place in the vestry of the First Baptist church on Tuesday evening, June 2, is to obtain funds with which to purchase a banner to be carried at the State convention of L. T. L., therefore, the entertainment ought to be liberally patronized. An original song, written by Rev. Dr. March, will be sung at the contest.

— The next holiday on the list is June 17, which comes in a little less than 3 weeks from now. Its celebration is almost wholly confined to Charlestown, under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, but Boston, proper, and all the neighboring towns and cities take a hand in the jollification and help swell the crowd. The anniversary falls on Wednesday, and Woburn business houses will be closed under the summer arrangement, anyhow.

— Philip Owen, son of the late Principal Owen of the High school, has received the appointment of Assistant Station Agent of the B. & M. Railroad at the office in this city, and entered on his work. He has the night turn, from 3 p. m. until midnight, with some daily duties at the freighthouse. Philip, although selftaught, is an expert telegrapher, 19 years old, and a model young man. After graduating from the High school in this city he studied a year at Tufts College, and from there went to the University of Maine at Orono, which the death of his father determined him to leave before finishing his course.

— Abijah Thompson, one of the oldest natives of Woburn, quietly observed his eighty-fifth birthday yesterday at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. E. T. Dow, on Court street, where he makes his home. Mr. Thompson is of the third generation of Thompsons, who were the first settlers of Woburn when it was known as Charlestown Village. He has made his home in the city all his life with the exception of the three years from 1861 to 1864, during which time he served in the War of the Rebellion.—*Boston Transcript.* Mr. Thompson was born in Woburn on May 22, 1823. No man is thought more of or has better friends than he, and here's to a long life and a merry one for the old Soldier.

— The Memorial Sunday services attracted a large audience, in addition to the G. A. R. Posts, S. of V., Spanish War Veterans, and the W. R. C., to the First Congregational church on May 24. The audienceroom was filled with interested listeners. Rev. Dr. March, in his inimitable manner, welcomed the military veterans, and Rev. Dr. S. A. Norton, the pastor, preached an able patriotic sermon. Organist Hood did his part admirably in the way of furnishing appropriate music for the occasion, with all the exercises of which everybody was pleased. When they closed it was felt by all present that a profitable 90 minutes had been spent at the old church.

— Moved by respect for Memorial Day, and what it means, the merchants of this city have agreed to close their stores all day tomorrow.

— Halt at the store of McLaughlin & Dednison and look at the prizes offered by Innitou Canoe Club to successful competitors at the canoe tourney on Horn Pond tomorrow.

— Civil Service examinations of applicants to fill four vacancies of Call Firemen, Schl. B, Class 9, in Woburn, are to be held on June 22. Blanks may be obtained at the State House, Boston.

— The Oliver Bacon property on Pleasant, Reed, Ellis, Monroe, and Court streets, is now to be sold by Commissioner appointed by the Superior Court The first advertisement appears in this issue.

— While the Board of Public Works are racking their brains and doing things to increase the city's water supply Cadwell's Crystal Spring goes bubbling on, and the people drink its cool, sweet water with perfect delight.

— The American Canoe Association are guests of the Woburn Innitou Canoe Club at their house on Horn Pond today and tomorrow, May 29, 30. A schedule of events was printed by the JOURNAL last week. Innitou are in holiday trim, and Horn Pond is alive with boatmen.

— To honor the memory of the late Benjamin Champney of this city, a landscape painter whose reputation, at home and abroad, was second to none in art circles, and as a token of their admiration and esteem for the artist, about 40 of our prominent citizens lately clubbed together and bought of the estate one of the largest pictures executed by him, and presented it to the new High school, the library hall of which it now adorns. It was painted in 1885, named "Mount Washington and Ellis River," and is one of Mr Champney's best productions. He was an ardent lover of the White Mountains region, and for about 40 years had made North Conway, which he named "Artists Paradise," his summer home. The donors of the fine painting were thoughtful and generous in showing their appreciation of Mr. Champney's character as a man, and fame as an artist.

— Last Monday evening, May 25, Mr. and Mrs. Peter N. Miller were given a surprise party by more than 200 of their friends at S. of V. Hall, this city. It was the 50th anniversary of their wedding day, their marriage having been solemnized at Harsons, Denmark, 50 years ago. The estimable couple were beguiled from home to the Hall, where everything had been carefully prepared for the surprise of their lives. The Hall was elegantly decorated with flowers and flags, and the Paulson Orchestra and Glee Club furnished fine music. The pair were presented with a generous purse of gold. Guests were present from several nearby cities and towns. The committees in charge of the happy and festive affair were: Peter Johnson, Peter Stockholm, John Schelde, of the Danish Brotherhood; and Mrs. Peter Carlson, Mrs. M. Neergaard, Mrs. J. Orstrop, of the Danish Sisterhood.

— No doubt our modern brook fishermen think they know just how to do it—how the most pleasure and profit are to be obtained from pursuing the sport; but it is doubted. To many minds the oldfashioned way was the best, at least, the most enjoyable. After filling his pepperbox with angleworms from the garden and a basket with a luncheon, the oldtime fisherman takes a beeline for the brook on the far side of the pasture which runs along through the alders, cuts a fishingrod and crotched stick to string his trout on, and starts out for his finny prey. He selects a cloudy day for the excursion up the brook, and an occasional gentle June sprinkling is welcomed by him, for it is then the fish bite best. Mind you, he has no companion—he goes alone; and his progress along the stream is noiseless. He spits on the bait, in the good oldfashioned way, before throwing his hook into the water. The pools, or "troutholes," are known to him, and also all the shelving rocks under which the largest "speckled beauties" seek homes and it is there he makes his largest hauls. As night approaches, driving the cows along from the pasture, the oldfashioned fisherman returns to his home and enjoys a royal feast on the trout he has loaded the crotched stick with during the day. Tired? Somewhat, but contented.

— The authorities are about to begin to improve Forest Park.

— The Mayor's silence on the boulevard matter is significant.

— Fred Dockham's peas are 3 feet 6 inches high and in full bloom.

— Crawford has sold out his icecream and confectionery business.

— The Celtics hold their annual picnic tomorrow at Pinehurst Park.

— Less people are mortgaging their houses to buy autos this year than last.

— Alex Grant is turning out some nobby summer suits for our fashionable gentlemen.

— Young was fined in the District Court yesterday for selling labelled "one percent beer."

— Frank Fitzgerald is laying wires for a reelection to the Presidency of the Public Hack Guild.

— No merger of the B. & M. and N. Y. H. & N. H. Railroads this groundhop say the Legislature.

— The W. R. C. are making preparations to give a fine Memorial Day dinner to 250 guests tomorrow.

— Hon. E. E. Thompson et als went to Boston to hear Rev. Charles Parkhurst preach the other day.

— The L. C. S. Alliance will hold their annual meeting in the Unitarian church parlor, Thursday afternoon, June 4, at 4 p. m.

— Kenneth Johnson finishes his first year postgraduate course at Harvard in June. He don't know whether he will try it another year, or not.

— The Woburn Progress League did it, so they say. Lawyer Samuel W. Mendum is its President, and Elmore A. Pierce, Secretary—a brace of hustlers. It seems that, by the labors and influence of these gentlemen the Legislative Committee on Railroads voted unanimously the other day to report a bill making it obligatory on steam railroads to issue 12 ride tickets to patrons living within 15 miles of Boston, which, if enacted, will include Central Square and No. Woburn, where the movement for them originated. Mendum and Pierce are accorded unstinted praise for their successful endeavors to ameliorate the condition of the N. W. and C. S. commutors as respects railroad facilities and privileges. Some think Ald. Highley ought to have a share of the credit.

— The piano and violin recital held last Tuesday evening, May 26, in the vestry of the First Baptist church by the pupils of Miss Maude H. Littlefield was a veritable musical treat. A large number of the teacher's friends and those of the juvenile performers, as well as lovers of music in general, attended the recital, and were very much pleased with it. About 20 of Miss Littlefield's violin and piano scholars participated in the concert, and the excellent manner in which they executed their parts was highly creditable to them and their instructor. It was Miss Littlefield's first exhibition of the work of her pupils, and its success must have been highly gratifying to her, as well as encouraging to the parents of the performers. The program was a fine one, consisting of classical and popular pieces.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

The popularity of a book play is shown by the great interest that is being manifested in "In the Bishop's Carriage," which will be produced at the Boston Theatre next week. This book had one of the largest sales ever known in the history of popular literature and there was reason for it as the story is one of the most interesting, novel and entertaining ever written. In fact, so great was the interest that the play was inevitable and in the play the lines of the book are followed as closely as possible. At the Boston Theatre a splendid production has been arranged for, one that will have the advantage of the big stage of this grand old playhouse and special scenery.

CASTLE SQUARE.

With "Carmen" as the attraction, the Castle Square Theatre begins on Monday the third week of the summer opera season. The return of the singers to their old home has been a success from the very first. The singing has been of the best, and no detail has been neglected to make each production as perfect as possible in every way. The choice of "Carmen" for the coming week has been made in response to persistent requests for its revival. It is one of the strongest and most brilliant of modern French operas.

The Edison "Flashlight."

Written for the JOURNAL by L. D. G.

At the flash light booth at last year's electric show at Madison Square Garden, New York, a group of little and big mothers listened attentively to the demonstrator.

"Ladies," said he, "You press the button in this way and a tiny light is visible. It is the greatest invention of the day."

"When you hear your husband's step on the stair, you take it out from under your pillow, flash it on the face of the clock, see the time, turn over in bed, and next morning when your husband tells you he got in at ten o'clock, you have everything your own way."

"Suppose it is a burglar that comes in?" said a timid-looking husbandless person.

"You certainly do not need to be told the advantages in that case."

School Board.

At a meeting of the School Board last Tuesday evening Supt. George I. Clapp was re-elected Superintendent at a salary of $2000, and George W. Low, Principal of the High School at a salary of $1600. Principal Whitney of the Rumford school is to secure $1200. Dr. V. C. Stewart was elected Medical Inspector, and Thomas Mulkeen, Truant Officer.

Voted to hold graduating exercises on June 26, and to close the primary and grammar schools on June 24.

Under the tenure of office act the following three teachers were appointed, Margaret J. Reade of the Cummings school, George W. Whitney of the Rumford school, and Nellie Hammond of the High school.

Under annual appointments the following teachers were named: Alice S. Lane, Charlotte R. Lowell, High school; Catherine B. Corry, Cedar; Catherine T. Larkin, Goodyear; Florence M. Kennedy, Hanson; Ada B. Dorr, Plympton; Alice R. Flagg, Rumford.

Wilmington.

Wilmington this year will make a special observance of Memorial Day. The Committee appointed at the Town Meeting has been busily engaged in making arrangements, and Veteran Post 194 G. A. R. of Reading has been invited to take charge of the decoration of the soldiers' graves. At 12.15, upon the arrival of the members of the Grand Army of Reading, dinner will be served to them in the vestry of the Congregational church. At 1.15 the procession will be formed at the Common and march to the soldiers' monument, where the G. A. R. services will be held and followed by the decoration of graves. At 2.15 memorial services will take place in the Congregational church auditorium. Professor George W. Coots of Salem will be the orator of the day. The Wakefield Military Band will furnish music.

A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Tired, Aching, Callous, Sweating, Swollen feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—6th Sunday after Easter.
10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Rev. Wm. H. Osmond, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 18, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Ancient and Modern Necromancy; or, Mesmerism and and Hypnotism."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, May 26, by Rev. H. B Williams, W. H. Wentworth and Mary F. Worster, both of Woburn.

In this city, May 27, by Rev. Wm. H. Osmond, Robert J. Gaiffith and Cassie Harron, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, May 22, Ann Murphey, aged 63 years.
In this city, May 22, George H. Larkin, aged 71 years, 7 days.
In this city, May 22, Nancy Calnan, aged 88 years, 4 months, 15 days.
In this city, May 23, Charles E. Mullen, aged 33 years.
In this city, May 23, Angeline Buxton, aged 83 years, 2 months, 7 days.
In this city, May 24, Dennis Maguire, aged 7 years, 23 days.

New Malay Opium Cure

Being Distributed Free by a New York Society.

Co-operating with missions in Malaysia, the Windsor Laboratories of New York have secured a supply of the wonderful combretum plant, which has done so much to revolutionize the treatment of the opium habit.

A generous supply of the new remedy, together with full instructions for its use, and United States consular reports bearing on the subject will be sent to any sufferer. To obtain a free supply of this remedy and the consular reports, address Windsor Laboratories, Branch 30, 134 East 25th Street, New York City.

COMMISSIONER'S

Sale of Real Estate

IN WOBURN,
BY ORDER OF COURT.

Pursuant to a warrant issued by the SUPERIOR COURT for the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts on the 12th day of March A. D. 1908, to the undersigned, as Commissioner, to make sale and conveyance of all the lands hereinafter described and to distribute and pay over the proceeds of the sale in such manner as to make the partition just and equal, will be sold by public auction on the premises on

Tuesday, the twenty-third day of June, A. D., 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, the following described lots or parcels of land with the buildings thereon, situated in the city of Woburn in said County of Middlesex, namely:

FIRST. A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Court street 65 feet more or less; northerly by land of Alice M. Grammer, 97 feet more or less; westerly by land of Ellen F. Hayden 65 feet more or less; and southerly by land of the Webster heirs 90 feet more or less, containing 5900 square feet more or less.

SECOND. A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Pleasant street, 135 feet more or less; easterly by Reed street, 498 3-10 feet more or less; northerly by land of the estate of Ellen T. Ellis, 92 1-10 feet more or less; westerly by Ellis street, 513 7-10 feet more or less, containing according to the plan hereinafter mentioned 57,299 square feet more or less.

THIRD. A certain tract of land, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on the southerly side of Reed street, at land of Edward J. Gregory; from thence the line runs easterly by and with said Reed street one hundred feet to Monroe street; thence turning, the line runs southerly, by and with said Monroe street, eighty-nine and two-tenths feet to a corner; thence turning, the line runs easterly again, still by and with said Monroe street, four and seven-tenths feet to land of Peter Holland; thence turning, the line runs southerly again, on and by said land of said Peter Holland, one hundred thirteen and three-tenths feet to land of Grace B. S. Mead; thence turning, the line runs westerly, by said land of Mead and by land of the heirs of William H. Winn, one hundred twenty-two and five one-hundredths feet to land of Jeremiah Lynch; thence turning, the line runs northerly, on and by said land of Lynch and on and by said land of Edward J. Gregory, two hundred and twenty-three feet to the point of beginning, containing according to said plan 22,882 square feet more or less.

FOURTH. A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on the northerly side of Reed street, at land of the city of Woburn; from thence the line runs westerly, by and with said Reed street, one hundred and forty-two and two-tenths feet, more or less, to land of the estate of Ellen T. Ellis; thence turning, the line runs northerly, on and by said Ellis land, one hundred ninety-eight and thirty-five one-hundredths feet, more or less, to land of Bridget E. Quigley; thence turning, the line runs easterly, on and by said land of Bridget E. Quigley, ninety-eight and seven-tenths feet, more or less, to land of Julia A. Richardson; thence turning, the line runs southerly, by said land of Richardson and by land of Edia A. Wood, to a corner; thence turning, the line runs easterly again, by said land of Edia A. Wood, forty-six and nine-tenths feet to the land of the city of Woburn; thence turning, the line runs southerly, on and by said land of the city of Woburn, one hundred six and seven-tenths feet to the point of beginning, containing according to said plan, 24,724 square feet, more or less.

The second, third and fourth parcels, herein described, are shown on a plan recorded in the Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, being plan numbered one (1) in the Book of Plans numbered forty-seven (47).

Terms: $300.00, to be paid by the purchaser of each parcel at time and place of sale, the remainder of the purchase money within ten days from date of sale; other terms made known at sale.

Sale will first be made of the second tract or parcel and on the same. The third parcel will then be sold, then the fourth, and then the first.

WILLIAM H. H. TUTTLE, Commissioner,
73 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., Rooms 939-940 Tremont Building.
May 25, 1908.

No. 7550.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

At Woburn, in the State of Mass., at the close of business, May 14, 1908.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$378,739.57
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		100,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		3,600.00
Bonds, securities, etc.		53,312.50
Due from approved reserve agents		31,173.55
Checks and other cash items		23.06
Notes of other National Banks		3,710.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		465.00
Lawful money reserve in Bank, viz:		
Specie	22,201.20	
Legal tender notes	8,650.00	30,851.20
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		5,000.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent redemption fund		5,000.00
Total		$611,874.88

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$100,000.00
Surplus fund	20,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	21,721.63
National Bank notes outstanding	97,700.00
Due to State Banks and Bankers	13,914.64
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	19,128.60
Dividends unpaid	45.00
Individual deposits subject to check	328,948.01
Demand certificates of deposit	10,417.00
Total	$611,874.88

STATE OF MASS., COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, SS.

I, EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of May, 1908.

HAROLD P. JOHNSON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

RALPH F. GODDARD,
JOHN G. MAGUIRE,
ROBERT CHALMERS.
Directors

Almost a Stampede!

The desire to use
Hathaway's
Celebrated
Cream Bread
is spreading fast.
It brings a growing appetite.

C. F. Hathaway & Son,
Cambridge Waltham

BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON
BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON
BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON

Will Reopen Sept. 8th

Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Bookkeepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment when qualified, will find the

BRYANT & STRATTON
COMMERCIAL SCHOOL
BOSTON

Now Located in its New School Building, 334 Boylston Street

A most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of **Well Known and Experienced Teachers**

COURSES OF STUDY

GENERAL COMMERCIAL COURSE — STENOGRAPHIC COURSE
SECRETARIAL COURSE — CIVIL SERVICE COURSE
SPECIAL COURSE

Every possible requisite for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings, is afforded. ¶ Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions of admission by mail. Address, H. E. HIBBARD, Principal, 334 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON.

At All Times

and under all conditions there is some demand for watches, and the present season is not an exception. Filled watches have been better "sellers" than usual and we have an attractive assortment of same, besides all grades of movements, and can attend to your wants promptly and efficiently.

Our medium priced line of gold jewelry and silverware is exactly suitable for the requirements of the Spring trade.

Smith & Varney,
JEWELERS.
No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.
Fine Repairing in all its branches.

AT AUCTION!

The subscriber will sell at public vendue to the highest bidder, on

Wednesday, June 3, 1908,

AT 3 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

on the premises, 24,000 feet of land,

House and Barn, 31-32 Elm St., North Woburn.

By order of the Owner.

G. PLACE, Auctioneer.

THE WOBURN NATIONAL BANK WILL CLOSE WEDNESDAYS AT 1 P. M. DURING JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST.

QUAKER

Wheat Berries

7c. Pkg.

Always sold for 10 cents.

These goods are made from the whole grain of the finest Northern Wheat puffed and baked to a delicious crispness in a temperature of 400 deg. Fahr. Very palatable and nutritious. Try them with maple syrup, cream or fruit juices.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-1.

Many People

WHO TRIED

- Brooks's -

Hypophosphites

for Spring Weariness last year, are using the same remedy this season. It is a great body builder tonic.

Price 85 Cents

MADE BY

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,

361 Main Street,

WOBURN

Lest U Forget:

TAKE A

KODAK

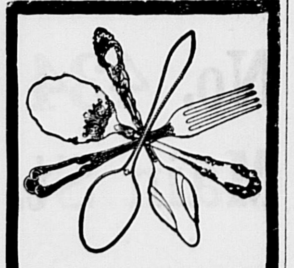
WITH YOU.

Anybody can use 1

Anybody can buy at

Whitcher's PILL BOX

Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore



"Silver Plate that Wears."

The trade mark

"1847 Rogers Bros."

on Spoons, Forks, etc., is a guarantee of quality the world over. The prefix—1847—insures the genuine Rogers quality. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue No. 6 to

International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ann O'Donnell, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Edward F. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of June, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Woburn Gas Light Co.

GAS STOVES

for cooking and heating. Welsbach lights, Welsbach and Humphry Arc lights, and for everything pertaining to gas lighting apply at office of Company.

314 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

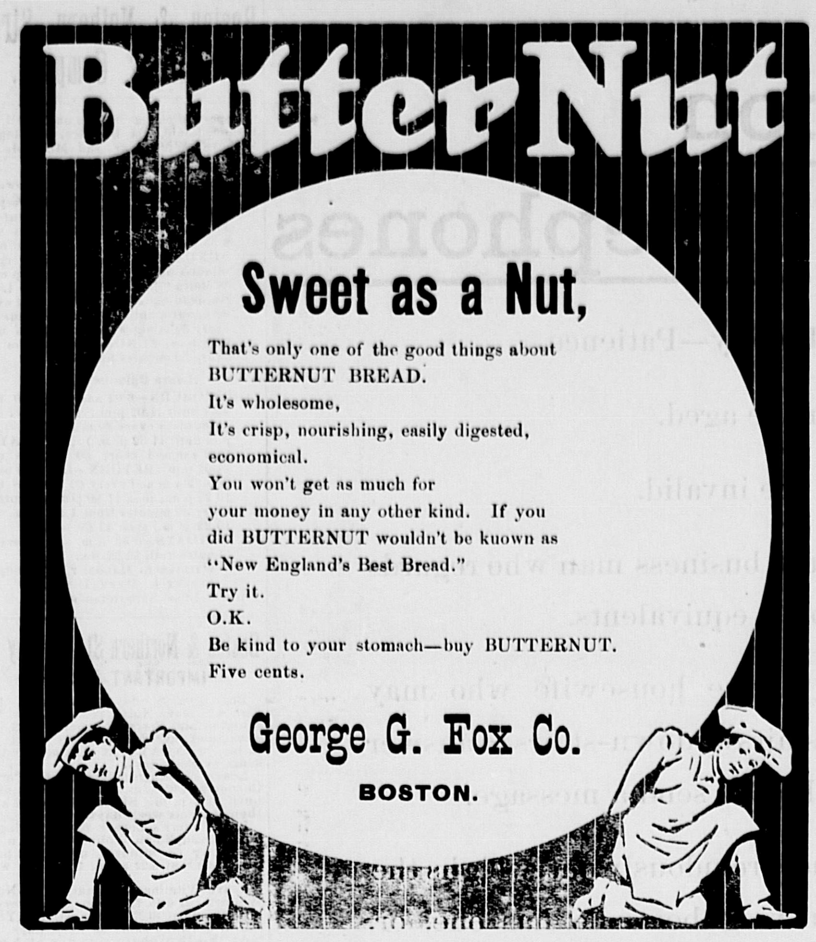
CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,

— DEALERS IN —

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street. Telephone connection



Memorial Day Service.

— 1908 —

Members of the G. A. R. will report at their respective Headquarters (in uniform as far as possible) at 8 o'clock, A. M.

Line will be formed at 8.30, right resting at Everett street as follows:

Wakefield Brass Band.
Co. G, 5th Regiment, M. V. M.
Camp 66, Sons of Veterans.
Post No. 33 — Post No. 161.
Spanish War Veterans.

The column will move to the Common where the customary service will be held; moving thence to Woodbrook Cemetery via Main and Salem streets. After the usual service and decorating the graves of fallen comrades, they will proceed to Calvary Cemetery, where the service will be repeated; returning by cars to junction of Salem street and Wade Avenue the column will reform and march to their respective rendezvous.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

The Posts and Public will assemble at Lyceum Hall at 2.30 P. M. where the following will be the order:

1. Reading of Orders by Adjutant of Post 33.
2. Comrades Salute the Dead.
3. Invocation. Chaplain Post 33.
4. Music. Pupils of the Goodyear School.
   a. Columbia, Glorious Nation.
   b. Tenderly Garland Their Graves.
5. Address by Commander of Post 33.
6. Music. War Songs. W. H. S. Orchestral Club.
7. Reading. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Harold Childs.
8. Music. Selection. Pupils of the Lawrence School, Grades I and II.
9. Address. REV. DR. H. B WILLIAMS.
10. Singing. America. Schools and Audience.
11. Benediction. Rev. Dr. D. March.

THOMAS MOORE, Commander Post 33.

GEO. F. EATON, Commander Post 161.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of George Henry Lakin, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Nellie A. Kelley, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of June, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty sixth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adaline B. Church wishes to announce to her patients and friends that she will resume practice in Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church street.

Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.

Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appointment.

W. C. T. U. Convention.

Several Woburn ladies attended the Convention of Middlesex County W. C. T. U., held on Wednesday, May 20, in the Baptist church, Watertown, Mrs. H. C. Rolfe, the County President presided.

After devotional exercises, the Convention was heartily welcomed by Mr. W. C. Stone Chairman of Selectmen, Rev. Dr. Day pastor of the church and Mrs. C. H. Hogan President of the Watertown Union. Response from the County was by Mrs. F. L. Fuller of Wellesley Hills. Then followed reading of records, showing a membership of 10,000 in Massachusetts. After this were given reports of the following departments, by their respective Superintendents: Medal Contests, Work among Railroad Employees, and Mothers' Meetings.

At noon a Quiet Half Hour was conducted by Rev. Dr. Day. Having read Paul's account of his Vision, he asked why were some in the kingdom so much more interested in spiritual things than others? Not because they had not the visions—all have them—nor for lack of opportunity. But unlike Paul, we were "disobedient" to the vision.

Then followed the roll call and the bountiful lunch.

The afternoon exercises opened with singing and Treasurer's encouraging report. Miss C. E. Caswell, Superintendent of our Frances E. Willard Settlement in Boston, followed with an exceedingly interesting account of the work done in that department. She is one of our ablest and most consecrated members.

The organization of a new union at Newton, and an animated and instructive Parliamentary Drill, conducted by Mrs. Stevenson, State President, filled the remainder of a noteworthy session. Solos, at different times, enlivened all the exercises.

PRESS SUPT.

The Fairmount Whist Club

of twelve active and intelligent members, met on the evening of May 27 at Youngs Hotel for its annual dinner. The temperature was something like Prince Beelzebub's kitchen in dogdays although ice water was near, but the *devil* was absent. The menu of six courses was very fine. Over an hour was spent at the festive board. Signs of consumption appeared in the company but relief came to the *weary* without medicine. There was music in the air; but it was free to the Club, as it was furnished by an orchestra engaged by a Scottish Club who had a Banquet in the Gents dining hall. Caledonia was sung in a spirited manner. The card tables appeared at nine P. M. (also ice water) and a few social games of whist were enjoyed. At ten o'clock the Club started for Woburn in a trolley car, and the journey was refreshing and without accident. Before midnight the wind changed to N. East, mercury dropped twenty degrees, and there was rejoicing throughout the land.

LEO.

WINCHESTER.

There is much boating on Mystic Lake Sundays. Where are the ministers?

Clyde W. Bell has been appointed Assistant postmaster, and entered on his duties.

Chief McIntosh is devoting considerable of his spare time to fishing. He is a great angler.

Society has got about through with the season's festivities. Now it is baseball and boating.

There are to be no more grade crossing hearings until after the adjournment of the Legislature.

Tomorrow, May 30, Memorial Day is to be properly observed by the Grand Army Post in this town.

Farmers complain of too much "Boston East Wind." But it is good for fruit, grass and potatos.

The Metropolitan Park Commission have concluded to give this town band concerts during the coming summer.

The late George H. Gilbert, whose recent death is deeply lamented, was generous in his will to his native town of North Andover.

Due to a large reduction in the initiation fee a large number of persons have lately joined the Winchester Boat Club.

The annual Breakfast of The Winchester Visiting Nurse Association will be served in the Town Hall in Winchester on June 6 from six o'clock until nine. Tickets 25 cts. Straw berries and cream 10 cts. extra.—2

The estate of the late George H Gilbert has been appraised at $142,000, of which his brothers are the executors. He was generous and gave liberally to deserving people, else, his estate would have been larger. But he had enough, and enjoyed it.

The following officers of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. have been elected: Mrs. E. L. Dunning, President; Mrs. G. W. Purrington, Vice-President; Miss Eugenia M. Elliott, Secretary; Miss Ella M. Towle, Treasurer; Mrs. R. M. Armstrong, Chairman of Devotional Committee.

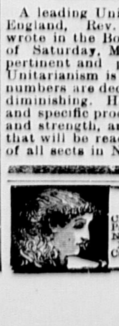
Literary Notices.

The most marvelous photograph ever made, showing 500 different views of President Roosevelt assembled in one big picture, forms the double-page feature of the June WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. These hundreds of photographs, taken in almost every state and territory in the Union, show our strenuous President in all periods of his public life—as cowboy, rough rider, governor, speaking, lecturing, on horseback, etc. Whether we admire Mr. Roosevelt or not, we cannot but marvel at the great collection of photographs of this human dynamo which have been brought together here in one picture. It is the most remarkable picture ever made.

The baseball batter and catcher on the front cover of the June AMERICAN BOY will excite interest and amusement with every one who loves the national game. In variety and interest the contents of this number will please every reader. The opening chapters of a splendid serial, Bred in the Bone, or Born an Electrician, by Edwin J Houston, one of the foremost authorities on electricity, is given, and promises to be both entertaining and instructive; That Dillingham Boy and Four Boys on the Mississippi are continued with increasing interest, and Jimmy Jones—Pirate has reached its end. There are over 70 illustrations. $1 00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co, Detroit, Mich.

Has Unitarianism Failed?

A leading Unitarian minister of New England, Rev. Charles W. Wendte, wrote in the Boston *Evening Transcript* of Saturday, May 23 an answer to the pertinent and prevalent assertion that Unitarianism is on the decline, that its numbers are decreasing and its influence diminishing. He furnishes sane, definite and specific proof of his church's vitality and strength, and presents an argument that will be read with interest by people of all sects in New England.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

BAY STATE POLITICS

Colored Voters Vexed, but Taft Will Get Democra's

GEORGE FRED NOT IN FAVOR

Democrats Are Dissatisfied With His Leadership--Mayor Hibbard's Non-Partisan Policy Disrupts Ward Committees--More Power For Finance Commission

The general acceptation of the claim that Secretary Taft will be nominated for president on the first ballot cast at the Chicago convention makes it interesting to examine conditions in Massachusetts as to his vote-getting qualities. Mr. Taft will come here on July 16 and address the monster Republican barbecue at the Point of Pines. Wherever he has spoken he has made hosts of supporters and friends.

He was the guest in March of the Republican Club of Massachusetts at their annual dinner in Symphony hall, Boston, and many Hughes men who attended became Taft's supporters.

There has been some fear that he might lose a part of the colored vote in this state, and it is quite possible that these fears may be realized.

The Brownsville case has greatly excited the colored people all over the country, and Boston and the other cities of the state are no exception to the general rule. There has been intense feeling among the colored voters against President Roosevelt on account of his action in this case, and there is a disposition among some, at least, of the colored people to oppose Mr. Taft because of the stand taken by President Roosevelt.

The colored people claim six or eight thousand votes in the state, and some have said at least 50 percent will vote against Mr. Taft.

Taft Will Have Great Strength

There is another element, however, which is liable to more than make up this defection. A great many young men of Irish birth or extraction, men who are great admirers of President Roosevelt, and who believe in the policies which he has enunciated and put into force, are going to vote for Mr. Taft because they believe he best represents the progressive sentiment and ideas of the day. There has been a great deal of this feeling in all the large cities of the commonwealth, and it is especially strong in Boston. It is believed that it will many times make up for any falling away from the normal Republican colored vote.

Another thing which is particularly noticeable in Boston is the change in feeling on the part of labor towards Secretary Taft. At one time the attitude of the laboring men toward the secretary of war was extremely hostile. It must be admitted, however, that since his speaking in New York city, in which he defined his own attitude toward labor, there has been a tremendous change in the sentiments of labor and its organizations toward Mr. Taft. It is well known that a great many of the most prominent labor leaders in the country are very friendly toward him, and that they have regarded his candidacy with the utmost favor, and considered him the best man of all the candidates for the Republican nomination, so far as the interests of labor are concerned.

There are many Republicans who believe he will come close to carrying the city of Boston the third of November, notwithstanding the general dissatisfaction among the Republican ward leaders over the non-partisan attitude of Mayor Hibbard.

Bryan as a Candidate

As to what strength William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska will have in the next election, Democrats differ. There are some of the conservative Democrats who think he will be weaker than he was in 1900.

In 1896, when Mr. Bryan came to this city, Boston common was hardly large enough to contain those who rushed to see him and hear him speak. Some of the Republican leaders nearly suffered heart failure when they saw that tremendous gathering to greet the boy orator of the Platte. Similar crowds greeted him all over the country. When the votes were counted in Massachusetts, however, it was discovered that but little more than half of the normal Democratic vote had been cast for the peerless leader. A very large element of the Democratic party either voted for McKinley, or for the gold Democratic candidates, Palmer and Buckner, or else worked at the wood pile at home.

There is a considerable element in the Democratic party today which resents the leadership of George Fred Williams and who will refuse to vote for his candidates. Mr. Bryan will be fortunate if he gets as many votes in this state as he did in 1900. Certainly, if George Fred Williams is to lead the Democratic hosts it will have the effect of decreasing the party vote to a considerable extent, at least.

Even with Mr. Bryan as the candidate, however, the silver question can hardly be an issue. The money question was settled pretty definitely in 1896, and if that were not sufficient the great discoveries of gold in many of the silver states has done the business for good and all.

Non-Partisanship and Parties

The non-partisan attitude of Mayor Hibbard in Boston has resulted in the disruption of some of the Republican ward committees. Several of them have given up their headquarters because, notwithstanding the fact that Republicans cast 75 or 80 percent of Mayor Hibbard's votes last fall, the mayor has decided not to recognize any party in his appointments or his administration. The mayor has succeeded in arraying both the common council and the board of aldermen against him and the legislature has consistently turned down nearly all his petitions for legislation which he thought might assist him in the government of the city of Boston.

Of course, it is extremely hard for a mayor to accomplish very much in the face of a hostile board of aldermen and a hostile common council. It seems as if the mayor might have conciliated the Republicans in the board of aldermen and the council sufficiently to have utilized them when he needed their aid. It seems evident, however, that he is endeavoring to give the city a clean and economical administration, and if he had been more diplomatic he might probably have had the assistance of the Republican members of the city government.

The legislature is disposing of a good deal of business just now, and the probability of prorogation by June 12 is extremely bright, unless something unforeseen should come up to delay the work of the great and general court. It is fairly sure that the members who are delegates to the Chicago convention will be able to start with the Republican state delegation on June 13 for Chicago.

Boston Elevated Consolidation

Both branches have passed the bill to authorize the consolidation of the properties and franchise of the Boston Elevated Railway company and the West End Street Railway company, as petitioned for by those corporations. This measure is designed to reduce the running expenses of the two organizations and will make a large saving in office expenses. It seemed inevitable that this action should be taken at some time, since the two corporations are operated as one and have been for several years.

The measure to increase the powers of the finance commission of the city of Boston has found general favor with the legislature. This bill is designed to give the finance commission, which has been investigating the affairs of the city and which has uncovered a great many crooked transactions of past administrations, further power to further investigate, to compel witnesses to come into court, and to testify when called. It is a measure rendered necessary by the reluctance and unwillingness of men to tell the truth when summoned before the commission.

The committee on railroads has heard all parties on the New Haven-Boston and Maine merger bill and the report of the committee will now claim the attention of both branches. There seems to be a general impression at the present time that no action will be had on this measure at the present session. It is quite likely to go over to the next general court.

Very Patient.

A doctor, now eminent, was at one time serving as interne in one of the Philadelphia hospitals as well as holding his own with a coterie of rather gay friends. On a certain morning the physician awoke to find that he had sadly overslept. Sleepily donning his attire, he hastened to the hospital and soon a stalwart young Irishman claimed his attention.

"Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse.

"Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all."

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling beside the cot and laying his head on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing his eyes and listening attentively for sounds of pulmonary congestion.

A moment of silence.

"What will I be sayin', doctor?" finally asked the patient.

"Oh, say anything. Count. Count one, two, three and up, that way," murmured the physician drowsily.

"Wan, two, three, fure, five, six."

When the young doctor, with a start, opened his eyes, Pat was continuing weakly, "Tin hundred an' sixty-nine, tin hundred an' sivinty, tin hundred an' sivinty-wan."—Success.

Taken Unawares.

It is likely that the most embarrassed man in New York could be found last Monday in a Sixth avenue store. He was a mild, inoffensive looking man. He stood leaning over the balcony that surrounds the first floor of the store, looking with interest at the crowd below. Presently his eye alighted on a small boy who was being rushed from counter to counter in tow of a very large woman. Just as he looked down at the boy the boy looked up at him. Instinctively perceiving, with diabolic instinct, what would be his own youthful propensity if he occupied a similar point of vantage, the boy struck a beseeching attitude and called out in imploring accents:

"Oh, mister; please, mister, don't spit on me!"

For a man with no intention of spitting on that particular boy or any one else the situation was certainly awkwark, and the man retired in red faced confusion.—New York Times.

Queer, but True.

"For this here splurge," said the caterer, "do the guests know one another well or are they jest passin' acquaintances?"

"Oh, they are intimate friends, lifelong friends."

"Then," said the caterer, "I'll add 20 per cent to that estimate if you don't mind."

"But I do mind. Why"—

"Twenty per cent more for lifelong friends," the caterer insisted. "I'd be out of pocket otherwise. A bunch of friends at a splurge always eat a fifth more than a bunch of passin' acquaintances or strangers. Didn't you never notice that?" he concluded as he rectified the bill. "You might have noticed it from your own experience. Among strangers you're ill at ease, nervous; that takes your appetite away. But with friends you're quite at home, and you eat like a horse."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Moving Pictures.

Moving picture cameras are remarkable pieces of mechanism. The films are only three-quarters of an inch wide. These are in rolls, sometimes 800 feet long. When taking pictures the camera man reels off these rolls just as rapidly as they are unreeled when thrown upon the canvas for the spectator, at a rate of ten or twelve films a second. Moving pictures are simply a number of views thrown upon a white sheet one after another so rapidly that the eye cannot detect the intervals.

An Author Who Hated Water.

Mme. d'Arblay, better known as Miss Fanny Burney, who took such an important place in the literature of the eighteenth century, had an extraordinary and most undesirable peculiarity. She had the greatest aversion to washing and water. Sir Henry Holland was the physician who attended the gifted authoress during the last year of her life, and she confided to him that she had not washed for fifteen years.

Definite Direction.

A waiter who had been an old marine watched as long as he could bear it while his master tried to draw the stuffing through the side of a bird. "Farther aft, sir," he ventured in an embarrassing whisper; "farther aft!"

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At the End of the Lower Level.

By AZILE AIDYL.

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"My heaven!" said old Sinclair as he rose impatiently from the table and reached for his hat. "If only I was strong enough to work it I'd risk the cave-in, put up a drill there at the end of the lower level and bore through that confounded rock myself, and the timber gang c'd go to"—

The door slammed, and his daughter heard him stride on down the trail leading to the mine.

Helen did not wonder at the outburst of temper. Her father had sunk his last dollar in this mine, and now with riches—as he confidently believed—almost within his grasp the timber gang refused to work without their last month's pay.

It was impossible to "drift" without them. The mine was unsafe and liable to cave without the support of the big timbers. Sinclair was confident that once through this wall of slate which they had struck in the lower level he would find again the rich ledge which had suddenly stopped 200 feet above. Then wages would be paid with interest.

To Mason, the owner of the adjoining mine, he had said, "Any darn fool knows that a high grade four foot ledge isn't going to stop off short, as though cut in two with a saw, unless old nature's had a spasm and in twisting things about given this slate a chance to wedge itself in."

And now as he swung on down the steep trail he met Mason coming up.

"Things have come to a crisis there, I hear," said the latter, nodding his head in the direction of the mine, "and I'd like to talk to you about it before you go down.

"The miners will not work without the protection of the timbers. I believe you are nearer through that slate than you realize. I was down in the drift today, and the character of the rock is changing. It's quite possible that one more day's work would bring you to the quartz, but the men have quit and you are helpless. What I want to propose is that you let me go down there and work for two or three days. No, no," as Sinclair raised his hand to protest; "it's all right. There is less danger of a cave-in with only one drill at work. Let me try it for a couple of days anyway."

"It's exactly what I would do myself if I was equal to it," said Sinclair, "but it's a big thing for me to accept from you, Mason. If anything went wrong !"—

"Nonsense! It won't go wrong. It's only giving me a chance to prove I am right. And no one need know what I am doing. I'd a little rather you would not speak of it, particularly to—to Helen. Just a notion. And now I'd like to begin this work tonight."

Sinclair simply grasped his hand. Then together they strode down to the mine.

Everything was quiet. The pounding of the stamps had ceased. The only sign of activity was in the engine room, where the engineer was, as usual, pumping the water out of the shaft.

Sinclair motioned to him. The huge "bucket" poised at the mouth of the shaft. They stepped well on to the center, holding to the rope, and began their descent. Down, down, past the different levels, which were swallowed up in inky blackness, the bucket glided noiselessly on, the only sound being the drip-dripping of the water as it percolated through the timbers lining the shaft.

At last they came to a standstill 1,000 feet below. Sinclair reached over and pressed a button at the side of the shaft, and the entire tunnel was ablaze with electric lights, stretched along its roof.

The two men traversed the entire length of the tunnel to the end of the "stope," where the miners had ceased work a few hours before. Sinclair helped Mason to get the Burleigh into position, and then, saying he himself would remain at the engine through the night in case Mason wanted help, he walked through to the shaft and signaled to be hoisted above.

Mason worked until early morning, set off his blasts and went home for a few hours' rest. Returning at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, he saw that his work of the night before had uncovered rich gold bearing quartz. He chipped off a piece and put it in his pocket, and then, intensely excited, he pushed the car, filled with the worthless slate, along the track to the crosscut, where an enormous bulkhead support was being built with the "waste."

Mason deposited his load on the "dump" and turned to push back when he heard an appalling roar, but only for a fraction of a second, then a tremendous crash, and he felt himself hurled with terrific force against the bulkhead, and all was blank.

* * * * * * * *

Up on the hill at the Sinclair cottage Helen had just returned from her ride, but she lingered, chatting with her father and feeding Sultan his usual lumps of sugar. Suddenly they heard a dull, muffled boom.

Sinclair turned ghastly white as he exclaimed:

"My God—a cave!"

"Oh, dad, thank heaven the men quit work! There's no one in the mine."

"But there is! Mason's there!" cried Sinclair as he rapidly tightened the girth of Sultan's saddle. "He thought he could bore through that wall himself. He's been there since yesterday. He asked me not to tell you."

And the old man sprang into the saddle like a boy of sixteen and dashed down the steep trail.

Helen sank limply on the lower step of the porch. Mason to do this thing for her father—Mason, whom she had flaunted and treated with scant courtesy!

Her father's words, "He asked me not to tell you," spoke eloquently of wounded pride caused by her mocking words which had sent him away, with the command to remain away for the last three months.

And now—oh, she could not bear it! She gathered up her riding habit and ran swiftly down the trail.

When she reached the mine the entire population of the camp had gathered in excited groups near the hoist. Sinclair, ready to make the first trip down, would permit no one to go with him. Slowly the engineer lowered the old man down the shaft.

The time seemed an eternity, particularly to the tall, slim girl who stood motionless and white apart from the crowd, her eyes strained to catch the slightest vibration of the signal wire. At last came two short jerks—the signal to hoist quickly. A great sob came from the entire crowd.

"It's no use, my friends," Sinclair said, with his eyes on Helen. "The cave began in the 800 foot level and has buried everything as far as the crosscut."

"But the manhole, dad!" came through Helen's white lips.

"There is only one chance in a million that Mason was at that end of the crosscut. But if he was he would by this time have made his way through the north drift to the foot of the manhole, and then think of the climb—hundreds of feet!"

Sinclair led the way, and the anxious crowd moved on to the north end of the claim, where now existed the only egress from the lower level.

Dozens of men were ready to make the descent down the small round well, with its hundreds of feet of ladder, but Sinclair selected one of the younger, stronger men, and just as he stepped over the edge a "clip-clip" was heard. He drew back, and the crowd listened.

The sound came nearer, eager eyes peered into the dark below, and in a few moments eager hands stretched down to lift an exhausted, half fainting man to the surface. His forehead was cut, and the blood made his white face ghastly. His left arm hung limp and broken.

Helen, with a cry, pushed through the crowd to his side and oblivious of any one in the world but him whispered a word in his grimy ear.

His pale face brightened. His eyes shone as he took her hand, and, turning to Sinclair, he said: "You were right, old man. The gold is there. But I think," with a glance toward Helen, "that I as well as you have found a fortune through the lower level."

Supposing the Ax Had Fallen!

Some years ago an inquisitive medical student, while examining a guillotine in a big waxworks exhibition in London, took it into his head that the sort of yoke which fits down on the shoulders of the criminal to hold him in his place would not be sufficient to confine a person who struggled.

His curiosity on that point led him to watch till the place was empty, when he actually put himself in, letting down the yoke. He soon found, however, that he was quite unable to lift it, and it at once flashed into his mind that the sharp ax suspended over his neck might not be firmly fixed or it would fall, as it should, with a touch.

He was afraid to struggle lest the shaking should bring it down and at once deposit his head in the basket of sawdust below him, into which his eyes were of necessity steadily looking.

Having stayed some time in this plight, he was overjoyed to hear the approach of a visitor, whom he implored to release him. It was in vain.

"I'm thinking," said the gentleman, a Scottish visitor to the metropolis, to his wife, "that he must be hired to show how the thing acts, and I think we'd better not interfere."

So the luckless student was left till one of the attendants came in and made fast the ax before releasing him from his predicament. The ax was afterward removed and laid by the side of the structure to prevent future accidents.

The White Flower.

There is a lady living on a main street in a certain great city who had a window full of flowers, all in bloom. One day she answered a ring at the doorbell, to find a little girl perhaps nine years old shivering on the doorstep.

"Please, ma'am," said the waif, lifting her shy, beautiful eyes to the face above her, "will you give me a flower?" The request was such an unusual one that the lady hesitated in surprise.

"Just one little flower," pleaded the child, looking as if she were about to cry.

"Why, of course," said the lady, "you shall have a flower. Come in. You shall have a pretty red rose."

She stepped to the window where the flowers grew, but before she had cut one a light touch fell on her arm.

"Not that one, please—not a red one; that white one." And the little girl pointed to a candidum unfolding its lily petals.

"I cannot cut that one, child," said the lady gently. "Why must you have a white one? Why won't any flower do?"

"Oh, because—because it's for poor mamma. Mamma is dead, and I ran away to get some flowers." The next moment she was sobbing on the bosom of a new friend, and when she went away she carried the precious lily and other flowers to the home where death had been.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Love Tokens.

The ancient English custom of giving love tokens on the 20th of August died out many years ago. The custom was for "enamoured maydes and gentlewomen" to give to their favorite swains as tokens of love little handkerchiefs three or four inches square, with a button or tassel at each corner and a small one in the center. The finest of these favors was edged with narrow gold lace or twist and then folded up in four cross folds so that the middle might be seen. They were worn by the fortunate swains in their hats or on the breast. The favors were generally the handiwork of the "faire mayde" herself, and well she liked to work the most beautiful figures she could for her favorite suitor, but they became so much in vogue in Queen Elizabeth's time that they were sold ready made in the shops. This, of course, destroyed the romance of the custom, and hence its death.

Not Quite the Same.

A country clergyman vouches for the truth of this story. Having arrived at that point in the baptismal service where the infant's name is conferred, he said, "Name this child."

"Original Story," said the sponsor nurse.

"What do you say?" he asked in surprise.

"Original Story," she repeated in clear, deliberate tones.

"It's a very odd name, isn't it? Are you sure you want him called by the name of Original Story?"

"Original Story—that's right."

"Is it a family name?" the minister persisted.

"Named after his uncle, sir," explained the nurse.

And so as Original Story the little fellow was christened. Some weeks after this event the minister made the acquaintance of the said uncle—a farm laborer in another village—whose name was Reginald Story.—London Tatler.

Invitation Declined.

"As Shakespeare says," remarked Cassidy, who was fond of airing his "book larnin'," "what's in a name?"

"Well," replied Casey, "call me wan that Oi don't like an' Oi'll show ye."—Kansas City Newsbook.

He doubles his troubles who borrows tomorrow's.—Spanish Proverb.

DISEASE AND PAIN.

The Theory That Suffering Is Mental More Than Physical.

A great deal of alleged physical suffering is primarily mental. A great many people have "fixed ideas" of disease, pain, debility, fatigue, dread, inefficiency and unexpressible woes. Much often than we realize these can be transplanted without surgery or medication. I do not mean that they are not real sufferings. They are as real as the grave, but they are not grounded in physical infirmity, and they are not to be cured with physics. The mind becomes possessed of a conviction that a certain part of the body is infirm and imputes pain to that part in spite of all the medicine in the world. Hundreds of people refuse to get well after the physician has cured them. It is not his fault, and it is not their fault. But they have simply had disease suggested to them until they cannot think at all except upon that assumption. It is an "auto suggestion," or it is a family suggestion, and the only way to remove it is by the vigorous counter suggestion of another person. The value of a "fixed idea" of health, as being only the removal of a fixed idea of disease where there was no organic reason for it, will hardly be disputed. Yet one cannot overemphasize the multitudes that there are of these invalids sitting in padded chairs and making ready for the hearse whose trouble is primarily mental, and how many there are, again, who have a slight organic infirmity and have increased its effects a thousandfold by what we may call "household suggestion."—Max Eastman in Atlantic Monthly.

AN INSECT TRAGEDY.

The Nest the Mother Butterfly Builds For Her Young.

There is something really pathetic in the way a mother butterfly builds a nest for her children. In the first place, the little home where the eggs are deposited represents a great deal of sacrifice, for it is lined with several layers of down plucked from the mother's own soft body. The eggs having been laid carefully upon this luxurious, pretty couch, are protected by an equally pretty coverlet made of the same material.

These butterfly bedclothes are often arranged with an intricacy that is quite curious and perplexing. Sometimes a bed is made so that each separate delicate hair stands upright, thus giving the entire nest the appearance of a little brush of downy fur. Then again the eggs are laid spirally round a tiny branch, and, as the covering follows their course, the effect resembles the bushy tail of a fox, only the nest is more beautiful than the brush of the finest fox that ever roamed over country.

The building of this downy nest is the latest earthly labor of the mother butterfly, for by the time it is completed her own delicate body is denuded of its natural covering and there is nothing left for her to do but die, a sacrifice which she promptly and heroically makes in the interest of the coming butterfly generation.

Must Pension Themselves.

Domestic servants in Germany come under the law that obliges all persons below a certain income to provide for their old age. The postoffice issues cards and stamps, and one of these stamps must be dated and affixed to the card every Monday. Sometimes the employers buy the cards and stamps and show them at the postoffice each month. Sometimes they expect the servant to pay half the money required. Women who go out by the day get their stamps at the house they work in on Mondays. If a girl marries she may cease to insure and may have a sum of money toward her outfit. In that case she will receive no old age pension. But if she goes on with her insurance she will have from 15 to 20 marks ($3 to $4) a month from the state after the age of seventy.

Working His Patient.

Ambassador Wu Ting Fang was once, it is alleged, telling about a certain selfish politician. He said: "The man reminds me of a doctor of Shanghai. A mandarin came to this doctor for advice. He could not sleep, had no appetite, suffered a good deal from depression and nevertheless was taking on fat at an alarming rate. 'We'll soon put you in condition again,' said the physician. 'What you need is exercise—good, hard exercise. Four times a week you can come here and put in the morning polishing my floors.' 'But why not my own floors?' the mandarin inquired. 'Mine,' said the physician, 'are larger.' "

A Rabbit and a Whistle.

Did you know that a short, sharp whistle from the mouth would stop a rabbit? It surely does. Next time you see little Molly Cottontail leap from her burrow and make off don't shoot; just whistle. Whether from fear or curiosity I cannot tell, but she will stop still in her tracks. An antelope has been known to do likewise. An African hunter once said that the elephant is the most timid of all animals and can be frightened into a cold sweat by a mysterious noise.—New York Press.

Those Consultations.

"Why do they have consultations of physicians, pa?"

"Sometimes one doctor can think of something to operate for that hasn't occurred to the other."—Smart Set.

Not Always.

"Well," said the cannibal chief as his followers brought in the lean but plucky explorer, "who in blazes ever said 'the bravest are the tenderest'?"—Princeton Tiger.

Origin of the Jinrikisha.

Most travelers in Japan would suppose that so general a Japanese institution as the jinrikisha was of native origin, but not so. An old resident of Yokohama writes to the Kobe Chronicle: "For several years after the institution of the jinrikisha it was generally understood among foreigners in Yokohama that Mr. Goble, 'half cobbler, half missionary,' was its inventor. Mr. Goble, though a rough looking sort of man, was regarded by the foreign residents of the port as an honest, consistent missionary. I believe it was he who built the first missionary chapel in Yokohama, and as long as it lasted it was known as 'Goble's church.' He was in the habit of taking long rambles in the country and doing a little peddling business, and, if my memory serves me rightly, he gave a commission to a blacksmith either in Kawasaki (on the Tokaido, between Yokohama and Tokyo) or in Fujisawa to construct the first jinrikisha. The vehicle took at once with the Japanese, but not so among the foreigners, with whom it was some time before it became a popular means of locomotion. Mr. Goble was an American citizen."

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On Its Own Merits.

A young man who spent his summer vacation on a Maine farm says that new instances of the thrift and shrewdness of his landlady are constantly thrusting themselves upon his attention.

One day a wagon load of unexpected relatives descended on the farm, and the mistress was, as she afterward frankly said, "put to it" to provide enough food for dinner. She brought forward among other things an apple pie which seemed to the boarder far inferior to the pies she usually made. But when she served it she spoke of her reputation as a piemaker.

"They do say at the sociables that nobody's pies quite come up to mine," she remarked, with a beaming smile, "and apple pies are what you might call my specialty. I've often been asked for the recipe, but I tell 'em it's knack and judgment does it, not rule."

The pie disappeared, and then, when her guests were not as hungry as they had been, she brought forth a second pie, flaky of crust and luscious to the taste.

"Why, Aunt Mary," said the youngest of the party, a boy of twelve, "I think this pie's ever so much better than the other, and you haven't said a word about it!"

His aunt looked at him without so much as a twinkle in her eyes.

"This one will go down without praising, I reckon," she said gravely.

The Necessity of Mystery.

To be content in utter darkness and ignorance is indeed unmanly, and therefore we think that to love light and find knowledge must be always right. Yet (as in all matters before observed) wherever pride has any share in the work even knowledge and light may be ill pursued. Knowledge is good and light is good, yet man perished in seeking knowledge and the moths perish in seeking light, and if we who are crushed before the moth will not accept such mystery as is needful to us we shall perish in like manner. None but the proud will mourn over this, for we may always know more if we choose by working on, but the pleasure is, I think, to humble people in knowing that the journey is endless, the treasure inexhaustible.—"Lamps of Architecture," Ruskin.

Conversations.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, there is."

"No—that is, nothing to you."

"Come; tell me."

"I was thinking couldn't you eat your breakfast once without reading the paper."

"You know I have to hurry."

"There was a time"—

"Now, now."

"I scarcely ever see your face."

"But surely you don't object"—

"Yes, I do. It's horrid of you."

"But this is Monday morning, and"—

"Precisely. It's Monday morning, and you know I like to look at the advertisements on Monday morning."—New York Herald.

Needed, Too, Apparently.

Teacher—Now, what do you understand by brain work?

Boy—When a man works with his head.

Teacher—Correct. And what is manual labor?

Boy—When a man works with his hands.

Teacher—That's right. To which of these classes do I belong when I teach you? What do I use most in teaching you?

Boy—A strap.

A Series of Failures.

A coroner's jury in Ireland delivered the following verdict on the sudden death of a merchant who had recently failed in business:

"We, the jury, find from the new doctor's statement that the deceased came to his death from heart failure superinduced by business failure, which was caused by speculation failure, which was the result of failure to see far enough ahead."

Fearful Tortures.

Some years ago I was a teacher in Afghanistan, and during my stay in that country I was often an unwilling witness of some horrible exhibitions of torture. Here is one they use in the case of women to extract testimony. It consists in prying off the finger nails by means of a small chisel or brad awl, which is shoved in slowly, but firmly, from the finger tip downward under the quick of the nail, which is then lifted up and out.

This is another that I once saw used in the case of a small child who would not own up to some petty theft: Sticks were thrust between its fingers and the fingers then squeezed together, so that the sticks crushed into the bones. So much for women and children. Here is a method of eliciting information from an unwilling man: The culprit is stripped to the waist, and then boiling oil is flicked on to his back. This seldom fails to find the man's tongue.

The above are the chief forms of "fahana," or torture, for the purpose of eliciting information, but it must be stated that such inflictions as nipping of noses, tearing out tongues or splitting eyeballs do not come under the heading of "fahana," they being punishments rather than tortures.—London Standard.

Duchesse and Anarchist.

Upon one occasion the Duchesse d'Uzes and Louise Michel met at the bedside of a poor sick woman whom they were mutually aiding. They met here frequently for a brief period. The woman died. Louise Michel, who was present at the death, wrote to the duchesse: "Madame—Our poor friend is dead. I have looked among her few belongings for a souvenir for you. Here is a small piece of passementerie done by her hands. Accept it." A few days afterward Mme. la Duchesse d'Uzes, nee Mortemart, went to the home of Louise Michel, the anarchist—a bizarre abode at Levallois where the poor found always both a good word and a piece of bread—to thank the "red virgin" for her letter and her gift. A friendship so was cemented between the oddly assorted pair that was later not without result in the operation of the most gigantic charity of the Duchesse d'Uzes—Boulangerism.—Harper's Bazar.

A Queer Transaction.

Sir Arthur Sullivan discovered at Monte Carlo one time that certain restaurant proprietors had a way of regulating their charges with the appearance and standing of their customers. When lunching alone, Sir Arthur was in the habit of frequenting one particular place where he knew to a centime what the prices were.

One day there sat at the table adjoining his own a wealthy Russian nobleman. Upon asking for his bill the composer found that the prices were exorbitantly high. He sent for the proprietor and demanded an explanation.

The man, an Italian, recognized Sir Arthur as an influential client and was profuse in his apologies. He explained that the mistake lay with the cashier. Going over the items to which exception was taken, the proprietor said: "The couvert I take him off directly, and the butter I charge him to the grand duke. He not notice it."

The idea of charging to the grand duke an item against whose extortionate price another customer protested always struck the great composer as a decidedly humorous way of getting out of the difficulty.

His Merit Card.

Mother (surprised) — Why, Johnny, how did you happen to get the merit card for good behavior at school this week? Small Johnny—It was like this, mamma. Harry Jones won it, and I told him if he didn't give it to me I'd punch him.—Hebrew Standard.

The Change.

Reddy (putting down a gold piece)—Ticket for Del Monte. Ticket Clerk—Change at Castroville if you take this train. Reddy—I'll wait, then, for I want my change right here, uncle.—Monterey Gossip.

Moslem Architecture.

The moslem architecture at Agra and Delhi, so splendid, yet so short lived, is so distinctive of a dynasty and so alien to the country as to be chiefly significant of the influence of the west on the east and stands alike in its permanence and in its feeling or ideality in remarkable contrast to all that was before it, is around it and has come after it. It is indeed curious how young India is in art and how old in her literature, her customs and her social framework. There is no social institution surviving in Greece or Italy that can in respect of age or of interest compare with the Hindoo castes, and there are no buildings or monuments in India that can boast an antiquity equal to much that can be found in the Latin and even in the Teutonic countries of Europe. Only a few of the ruder and smaller rock temples go behind the Christian era, the greater and more elaborate belonging to a more recent date, and it is but what the later history would lead us to expect when we find as regards recently recovered Buddhist sculptures that a sense of form begins to appear just as Greek influences become active in India, though the imitations stand at an immense distance from the originals.—Contemporary Review.

Origin of Yankee Pronunciation.

It was these historic Suffolk families who in the seventeenth century took over with them to America the peculiar Suffolk pronunciation out of which has developed the modern seminasal Yankee twang.—London Spectator.

Very Sharp.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, if the earth were empty on the inside, what could we compare it to? Johnny—A razor, ma'am. Teacher—A razor? Johnny—Yes, ma'am; because it would be hollow ground.

The Hard Knocks.

"This old world at best is only an anvil and life a sort of Plutonian blacksmith, that, with varying blows, strikes us into form. The blow that hurts us most may shape us best."

Deeply Affecting.

"And when," said Mrs. Nuvoreesh, "those French pheasants came by singing the Mayonnaise it was too deeply touching for words."—Success Magazine.

Wisdom.

Neighbor—Do you think your sister is in love with Mr. Simpkins? Little Dora—Of course not. She allows us children to remain in the parlor when he calls.—Exchange.

Had Lifted One.

"Pa, these burglars that blew up a store"—

"Go on."

"Are they shoplifters?"—Kansas City Times.

Yes and No.

"Are you able to keep a cook?"

"Financially, yes; diplomatically, no."—Washington Herald.

What the Jury Thought.

During a trial for assault in Melbourne a club, a rail, an ax handle, a knife and a shotgun were exhibited as the instruments with which the deed was done. It was also shown that the assaulted man defended himself with a scythe, a revolver, a pitchfork, a chisel, a hand saw and a dog. The jury decided that they'd have given a sovereign apiece to have seen the fight.

A Dainty Combination.

"You can't tell," said uncle to us; "you can't tell. Feller I know that's a aesthetic artist—know what he does? He smokes chewin' terbaccer in a pipe that's made of rubber. Honest, he does. An' he claims his health is delicut!"—Cleveland Leader.

Johnnie's Choice.

Barber—How do you want the little fellow's hair cut, Mr. Balder? Johnnie Balder—I want mine cut like papa's, with a hole on top.—Yorkshire Post.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect December 16, 1907.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m., 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9 32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11 00 p m) SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Sunday, January 5, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6 52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

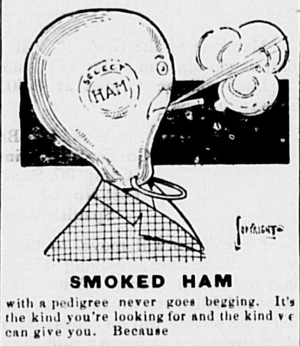
Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10 37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8 37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn January 3, 1908.



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Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 1.15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7.15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9 30, †10.00, †10.30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 55, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11.15 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

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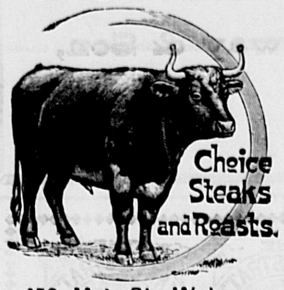

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Notice To Patrons,

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5 30, 5.45, 6 00, 6 30, 6 45, 7 00, 7.30 A M. and every 30 minutes until 10 30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5 20, 5.50, 6.05, 6 20, 6,50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5 40, 6.10, 6.25, 6 40, 7.10, 7 25, 7.40, 8.10 A M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7 00. 7.30, 7.45, 8 00, 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6 50, 7.05, 7 20, 7.50, 8 05, 8.20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11 50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6 40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6 30, 7 30, 8 00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6 50, 7.50, 8.20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10 10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect December 16, 1907

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55 †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23 †10.21, †10.53, §11.01, †11.38 a. m., §12.05, †12.59 †2.00, §2.00, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.26, †5.02 †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.
LOWELL— †6.24, †8.22, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, §5.26, †6.42, §9.27, §11.02, †10.59, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2-26 †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, *Pas. Traf. Mgr.* C. M. BURT, *Gen. Pass. Ag*

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

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BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works. North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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Saving the Company.

By CARLETON HAZZARD.

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After a long line of incompetent stenographers Bradley congratulated himself when Alice Fuller took her place at the typewriter desk, and as though by magic the crooked places were made straight.

So quietly did the girl slip into the routine of the office and so unostentatiously did she accomplish results that Arthur Bradley did not realize all that she was doing. He had only the pleasant feeling that at last the office was running straight, and, manlike, he took the credit to himself.

It had been a struggle to get the office going at all, for the firm was in opposition to the trust, and everything possible was done to break up the newly established branch office.

More than once Bradley had narrowly escaped some trap laid for him, but for every blow struck at him he gave back as good. The letters from the home office were encouraging and intimated that if he would round out the first year there would be an increase of salary as well as the present of a block of stock.

The biggest feather in his cap was when the home office turned over to him the task of securing a contract for some $2,000,000 worth of material.

"Such big contracts are usually handled from the home office," he explained to Alice Fuller as he gave her the letter with instructions to place it in the private letter file in the safe. "If they turn this matter over to me it is a sign that they have faith in my judgment. It's going to be a ticklish matter to figure on all that material at a price that will be low enough to capture the contract and still give us as much of a profit as possible."

"They probably realize that you are close to the contract, and they know that they can trust you," answered Alice. "It shows that this branch is becoming important."

She went quietly about her work, but there was a happy light in her eyes, for she was as much pleased at this sign of confidence as was Bradley himself.

Alice was not a girl of impulses, but she had come to have more than a liking for Bradley, and she took a pride in his success.

The week that followed was a busy one. Bradley figured far into the night on the problems of cost, and each morning he gave to Alice the results of his work, to be tabulated on the machine and filed in the safe until the figures should be complete. It was weary work with all the specifications and blanks, but at last the estimate was complete, and Bradley took it on to New York in person for the approval of the home office.

He was jubilant on his return. The president of the company had congratulated him on the excellence of his work and had hinted that the new London office might be opened soon with Bradley in charge.

But the jubilation was short lived, for two days later a long letter came from the New York office instructing the branch to alter the estimates in accordance with a set of figures some 10 per cent in advance of the original estimate.

"Here's a job for you," growled Bradley as he took the paper to Alice's desk. "I'll have to do as the home office says, but it's throwing away the contract and my chance of promotion."

"Are you certain that it is the order of the New York office?" asked Alice as she took up the sheets. "You know that this contract will mean a great deal to the trust if they are able to take it away from us. It means a great deal more to us to retain it."

"That's just it," complained Bradley. "They know that if we lose this contract we lose our fight for an independent existence and shall have to sell out to the trust at their own price. If we get it, it will mean that we can beat them and hold our own. Yet they raise my figures."

"And it would be worth a great effort to beat us," went on Alice. "Suppose that the trust people had some one planted in the home office who could copy the figures and send them to the trust officers. Suppose, too, that they supplied the people with our letter heads and envelopes. We would be unsuspicious and change the bid in accordance with instructions, only to find out that we had been duped after the bids had been opened and the contract awarded to the trust. I think you will find that they have bid only slightly lower than this, but much higher than your original figures."

"That's possible," admitted Bradley. "I'll wire the home office and find out."

"And warn the traitor in the office that his plans have been discovered?" reminded Alice. "They will then bid below your figures and get the contract anyway. It would be best to hold on and take chances by yourself. It will be the only way to hold the contract."

"If I only could be sure," exclaimed Bradley. "But I can't act on mere guesswork."

"This is something more than guesswork," insisted Alice. "In the first place, this letter is mailed from the Madison square station. That is in the building in which the trust has its main office. Our letters all come from the Wall street station, four or five miles away and nearest our office. They are using the same make of typewriter President Hammond's stenographer uses, but it is not the same machine. On the letters from our office there is a piece broken from the cross of every 't.'"

"I think you are right!" cried Bradley as he compared two letters. "We'll pop in the original estimate, and when they come to open the bids out our trust friends will have a dozen fits."

"But answer this letter and say that changes have been made in the bid in accordance with instructions and that the bid has been submitted," directed Alice. "Then the traitor will not become alarmed and notify the trust to put in the lower bid."

"You're the general," cried Bradley admiringly. "I am only the second in command until this is straightened out. Do just as you please."

That evening a letter went to the home office reporting that the changes had been made as directed, but Bradley personally took to the office of the contracting company the original bid.

Two days later a long telegram arrived from the head office demanding the explanation of the changes to which Bradley made reference. It was Alice who wrote the telegram in reply, explaining what those changes were, and who wrote the second message declaring it to be impossible to alter the bid to the old figures, as they directed by wire.

The next morning President Hammond stamped into the office shortly after Bradley had come in.

"I came out on the fast train to see what it all means," he cried. "You have ruined the company by letting yourself be fooled in this fashion."

For reply Bradley brought out the letter he had received. It startled Hammond, for beyond question it was on the paper of the company and not on a cheap imitation. He sighed as he laid it down.

"I suppose that you cannot be blamed," he said dispiritedly, "but it means that the company is smashed by a trick of the trust."

"Not yet," declared Bradley, with a laugh. "Miss Fuller's quick eyes saw through the trick. We took a chance and put in the original bid. I think you will find that we are the lowest bidders, for the trust felt safe in keeping up their bid."

"If we win, you can have the London office next month," declared Hammond.

"Excuse me a moment," said Bradley as he slipped out to the outer office.

"It's a go," he announced beamingly. "Miss Fuller says that she will come—as Mrs. Bradley."

"Rather sudden?" asked Hammond.

"It's sudden only in the recent realization that I have loved her ever since she came into the office," explained Bradley. "It took this crisis to force the fact home."

Alice looked in at the doorway.

"The Wallington people telephone that your estimate has won the contract," she reported demurely, and to her great embarrassment Bradley kissed her under the approving eyes of the president of the company.

"We've tricked the tricky trust," he cried, "and we're going to London on our honeymoon."

"On my yacht," added the president. "We can't do too much for the girl whose clever brain saved the company. You're a lucky man, Bradley."

"Don't I know it?" cried Bradley. "I knew it first."

Lungs and Long Life.

One of the most remarkable cases of longevity on record was that of an Englishman born in 1483, whose delicate appearance made all the doctors give him up when he was in the cradle. His chest was so narrow, says the report, that he seemed to have difficulty in breathing. Well, this young moribund, condemned by the doctors to die in short order, died in 1651 at the age of 169. He saw the reign of ten kings. Secundi Hango, consul of Venice at Smyrna, measured only fifty-seven centimeters around the chest, and one of his lungs was diseased. Nevertheless he lived to the age of 115 years. He was married five times and had forty-nine children. When he was 100 years old he got his wisdom teeth. When he was 110 his hair turned black again. At 112 his eyebrows and his beard turned black.

Lucky In One Way.

"The late Valerian Gribayedoff," said a Chicago art editor, "was one of the first American newspaper sketch artists. On that account he leaves behind him a famous name. As Gribayedoff said himself the last time I visited him in Paris, his fame was due not to his great artistic skill, but to his luck in coming first. And he added, with a laugh, that it was always lucky to come early and avoid the rush, instancing the case of a restaurant on the Boule Mich, in the Latin quarter, where a young poet had a large tureen of soup spilled over his coat one evening. The waiter, in response to the savage outcries of the poet, said good naturedly:

"'Oh, well, you needn't alarm yourself, sir. There's no harm done. Our soup never stains after half past 7.'"

All In Red.

The playwrights over their supper of lobster boasted. "I," said the greatest of them, with a complacent glance at the two pure pearls in his shirt front, "decree the color of every actress' frock."

"That is carrying the regard for detail too far," said a playwright who had failed.

"Not a bit of it," said the other. "If I didn't decide on the color of the dresses the stage manager would. Why, that must always be done. Otherwise, in their overmastering desire to draw all eyes to themselves, every actress would wear bright red. In my first play the frocks were forgotten in the general excitement, and at the first dress rehearsal all six actresses came on in the discovery scene in scarlet gowns."—New York Press.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

George Marshall, a philanthropist who always kept a sharp lookout never to be wasteful, decided to go for a week's camping, taking as his guests some ragged street urchins. One morning he used the bits of meat left from the evening before and made hash for breakfast. There was some left over, which he concluded to reheat and serve again at noon.

"Johnnie, will you have some hash?" he asked one lad.

"Bet your life," replied the lad, who was constitutionally hungry.

"Peter, pass your plate for some hash"—to another freckled nosed lad.

"Not if I knows it," was the unexpected reply.

"I thought you liked hash from the way you ate it this morning," replied Mr. Marshall.

"I did like it for breakfast," said the lad, "but none of yer review of reviews for me for dinner."—Lippincott's Magazine.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

Waste and Carelessness That Enrich Uncle Sam.

"If we waste other things the way we do stamps," said a stamp clerk the other day, "we Americans are just about the most wasteful people on the face of the earth.

"Uncle Sam is much more than half a million dollars in pocket every year as a result of carelessness in the use of stamps. The government never loses anything by such carelessness and always gains.

"How many stamps do you put loose in a drawer of your desk or in a corner of your pocketbook and never think of again until you come across them, aged and torn, while rummaging about months later? Then they are tossed into the wastebasket.

"Lots of people are careless about putting stamps on envelopes and paper wrappers. The result is that often before the stamp has been canceled it has fallen off and the letter is held up at the other end of the line until postage is paid.

"A great many more folks put on too much postage. They slap on two or three stamps to a package that requires only one. They are too busy or too indolent to take the trouble to have the package weighed and find out how much postage the package requires.

"If too little postage is put on a letter, Uncle Sam simply holds it up at the other end until the postage due has been paid. But if too much is put on Uncle Sam simply pockets the excess to which he is not entitled and says nothing."—Chicago Tribune.

WATCH THE CELLAR.

If Not Clean It Is a Breeding Place For Sickness.

Underground cellars ought to be done away with. They are relics of a dark age. More sickness originates in them, physicians claim, than anywhere else about the place. They cannot be kept in sanitary condition while vegetables are constantly decaying there. The place for a cellar is above ground and outside the dwelling. Leave the basement for the furnace, the coal bin and a general storeroom. An above ground cellar is more convenient in every way. Your vegetables can be stored with less than half the labor when you do not have to go up and down stairs with them. You can keep an above ground cellar clean with but little trouble, while the underground one, being difficult to get at, will be neglected nine times out of ten and allowed to become a source of infection to the family above it.

Ventilation and temperature are much more controllable in such a building than in an old fashioned underground cellar, which obliges the housewife to use up so much strength in climbing stairs. Locate it convenient to the kitchen, with which it can be connected in winter by an inclosed passageway. Watch the cellar. Remember, the doctor who immediately asked, when called to treat a case of typhoid fever, if there was decaying cabbage in the cellar. There was. Keep the cellar sweet and clean and see that it is frequently aired.—Suburban Life.

A Mountain of Alum.

In China, twelve and a half miles from the village of Liouchek, there is a mountain of alum which in addition to being a natural curiosity is a source of wealth for the inhabitants of the country, who dig from it yearly tons of alum. The mountain is not less than ten miles in circumference at its base and has a height of 1,940 feet. The alum is obtained by quarrying large blocks of stone, which are first heated in great furnaces and then in vats filled with boiling water. The alum crystallizes out and forms a layer about six inches in thickness. This layer is subsequently broken up into blocks weighing about ten pounds each.

Travel as Teacher.

"Travel forms the young" is a French proverb. So it does, and it also helps a teacher to become formative. Travel is good for teachers professionally, because travel is a teacher itself. But travel is good for everybody who is hale and sane. "There's fools o' fowk what never haves their toes off their doorsteps, little brother," a gypsy said to me forty years ago. I am glad I have never been one of those.—J. H. Yoxall, M. P., in T. P.'s Weekly.

Not Superstitious.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked the man who resents all superstition.

"No, suh," answered Erastus Pinkley. "An' all I's hopin' is dat dem ghos'es will lemme stay dat way 'stid o' comin' aroun' tryin' to convince me."—Washington Star.

A Different Proposition.

Pompous Director (hotly)—Why did you refuse to give my son a fair chance to show what he could do? Don't you believe in introducing young blood in the business? Superintendent—I do, but not young bloods.—Puck.

Out of the Usual.

"I have something novel in the way of a melodrama."

"State your case."

"The blacksmith is a rascal, while the banker is as honest as the day is long!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Outspoken.

Mrs. Garrulous—I was outspoken in my sentiments at the club this afternoon. Her Husband—I can't believe you. Who outspoke you, my dear?—London Mail.

Happy is the man who does all the good he talks of.—Italian Proverb.

At Home.

"He was perfectly at home at the banquet."

"Why, he didn't have a word to say."

"Well, that's being perfectly at home for him."—Houston Post.

Won a Smile.

Attractive Young Lady—I should like "The Wide, Wide World." Chivalrous Bookseller—Were it mine, miss, I would willingly give it to you.—Pathfinder.

Sided With Father.

"There is a little chap in our town," said the suburbanite, "whose father and mother have words quite frequently, and have them loud enough to be heard by the neighbors. The burden of their recriminations when audible is, on the wife's part, that she ever lowered the Hicks family sufficiently to marry a Stubbs, and on his part that he ever honored the Hicks family by allying it with the house of Stubbs.

"One day last summer the young son of the house went fishing. He had barely got his line into the brook when he heard his mother calling him.

"'There it is,' said he disgustedly; 'the minute the Stubbses begin to fish the Hickses begin to holler.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Lesson In Thrift.

A lesson in thrift is found in the advice given by Congressman John E. Andrus to a young man for whom he had secured a minor appointment in the capitol at Washington. Meeting the young fellow in the capitol, he placed a hand on his shoulder and remarked:

"William, you are just beginning your life. Let me give you a bit of sound advice: When you leave your boarding house in the morning never take more than 30 cents in your pockets, enough perhaps for your luncheon and for car fare. You will then not be tempted to spend more than you can afford."—Yonkers Statesman.

Unchanging Man.

Mortal man offers but little difference in spite of the diversity of race and climate, and in analyzing the Egyptian we almost find ourselves reproduced. Intellectual man also manifests a singular identity of aspiration and belief from the Nile to the Ganges and from the Eurotas to the Arno.—Mercure de France.

Some Grains of Luck.

"Is your husband having any luck at the race track?"

"Some luck," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "He hasn't caught cold nor had his pockets picked."—Washington Star.

A True Patriot.

"Johnny, what's a patriot?"

"A boy who'd radder miss seein' de game dan go in on a ball knocked over de fence by de visitin' team."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not Entirely One.

"And so they were made one."

"Oh, I don't know. I believe she still has a mind of her own."

The Romance of Buried Pictures.

A romantic story of a picture purchased at a London auction which on expert examination proved to be painted over a Rembrandt worth £8,000 is curiously reminiscent of the discovery of a Correggio under similar circumstances. A good many years ago two picture restorers, Lovera and Hunterspergh, bought at an art sale in Rome a number of old pictures in order to provide themselves with canvases for repainting. In the division of the spoils Hunterspergh received an indifferent picture of flowers, on which he painted a study of a head. This picture he offered to Lovera, who on close examination found that the new ground scaled off and that underneath were traces of a figure painted in a style that denoted the hand of a master. Replacing the scales and concealing his discovery, he purchased the picture for little more than the value of the canvas. Removing the two grounds, he disclosed an exceedingly clever painting by Correggio, which he sold to the Earl of Bristol for £1,500.—Dundee Advertiser.

Dogs of Luxury.

The appearance of little dogs as objects of luxury goes back to the most ancient times. Documents are not wanting that go to show that Greek and Roman women had little dogs which were idolized by their mistresses. Even men, particularly among foreigners, were not ashamed to walk the streets of Rome with pet dogs under their arms. Speaking of this subject, Plutarch relates that Julius Caesar, seeing one day in Rome some strangers thus loaded with their dogs, asked them ironically whether the women of their country did not bear children. Tertia, the daughter of Lucius Aurelius Paulus, was so fond of her dog that in the moment of bidding farewell to her father, who was about to leave his country and his family to wage war against Perseus, king of Macedonia, she frankly admitted that the sadness imprinted on her face was due to the death of her pet dog Persa. In Europe the greyhounds were the first favorites of women during the middle ages.—Boston Post.

Youth and Advice.

Naturally youth doesn't listen to advice. One has to make mistakes for forty or fifty years before one begins to suspect that such things are possible.—Indianapolis News.

A Hair Dressing

If you wish a high-class hair dressing, we are sure Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, will greatly please you. It keeps the hair soft and smooth, makes it look rich and luxuriant, prevents splitting at the ends. And it keeps the scalp free from dandruff.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says

At the same time the new Ayer's Hair Vigor is a strong hair tonic, promoting the growth of the hair, keeping all the tissues of the hair and scalp in a healthy condition. The hair stops falling, dandruff disappears. A splendid dressing.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

A POOR GROCER.

Audubon's Lame Attempt to Succeed as a Merchant.

It is not generally remembered that the worldwide reputation of Audubon as a naturalist incidentally is due to his failure to establish himself permanently as a Missouri grocery merchant and dealer in the best brands of Kentucky whisky.

In 1810 he and Ferdinand Rozier of St. Genevieve loaded a keel boat at Louisville, Ky., with 310 barrels of whisky and groceries and started down the Ohio and Mississippi to St. Genevieve to open a grocery store. The trip was made during the winter, and the streams were so full of ice that the boat was drawn up against the bank and winter quarters were established just below Cape Girardeau. When St. Genevieve was reached, after the opening of navigation, the firm of Audubon & Rozier opened their store and did a prosperous business. But the business was done by Rozier, for Audubon preferred the woods to the counter and devoted more of his time to sketching and stuffing birds than he did to marketing the 310 barrels of Kentucky bourbon or any other groceries. This led to a dissolution of the partnership. On April 11, 1811, Audubon, convinced of his unfitness for business, sold out to Rozier and took up the work for which he was better fitted than any one who had lived before or who has lived since and from a fourth rate grocer became the great ornithologist. The grocery business which Audubon abandoned grew until finally it "extended throughout all of upper Louisiana."—Kansas City Star.

A WOMAN OF QUICK WIT.

Susan B. Anthony Never Lacked a Ready Reply.

Few lives so lend themselves to dramatic narration as Susan B. Anthony's, says the Delineator. It ranged from tragedy to comedy, with scattered bits of melodrama, she ever in the center of the stage. With her everything was always intensely realistic—not acting.

Miss Anthony had a peculiar faculty of condensing a whole speech into a single sentence. For instance, when she heard men lamenting that the profession of teacher was not respected as much as the other professions, "Do you not see that so long as society says woman has not brains enough to be a doctor, lawyer or minister, but has plenty to be a teacher, every man of you who condescends to teach tacitly admits before all Israel and the sun that he has no more brains than a woman?" And when Horace Greeley said to her at Albany, "You know the ballot and bullet go together—if you vote, are you ready to fight?" instantly she retorted, "Yes, Mr. Greeley, just as you fought in the late war—at the point of a goose quill!" Again, when she was talking on divorce and the Rev. A. D. Mayo, thinking to annihilate her, said, "You are not married; you have no business to be discussing marriage," "Well, Mr. Mayo," she answered, "you are not a slave; suppose you quit lecturing on slavery!"

His Support.

A young colored man in Washington who passed with credit a civil service examination was immediately certified for appointment to the treasury department. His old mother, a darky of the antebellum type, insisted upon accompanying him to witness his taking of the oath of office. When the official charged with the swearing in of the new clerk put to him the usual formula with reference to "supporting the constitution of the United States" the old lady's eyes were seen to bulge with astonishment. But she said nothing till she and her son were outside, when, turning to him, she solemnly observed:

"I didn't wanter say nothin' in there, Joe, but 'deed, honey, I don't see how youse goin' to suppote de United States when you ain't been able till now to suppote your folkses."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Bird Structure.

Birds belong to the vertebrates, or backboned animals. They are distinguished from the rest of the vertebrates by the graceful outlines of their bodies, by their clothing of feathers, toothless jaws and the fore limbs, or wings, being adapted to flying. Nature has made many wonderful provisions in the bird, especially in the formation and arrangement of the bones. These are compact and in many cases hollow, thus combining lightness with strength. The first bone of the backbone is so freely jointed to the skull that birds can turn their heads around and look directly back.

Alms From a Tomb.

A remarkable custom which has been uninterruptedly in force for 300 years is yearly observed at Ideford, a secluded parish a few miles from Chudleigh. It is that of picking up alms from the donor's tomb in the churchyard. The rector and churchwarden stand at one end of the tomb, upon the flat top of which they place coins. The recipients of the charity come up one by one to the other end of the tomb and pick up the money.—London Standard.

They're All Old.

"I am about," said the speaker, "to tell a story which I believe is new to most of you."

"Gee," interrupted a little man at the end of the banquet hall, "that fellow would believe anything!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Spell This.

Some of you who think you are well up in spelling just try to spell the words in this little sentence:

"It is agreeable to witness the unparalleled ecstasy of two harassed peddlers endeavoring to gauge the symmetry of two peeled pears."

Read it over to your friends and see how many of them can spell every word correctly. The sentence contains some of the real puzzlers of the spelling book.

Too Good a Chance to Miss.

He (indignantly)—They have put us in a back pew this morning. Why, I wonder? She (calmly)—They probably noticed that I wore a dowdy hat and that I shouldn't care to have it seen!

A BURMESE RAT TRAP.

The Rodents Will Eagerly Enter It and Cannot Get Out.

Rats may readily be induced to jump or drop into any receptacle, especially if it affords them adequate concealment, and they do this without one lingering suspicion of their inability to reach the only existing outlet when the time for retreat approaches.

Thus traps on this principle may readily be designed and are obviously preferable to our rat traps where the animals are numerous.

In Burma, where the rats are a perfect pest, they use a jar trap, which is thus described by a traveler:

"The common Pegu jar I used was about one and a half or two feet deep and fourteen or fifteen inches broad, and a hole was punched in the shoulder just large enough for a rat to enter.

"There was about six or seven inches of paddy (rice in husk) in the jar, which was then buried to within about eight inches of the top. The mouth of the jar was then closed with a board and a stone.

"A quantity of old timber joists and straw were in the outhouse and no end of rat holes everywhere around."

With this contrivance he caught seventy-two rats in one night. The rats can readily enter, but they cannot climb the smooth sides of the jar to escape.—London Family Herald.

A FIREPROOF TREE.

The Chaparro, One of South America's Natural Curiosities.

On the vast plains of Colombia and the north of South America, called savannas, which are parched with heat except during the rainy season, there is one of the greatest of natural curiosities, a tree called the chaparro, which is fireproof.

It is the custom of the Colombian herdsmen to clear the ground by means of fire for the new vegetation, which springs up so luxuriantly in these regions after the rainy season. But not even the intense heat of a prairie fire affects the chaparro tree. It survives the flames to afford a welcome shade in an otherwise treeless country.

It is a small tree, seldom growing to more than twenty feet in height, with a girth of about three feet. It owes its curious immunity from fire to the nature of its hard, thick bark. The bark lies on the trunk in loose layers, which do not readily conduct heat to the more delicate parts of the structure.

The natives believe that this tree grows only where gold is abundant in the soil below, and it certainly is common in auriferous districts.—Westminster Gazette.

False Hair.

False hair was first regularly worn in England by Queen Elizabeth, who had upward of fifty wigs of different kinds for her private use. After her death a few women adopted the French fashion of wearing wigs, but it was not until the restoration that wigs, or, more correctly speaking, periwigs, came to be extensively worn by the sterner sex. These were introduced in the court of Louis XIV., where a natural head of hair was not considered sufficiently luxuriant for the artificial tastes of the times. The term "periwig" is a corruption of the French perruque. Wigs were originally adopted not as a remedy for baldness, but in the interest of personal cleanliness. The laws of ancient Egypt compelled all males to shave the head and beard. This explains why turbans were not worn by the Egyptians, the bushy artificial hair being regarded as a sufficient protection against the heat of the sun. The Romans, on the contrary, wore wigs because they were naturally bald.—St. Louis Republic.

What Displeased Him.

Two hunters were making their way across a lush meadow after a rain. The ground was moist and soggy, but their feet by quick stepping could be prevented from sinking more than ankle deep.

Suddenly the one in advance disappeared up to his neck in a narrow stream that, owing to the luxuriant growth on the bank, he had observed only as he stepped into it. With difficulty he pulled himself out and began wringing the water from his garments.

"Well, darn a country," he remarked, with feeling, "where they set their creeks up edgewise and hide 'em in the grass."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Dreamers.

There was never so much need for real dreamers as there is today. The business man, caring only for "his beef, his beer and his pew in eternity," will laugh scornfully and want to know how his balance sheet would appear did he give way to dreaming, forgetting that his operations originated years ago in the vaguest visions; also that happiness is not a necessary compliment of a heavy cash box.—London Academy.

Can't Afford Him Now.

Lily Bell—No, Rufus, Ah cain't marry yo' jest yet awhile. Y'll hab to wait. Rufus—Why for mus' I wait, Lily Bell? Lily Bell—'Cause three of the families mammy washes for done quit her, an' now she sca'cely makes 'nough to support me an' paw.—Judge.

The Source Told All.

"What'd Jimmy give yer fer yer birthday?"

"This here brass ring."

"How'd yer know it ain't nothin' but brass?"

"He give it ter me."—Cleveland Leader.

There are nettles everywhere, but the smooth, green grasses are more common still.—Mrs. Browning.

An Electric Dance.

Take a pane of glass—a broken one will do—and secure it by placing the ends between the leaves of two large books, letting the glass be two inches from the table. Cut from lightweight writing paper, or, better still, from tissue paper, dolls, dogs and other figures. Place them on the table beneath the glass. Rub the glass vigorously with a silk handkerchief, and the figures will cut all kinds of antics.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1908

NATIONAL CONVENTION.

In one week from next Tuesday, June 16, the Republicans of this Nation will assemble at Chicago, by delegates, to place in nomination candidates for President and Vice-President. It will take about three days to do the work.

The nomination of Secretary of War Taft for head of the ticket is a foregone conclusion. He will, no doubt, be nominated on the first ballot—at least that is what his campaign managers say, and they ought to know.

Fairbanks, it is more than likely, will be chosen for a second term. There is some talk in Massachusetts Republican circles about nominating Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., for Vice President; but it is more complimentary than in earnest, so they say in Boston, and lightning will hardly be likely to strike him this year.

The managers have got the platform to be adopted by the convention about completed, and reports say every plank in it is sound.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Beginning with religious services at First church on Sunday, May 24; continuing with patriotic exercises at the High school on Friday, May 29; and ending with the usual ceremonies on Saturday, May 30; the Memorial Day season in Woburn passed off in a manner that appeared to satisfy the public. Business houses were closed all day.

A closer approach to the true spirit—the intent and meaning—of the anniversary seemed to have prevailed than in years past, something which the Grand Army of the Republic have long been striving to bring about. Reports from other Memorial Day exercises indicated that a change of sentiment in this respect had set in elsewhere.

With Post and Auxiliaries dinners, speeches and music the Day ended happily for all concerned.

☞ Judging from a careful perusal of the work of the Legislature performed last week, it looks as though the Woburn Progress League's scheme for a Horn Pond boulevard has met with a headflaw that will prove fatal to it. President Mendum and Secretary Pierce, aided by His Honor, Mayor Blodgett, have labored hard for its accomplishment, but, from present appearances, all in vain. The Committee on Ways and Means reported a plan, which has been adopted, for finishing the boulevard and State road work now in hand which, with the conditions attached, will keep the Park Commissioners busy, and prevent the commencement of new work, for several years to come. This is a severe blow to the aims and desires of the Progress League.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

H. C. Shaw—Mort. Sale.
W. H. H. Tuttle—Reader.

— Yesterday was as grand a June day as ever laid outdoors.

— Workmen are engaged in installing the new pump at the station.

— Graduating exercises of the grammar schools are to take place June 24.

— Several members of Class '08 of the W. H. S. will enter colleges this fall.

— Last Sunday the weather was a plenty hot for comfort—80-odd in the shade.

— Mrs. Florence Conn of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Clara Stetson.

— Mr. A. A. Persons, the veteran shoemaker, has been ill at his home for some little time past.

— Capt. John P. Crane, one of our best citizens, will go to Poland Springs, Maine, in about a month.

— Mr. B. A. Tripp, the undertaker, is just now recovering from his second attack of grip since last fall.

— More than 1000 people attended the Celtic Association annual picnic at Pinehurst on Memorial Day.

— Last week Friday Fred West graduated from the Harvard Medical School and is now a full fledged M. D.

— Postmaster Wyer has been appointed custodian of the Federal street site for the new government building.

— The Ladies Guild of Trinity Parish will hold a lawn party on June 17, "Bunker Hill Day," from 6 to 10 in the afternoon.

— The Senior Class of the High School are to hold their postgraduate reception in Lyceum Hall on the evening of June 29.

— The First Congregational church will hold their annual picnic Saturday, June 20, at Millikin's grove, Silver Lake, Wilmington.

— Druggist Brooks keeps for sale a great variety of choice flowers, a fact that should be borne in mind by managers of June nuptials.

— Mr. Frank T. Buchanan is Superintendent of the Blue Hill Division of the Old Colony Street Railway with headquarters at Canton.

— Rev. S. H. Marquis of Detroit, Michigan, is expected to preach at Trinity church, this city, of which he was formerly Rector, next Sunday.

— Thanks to Division Superintendent A. E. Myers for the June 1 time-table of the Woburn Division of the Boston & Northern Street Railroad.

— As yet Merry Widow hats and Directorie gowns have not made their appearance in this city to any alarming extent, as Artemas Ward used to say.

— It is perfectly safe to say that Mr. Frank Nichols has no successful rival as a floor manager of a barn dance. If this is doubted, ask the Nickle Club.

— Mr. F. P. Brooks is of the opinion that the druggists of this city will be satisfied with their present permit from the State Board of Pharmacy to sell spirituous liquors on the prescriptions of doctors, and will not apply to the City Council for licenses.

— As per agreement of all parties interested the stores in this city were closed last Wednesday afternoon. The practice lasts until the close of September.

— A fine discourse by Hon. Samuel J. Elder may, with the utmost confidence, be relied on at the Woburn High School graduating exercises on June 26.

— Mrs. Wilbur A. Reynolds of Boston visited her stepson, Carl Reynolds, the Savings Bank block dentist, last Monday, a visit which both enjoyed.

— Wilford D. Gray, Esq., received his degree from the Law School of Boston University this week, and Elizabeth O'Connor from the College of Liberal Arts.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— A tent for the tuberculosis camp has been given by Ald. Highley. The camp will be opened soon, and contributions for it are asked by the Medical Association.

— The piano pupils of Mrs. Lewis are to give two recitals in the vestry of the Unitarian church, the first at 4 p. m. June 6; and the second at 8 o'clock on June 12.

— Percy T. Strout, Paul Norton, Chester Holland, Lester and Walter Hartshorn, and William Goode spent last Friday and Saturday on a fishing trip from Gloucester.

— Oliver W. Robertson, 10 years old, and his sister, were the first to reach the Common with flowers to decorate the monument on Memorial Day morning at 4.30.

— The Woburn High School nine played the Reading High on the Library playgrounds last Wednesday, and are to meet the Peabody's on the same spot tomorrow.

— The Ladies Industrial Society of the First Baptist church will hold a Dime Tea and Lawn Party at the home of Rev. H. B Williams 22 Cleveland Ave., Thursday evening, June 18.

— They lead! Who lead? Smith & Varney. How? As jewelers, watchmakers, silversmiths, repairers, size and variety of stock, and fair prices. Don't you believe it? Try them!

— Has any thought been given by our people respecting a Fourth of July celebration here this year? Has the attention of Mayor Blodgett and the City Council been called to the matter?

— The salaries of lettercarriers has recently been raised from $900 to $1000 a year. It is good pay, and these useful and deserving public servants ought to be very well satisfied with it.

— Bunker Hill Day comes in one week from next Wednesday. It occurs on the same day of the regular afternoon and evening closing of stores in this city, so it gives us laboring people no extra holiday.

— On June 17 the days will reach their maxamum length and will remain at 15 hours and 17 minutes until June 26, when they will begin to shorten. How true it is that "time flies like a weaver's shuttle."

— The annual Breakfast of The Winchester Visiting Nurse Association will be served in the Town Hall in Winchester on June 6 from six o'clock until nine. Tickets 25 cts. Strawberries and cream 10 cts. extra.—2

— Smith, the real estate man, has fixed up the Trott house on Bennett street in great shape. He owns and, rumor says, will occupy it with a "June bride" before this sweet and beautiful month of roses comes to an end.

— Harry B. Blye & Co., hardware dealers, will move into their new quarters on July 1. To make the burden of moving as light as possible they are selling goods at a discount that should make the public sit up and take notice.

— Business is good at Copeland & Bowser's dry goods store—better than last year at this time. This item is printed to prove that trade here isn't as dull as it has been at times, or the times so hard as some people would try to make out.

— Mr. Alexander Ellis, who has been confined to his house several months by illness, came out on Memorial Day to see the people and procession of old soldiers and hear the music. He is greatly improved in health, and was looking and feeling fine.

— Mrs. Fred Walker says the farmers up her way wouldn't ask for weather more favorable for the growth of vegetation than they have been blessed with during the last month. Plenty of gentle showers followed by warm sunshine does the business.

— C. Bertrand Strout, who commenced Bank work at the International Trust Co. Boston, then in the Shawmut National, and who the past 8 years has been head bookkeeper at the Federal Trust Co. in Boston, is now the Receiving Teller of that Bank.

— The 2d, 3d, and 4th parcels of the Bacon property (Commissioner's Sale, June 23d, as advertised in this issue) are capable of sub division into 7, 4, and 3 house lots respectively, according to the plan mentioned. The sale is by order of the Superior Court.

— In view of her marriage, which is to take place next Wednesday, June 10, Miss Minnie McSweeney was kindly and generously remembered by a whole lot of her lady friends last Monday evening. They took her unawares, too, which was the best of it.

— Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Brown, who have been living in Europe since last November, and their son, Mr. Philip M. Brown, Secretary of the American Embassy at Constantinople, arrived at Boston on the steamer Devonian from Liverpool, England, last Wednesday.

— In this city stores and some shops close Monday evenings and Wednesday afternoons and evenings; the barbers on Thursdays; the printers on Saturday afternoons; and there it is. It takes a person of good memory to know when, and when not, to visit these business places.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

367 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

— Slater is doing some fine oil and brush work at the Public Library. The Trustees think it wise to always "get the best."

— A few days ago the Boston papers reported that the salary of the Woburn postmaster had been reduced from $2,400 to 2,300, from July 1 next. Instead of that it has been increased $100, to $2,500. This speaks well for the general business of the city, as well as for the postoffice.

— Mr. Sol Hopper, and Miss Lou Merrill of the Boston & Maine Railroad stenographic corps at the North Station, Boston, hied themselves to Bass Point on Memorial Day for a shore dinner, a dip, and a sail. Lou gave a rattling good story of her and "Jim's" outing, with which she was delighted.

— Mr. Edward Johnson, Cashier of the Woburn National Bank, is about to build a dwellinghouse for himself and the fortunate lady who, it is expected, is soon to become his wife. It is to be erected on Main street in the northern part of the city. In olden times they used to call it building a cage for the bird.

— Mr. John C Buck, City Treasurer, left here last Friday afternoon for Antrim, N. H., where he expected to visit as long as his money held out. He was assured that, if the length of his absence depended on the length of his purse, or the financial resources of his friends, no date for his return could be accurately determined.

— Is this city to be favored with weekly openair concerts this season as it has been for many years past? So it is hoped and believed. By the way, it is said that ex-Mayor Davis would like to have the bandstand moved to the Library playground. What an idea! Move that chaste and beautiful architectural achievement from its present conspicuous site? Never!

— In the School Record Department of Beal Chapter of the American Boy Legion of Honor Carl Everberg of Woburn stands at the head of the list of prize winners for superiority of scholarship and school attendance. The list was published in the June number of the "American Boy," and will appear in four more issues of that magazine. Carl received the League of Honor Badge, and is proud of it.

— Gangs of moth exterminators are busily employed in this city spraying and otherwise taking measures for their extermination, or decrease. One of the men said the other day that the prospect for annihilating the pest was far from encouraging; that the trees are loaded with them, and he feared that the best that could be done would be to keep them within their present bounds. Not much faith is felt in the parasite scheme now being tried by the State.

— Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard Copeland returned a few days ago from a somewhat protracted and, we trust, happy sojourn on the Pacific Coast, in prime health and fine spirits. They left here several months since, proceeding to California, where nearly all their vacation has been spent. It will probably come hard on Mr. Copeland to go to work again; but he should realize the fact set forth in the old lines: "All play and no work makes Jack," etc The couple were cordially welcomed back home.

— When crediting Messrs. Mendum, Pierce and Highley with having secured 12-mile tickets from the Boston & Maine Railroad Co. for North Woburn and Central Square by the JOURNAL last week the name of Representative A. R. Linscott should have had a prominent place on the list of promoters of that excellent improvement. Ald. Highley says Mr. Linscott's interest in and work for the measure, more than anything else, obtained the favorable report of the Legislative Committee on Railroads which will result in the enactment of the bill. The credit is given by us with pleasure.

— Pastor Norton of the First Congregational church of Woburn says: "June 14th will be observed as Children's Day, in connection with the ninetieth anniversary of the organization of the Sunday School of this church. We ought to make it a great day in the history of the school and church. The morning service will be given to this anniversary, and the children and young people will have the chief part in the service. Preparation is being made which assures a morning of deep interest to old and young. Make your plans for the presence of the entire household on that day."

— A few days ago the JOURNAL received a copy of "Valuable Organ Information," a neat publication, No. 1 of Organ Literature Series, written by William Horatio Clarke of Clarigold Manse, Reading, formerly organist at the First Congregational church of Woburn, and published by E. T. Clarke & Co. of Reading. It contains a large store of valuable suggestions for the use of clergymen, church officers, organists and architects, for which service no man is more perfectly fitted than the author of this work. As an organist, builder, and Editor he has a reputation as wide as the country, and is everywhere recognized as authority on the subject of organs.

The W. C. T. U.

are invited to hold a meeting on June 9, at the home of Mrs. Matson, Salem street. A special program will be carried out in honor of the founding of the Flower Mission. Mrs. Matson is Local Superintendent of that department.

On June 20, Middlesex County L. T. L. will hold a convention in the Congregational church this city, to which all are cordially invited.

PRESS SUPT.

Contest in Oratory.

The meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion for a Medal Contest, in the Baptist vestry on Tuesday evening June 2, was largely attended. It was conducted by the leader, Mrs. Frisbee of South Boston, who opened the exercises with well chosen words, explaining the nature and objects of a Medal Contest. She then pleasantly introduced each speaker, ten in number, five boys and five girls.

Solos on the piano, cornet, mandolin, violin and a vocal solo agreeably interspersed the exercises.

A hymn composed by Dr. March for the occasion, was well sung by the children and lent a touch of brightness to the gathering.

LOYAL LEGION RALLY.

BY DANIEL MARCH, D. D.

Come, boys and girls, with shout and song,
Come make the Loyal Legion strong;
You need no sword or beaten drum;
With love and truth we fight with rum.

Free as the birds that soar and sing,
Bright as the brooks when hillsides ring,
In house and home, in play and school,
Just learn to live the Golden Rule.

Come fresh and fair like morning dew,
Let all your words be good and true;
Let every heart be clean and pure,
And you will find the victory sure.

Make every day bright as the sun
With kind things said and good things done;
Put far away all sobs and tears,
And bless the world with better years.

Come make the Legion large and strong,
Confirm the right, rebuke the wrong;
Come bear a good and honored name,
And brand saloons with sin and shame.

Help save the home from want and woe,
And strike the dark destroyer low;
Help find safe paths for girl and boy,
And make sad mothers sing for joy.

So make the Loyal Legion grow,
That all the world its work may know;
With cheery voices always sing,
And better days your songs will bring.

Fling out your banner free and high,
Move on the foe with fearless eye;
In all your ranks keep step and time,
Till temperance wins in every clime.

There were three judges and the silver medals were awarded to Lewis Burnes and Sarah Coleman.

The Canoe Meet.

The Eastern Division of the American Canoe Association held their annual gathering and series of sports on Horn Pond in this city last Friday and Saturday and were guests of the Innitou Canoe Club. The affair was participated in by a large number of clubs, and considered the most successful and satisfactory that had ever been held.

Innitou's clubhouse on the pond was handsomely decorated; the feasting was enjoyed, as were, also, the speeches; and the weather was as fine as could reasonably have been asked for. To witness the boating and other features of the meet hundreds of people thronged the shores of the Pond on Saturday. Mr. William W. Crosby was starter and judge for the races; and Mayor Blodgett delivered the prizes.

Edward F. Wyer of Innitou Club won the sailing race, with Hugh J. Walker of Innitou, second.

The following officers were elected: Vice Commodore, Fred E. Leathe; Rear Commodore, Frank S. Chase of Manchester, N. H.; Waldo L. Mannor of Medford, Henry A. Bodwell of Lawrence, Executive Committee.

The Edison Flashlight.

Special to the JOURNAL by L. D. G.

"Have you ever heard of the many deaths of pneumonia that have been caused by the necessity of getting out of bed on a cold night to show the burglar where the family silver is kept?"

"With this flash-light, all you have to do is to focus it on the particular place where your treasures are concealed, and the whole situation is immediately cleared of one of the most unpleasant features of modern house breaking. I have had burglars, who by the way are amongst my best customers tell me that hundreds of lives have been saved and the death rating of a city kept in bounds by this one invention. No one who expects to be burglarized should be without one."

With the house completely wired for electric lights with proper controlling switches within easy reach the fear of burglars is practically eliminated. Night prowlers avoid the electric light.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

Adding another to the list of strong and exclusive attractions that are now being offered at the Boston Theatre, next week will see "La Tosca," the great play by Victorien Sardou and with which the name of the late Fanny Davenport will always be associated. "La Tosca" is one of the plays that will live for all time and last season it was used by Mrs. Leslie Carter, who toured the country with remarkable success, and as Mrs. Carter will use the play next season, it is only by special arrangement that it could be secured for this week by the stock company. It is worth while to mention that the Boston Theatre players are the only company who have been able to secure it.

WINCHESTER.

The Baptist church Young People's Union are to have a picnic on June 11

"Rationalist" is rather illogical in his plea for open icecream parlors on Sundays.

Squads of the State Moth Brigade are busy here just now. Some of them say the pests are more plenty than ever this year.

Memorial Day was observed here in the usual way. The exercises passed off in the best manner, and were well attended.

Chief of Police McIntosh is still engaged in arresting and causing to be fined in Court lawbreaking autoists There's where he is right.

The Editor of the *Star* feels morally certain that some of his subscribers will bring in messes of green peas to pay for their papers on, or before, Bunker Hill Day.

What's the matter with Winchester housewives? They have the hardest time in procuring kitchen girls and retaining them imaginable. Isn't there a screw loose in the parlor?

The writer of "Observations" in the *Star* is a natural born kicker. Nothing suits him But, like the common scold, the chronic faultfinder exerts but little influence of any kind in a community.

The late Mr. George H. Gilbert did the handsome thing by Miss Helen F. Ryan, his nurse for several years, and Frank McGee, his coachman, both well deserving of the favors they received.

The annual Breakfast of The Winchester Visiting Nurse Association will be served in the Town Hall in Winchester on June 6 from six o'clock until nine. Tickets 25 cts. Strawberries and cream 10 cts. extra.—2

BAY STATE POLITICS

Tariff May Again Be a Leading Issue This Fall

CANADA AND RECIPROCITY

George Fred Williams and the Democratic National Convention--There Is Much Ill-Feeling In the State Delegation

The question of the tariff is likely to be one of the main issues of the coming presidential campaign. There seems to be very little doubt but that William J. Bryan will be the Democratic nominee for president. He has already indicated that he intends to make the tariff one of the chief issues and the Democratic party confidently proposes to again ring the changes on reciprocity with Canada.

There is no doubt that the people of New England would be delighted with a reciprocity treaty between the United States and the Canadian provinces, if they could have one that would in effect be reciprocal. The trouble is that the kind desired by the Canadian people is one which would admit to this country, free of duty, their natural products, but would make no concessions to us in the way of free admission to Canada of our manufactured products.

Canada is to a large extent an agricultural country; she produces an enormous quantity of natural products of every sort. The United States is distinctively a manufacturing nation. What this country therefore desires in order to furnish the greatest employment to her people, is an outlet for her manufactured goods. It is equally plain that what Canada needs is an outlet for her natural products, such as hay, grain, timber, lumber, minerals, fruits, vegetables, etc. A treaty of reciprocity which would recognize and satisfy these needs of the two countries would indeed be a boon to both.

The United States is perfectly willing, it is even anxious, to make a treaty of reciprocity with Canada which would admit free of duty to this country Canadian natural products, and also admit, duty free to Canada, the manufactured goods of the States.

Canada Looks to the Future

But this is not what Canada desires. She has a large number of infant industries struggling to thrive and grow. Unquestionably Canadians could buy American products much cheaper if they were admitted free of duty to that country; but if they were so admitted, the undeveloped industries of the provinces, unable to compete with the strong and established industries of the States would be ruined.

Therefore, the Canadian prefers to pay for the present a slightly higher price for the products of native industries in the expectation that in a few years these industries will have attained such maturity and growth as to be able to compete on even terms with the industries of the States, and still sell their products at a less price than their foreign competitors.

It is undoubtedly true that any attempt to secure a reciprocity treaty with Canada, which would involve the admission of American manufactures into the dominion free of duty, would be resisted strenuously, not only by Canadian manufacturers, but by a large element of the Canada people themselves. These people realize that by fostering their native industries they are not only giving employment to Canadian labor at remunerative wages, but that they are at the same time creating national wealth, giving a boom to national expansion and making the country independent of the foreign manufacturer or of their brother Englishmen. They take a natural pride in being able to supply their own necessities. And yet it is also true that Canada buys more American made goods than she does of all nations combined, even without a reciprocity treaty.

Canadians Against Reciprocity

It is only a few weeks ago that the Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald stated that "the Canadian government has made it plain to Secretary Root, through proper diplomatic channels, that it does not care for reciprocity." That statement is sufficiently clear to show the persistent trend of Canadian thought.

In his first presidential campaign William J. Bryan made free silver his paramount issue. He did not think the tariff was much of an element in our economic problem as a nation, but the free coinage of silver, at the ratio of sixteen to one, was vital to our existence as a body politic. Since those days Mr. Bryan has had a radical change of views, because the gold standard which was later adopted did not prove the ruin of the country, but, on the contrary, was the greatest aid to our business and national expansion.

It is freely admitted that present tariff schedules contain inequalities which should be corrected. The Republicans in the next session of congress are pledged to revise the tariff along Republican lines, with a view to correcting any faults now existing in the schedules and bring our tariff system thoroughly up to date. The people and the country have a supreme confidence in the ability of the Republican party to revise the tariff in the way least injurious to the business and manufacturing interests of the nation. Of course, any revision of the tariff will cause some uneasiness among our manufacturers until the schedules have been agreed upon and fixed.

From the moment that the Dingley tariff act was passed in 1897 industries in the United States took on a boom and the years which have followed down to 1907, a period covering a full decade, were the most prosperous in the entire history of the nation. A similar result should follow the revision of the tariff in 1909.

Democratic Differences Grow

The differences which have sprung up in the delegation elected to attend the national Democratic convention at Denver, July 6, appear to grow greater instead of smaller. It is very evident that there is a strong prejudice against George Fred Williams, who is considered in some quarters, at least, the leading man on the delegation.

Mr. Williams is a fine speaker; he has a comprehensive grasp of many public questions and at Denver would undoubtedly be the most conspicuous man in the Massachusetts delegation. Whenever he has attended national conventions he has been looked upon by the party leaders throughout the country as one of the big men of the Democracy. Mr. Williams is well aware of the position he holds outside of his own state and has probably felt as if he ought to have a great deal to say about what the delegation should do at Denver and who should go on the convention committees from this state.

He would also like to name the member from this state to be selected for membership on the national Democratic committee.

The state delegation this year contains a number of men who are adepts in politics. They resent the idea that Mr. Williams is so big a man as to run the entire delegation. They think other delegates should have something to say about these matters and they propose to have a voice themselves in the selection of men to go on the convention committees and in the choice of a national committeeman.

Both sides to the controversy have been free in giving out their respective statements regarding the situation, and in this way fuel is constantly being added to the fires.

There is very little probability that the legislature will be prorogued this week, although there are some who have expected that Saturday night would see the finish. This is not likely, for there are many vital matters yet to be considered and acted upon.

It seems to be practically settled that the bill reported allowing the New Haven railroad to hold until 1910 the Boston and Maine stock which it has purchased will become a law with some possible amendment. It is provided that this stock be voted by the railroad commission of Massachusetts and not by the New Haven railroad itself. Such an act would probably receive the sanction of Acting Governor Draper and become a law. There is no possible chance for an actual merger bill this year, consequently, the contest goes over to a later date. This will give the government an opportunity to bring its suit in the United States courts and secure a decision before the act now under consideration shall expire by limitation.

COMMISSIONER'S Sale of Real Estate IN WOBURN, BY ORDER OF COURT.

Pursuant to a warrant issued by the SUPERIOR COURT for the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts on the 12th day of March A. D. 1908, to the undersigned, as Commissioner, to make sale and conveyance of all the lands hereinafter described and to distribute and pay over the proceeds of the sale in such manner as to make the partition just and equal, will be sold by public auction on the premises on

Tuesday, the twenty-third day of June, A. D., 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, the following described lots or parcels of land with the buildings thereon, situated in the city of Woburn in said County of Middlesex, namely:

FIRST. A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Court street 65 feet more or less; northerly by land of Alice M. Grammer, 97 feet more or less; westerly by land of Ellen F. Hayden 65 feet more or less; and southerly by land of the Webster heirs 90 feet more or less, containing 5900 square feet more or less.

SECOND. A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Pleasant street, 135 feet more or less; easterly by Reed street, 498 3-10 feet more or less; northerly by land of the estate of Ellen T. Ellis, 92 1-10 feet more or less; westerly by Ellis street, 513 7-10 feet more or less, containing according to the plan hereinafter mentioned 57,299 square feet more or less.

THIRD. A certain tract of land, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on the southerly side of Reed street, at land of Edward J. Gregory; from thence the line runs easterly by and with said Reed street one hundred feet to Monroe street; thence turning, the line runs southerly, by and with said Monroe street, eighty-nine and two tenths feet to a corner; thence turning, the line runs easterly again, still by and with said Monroe street, four and seven-tenths feet to land of Peter Holland; thence turning, the line runs southerly again, on and by said land of said Peter Holland, one hundred thirteen and three-tenths feet to land of Grace B. S. Mead; thence turning, the line runs westerly, by said land of Mead and by land of the heirs of William H. Winn, one hundred twenty-two and five one-hundredths feet to land of Jeremiah Lynch; thence turning, the line runs northerly, on and by said land of Lynch and on and by said land of Edward J. Gregory, two hundred and twenty-three feet to the point of beginning, containing according to said plan 22,882 square feet more or less.

FOURTH. A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on the northerly side of Reed street, at land of the city of Woburn; from thence the line runs westerly, by and with said Reed street, one hundred and forty-two and two-tenths feet, more or less, to land of the estate of Ellen T. Ellis; thence turning, the line runs northerly, on and by said Ellis land, one hundred ninety-eight and thirty-five one-hundredths feet, more or less, to land of Bridget E. Quigley; thence turning, the line runs easterly, on and by said land of Bridget E. Quigley, ninety-eight and seven-tenths feet, more or less, to land of Julia A. Richardson; thence turning, the line runs southerly, by said land of Richardson and by land of Edia A. Wood, to a corner; thence turning, the line runs easterly again, by said land of Edia A. Wood, forty-six and nine-tenths feet to the land of the city of Woburn; thence turning, the line runs southerly, on and by said land of the city of Woburn, one hundred six and seven-tenths feet to the point of beginning, containing according to said plan, 24,724 square feet, more or less.

The second, third and fourth parcels, herein described, are shown on a plan recorded in the Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, being plan numbered one (1) in the Book of Plans numbered forty-seven (47).

Terms: $300.00, to be paid by the purchaser of each parcel at time and place of sale, the remainder of the purchase money within ten days from date of sale; other terms made known at sale.

Sale will first be made of the second tract or parcel and on the same. The third parcel will then be sold, then the fourth, and then the first.

WILLIAM H. H. TUTTLE, Commissioner,
73 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., Rooms 939-940 Tremont Building.

May 25, 1908.

FORECLOSURE.

38 Green Street corner East Street.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Henry Cutler to Jason E. Herrick, Jr., dated March 1, 1907, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, So. Dist., Book 3286, Page 509, for breach of the condition contained in said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on

TUESDAY, the 30th day of June, 1908,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:

A certain lot of land situated at the junction of East and Green streets in Woburn, Mass., containing about 11,000 square feet and bounded as follows: Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises at the junction of said streets; thence the line runs easterly on and by said Green street ninety three and 3-10 feet to a stake and stones; thence northerly one hundred and ten feet to a corner; thence westerly ninety three and one-half feet to a corner; thence southerly on and by said East street, one hundred and ten feet to the point of beginning.

Also, a certain lot of land situated on Green street in said Woburn, containing 8250 square feet, more or less, and bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on said Green street at land of Cyrus Cummings; thence the line runs northerly by his land about one hundred and ten feet to a stake, which stake is at the northeast corner of land of said Cyrus Cummings; thence easterly in a line with the northerly side line of said land of said Cyrus Cummings and a continuation of the same about seventy-five feet to a stake at the fence at land now or formerly of S. O. Pollard; thence southerly by land last named about one hundred and ten feet to said Green street; thence westerly on and by said Green street about seventy-five feet to the point of beginning. Subject to a mortgage of $3,000.00 held by Wildey Savings Bank.

$500 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

GRACE L. CLAPP, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.

June 2, 1908.

Persons interested will please see G. FRANKLIN NEAL, 101 Tremont Street, Boston.

What Is Happiness?

Ask the children.

They say it's made of Jam and Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread

They know!

C. F. Hathaway & Son,

Cambridge Waltham

THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON

Will Reopen Sept. 8th

Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Bookkeepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment when qualified, will find in the

BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON

Now Located in its New School Building, 334 Boylston Street

A most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of **Well Known and Experienced Teachers**

COURSES OF STUDY

GENERAL COMMERCIAL COURSE — STENOGRAPHIC COURSE
SECRETARIAL COURSE — CIVIL SERVICE COURSE
SPECIAL COURSE

Every possible requisite for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings, is afforded. ¶ Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions of admission by mail. Address, H. E. HIBBARD, Principal, 334 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON.

At All Times

and under all conditions there is some demand for watches, and the present season is not an exception. Filled watches have been better "sellers" than usual and we have an attractive assortment of same, besides all grades of movements, and can attend to your wants promptly and efficiently.

Our medium priced line of gold jewelry and silverware is exactly suitable for the requirements of the Spring trade.

Smith & Varney,

JEWELERS.

No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN

☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches.

How To Cut Down Your Light Bills.

There have been big improvements in electric lamps.

Edison Light customers are given early advantage of these improvements.

The new lamps, the Tungsten and the Tantalus, have metal filaments or burners, and are far superior to the present style, in that they produce a beautiful white light, and give this light at a decreased cost for the electricity consumed.

As yet, the manufacturers have not been able to make the new metal-filament lamp in as low units as 16-candle power, but the saving in lighting bills may be effected by burning a lesser number of the new lamps.

Or, Edison customers can secure a great deal more light at the same cost for electricity that they are at present paying.

Thus, they may either reduce their bills or increase the total amount of illumination for the same price they are now paying.

In many instances they can do both in a lesser degree, that is, secure a greater amount of light and at the same time reduce the light bills.

The new lamps, the Tungsten and the Tantalum, are as yet quite expensive to manufacture. Consequently we are obliged to charge for them but we purchase in very large quantities, charge our customers on the basis of the wholesale cost price, and in addition, deduct from the price what the present style lamps cost us. Therefore, the cost to our customers of the new lamp is very much less than if they were to buy this lamp direct from the manufacturer. These lamps will be supplied by us only to our own customers.

The cost of these new lamps per hour of their life is insignificant compared with the saving in electricity used to light them; so there is a great saving over using the present style of lamps, notwithstanding we supply the old style free of charge.

Our ultimate advantage lies in the fact that

"One pleased customer makes ten."

Edison Electric Illuminating Co.,

33-39 Boylston Street BOSTON

Phone "Oxford 3300—Collect."

THE WOBURN NATIONAL BANK WILL CLOSE WEDNESDAYS AT 1 P. M. DURING JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST.

QUAKER
Wheat Berries
7c. Pkg.

Always sold for 10 cents.

These goods are made from the whole grain of the finest Northern Wheat puffed and baked to a delicious crispness in a temperature of 400 deg. Fahr. Very palataple and nutritious. Try them with maple syrup, cream or fruit juices.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-1.

Many People
WHO TRIED
- Brooks's -
Hypophosphites

for Spring Weariness last year, are using the same remedy this season. It is a great body builder tonic.

Price 85 Cents
MADE BY
F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN

Lest U Forget:
TAKE A
KODAK
WITH YOU.

Anybody can use 1
Anybody can buy at

Whitcher's PILL BOX
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore

Knife Fork and Spoon Experience

Over half a century of it is one of the reasons why goods stamped
"1847 Rogers Bros."
the product of this long experience are best. They are sold by leading dealers. For catalogue No. 6, explaining points of interest to buyers, address the makers
International Silver Company.
Meriden, Conn.

Take no substitute
Remember 1847

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of George Henry Lakin, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Nellie A. Kelley, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of June, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty sixth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Woburn Gas Light Co.
GAS STOVES

for cooking and heating, Welsbach lights, Welsbach and Humphry Arc lights, and for everything pertaining to gas lighting apply at office of Company,

314 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

Let The "BLUE BELL" Sign
REMIND YOU—

Of the errand you forgot to execute, and a ready way out of the difficuliy.

Of the order you were asked to deliver for your firm or for your home.

Of the engagement for which you have been delayed and of the quickest way of explaining your inability to meet it.

Of the call you promised to make; but failed to make through forgetfulness.

Of a hundred ways in which, to use a quaint phrase, you may "Let your head save your heels."

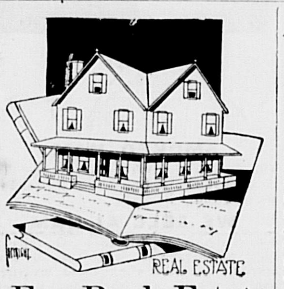
REMEMBER:

The sign indicates the presence of a Pay Station.

FROM ANY PAY STATION you may talk, at a reasonable charge, TO ANY OF 290,000 TELEPHONES connected with the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company's system in the four northern New England States.

ALSO WITH TELEPHONES IN 30,000 CITIES AND TOWNS connected with the Long Distance lines of the great Bell system.

With such a convenience at hand is it fair to your friends to "borrow" their telephones? You are liable to impede their channels of communication by making their lines "busy" when others are trying to call them.



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adaline B. Church wishes to announce to her patients and friends that she will resume practice in Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church street.

Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.
Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appointment.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God the only Cause and Creator."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Whitsunday.
10.30 A. M., Morning Service. Preacher Rev. S. Stanley Searing, Diocesan Missionary to Deaf Mutes in dioceses of Mass. Western Mass. and Rhode Island.
The Rev. S. H. Marquis may be at one or the other of the services.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7 P. M., Evening Service. Rev. Rufus Chase of Wakefield.
Rev. Wm. H. Osmond, Rector.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, May 31, Julia Sweeney, aged 87 years.

THE FASTING FAD.

There Is No Advantage to Be Gained From Going Hungry.

We are living in an age of fads, remarks Good Health, and as its opinion has been solicited in regard to the "fasting fad" it proceeds to give it as follows:

There is no particular advantage to be gained from going hungry. Hunger is the voice of nature telling us that the system needs food and, like all of nature's warnings, should be heeded. To be sure, a great many, we might say the majority, of people eat too much as well as too often. But the entire abstinence from food is an exceptional remedy if it is used at all. In cases where one's stomach is filled with germs it is far better to fast than to go on eating in the usual way, but even then it is not necessary, for one can get all the benefits of fasting and more without discomfort by subsisting for a time upon a fruit diet. In this way the germs are starved out, the fruit juice acting as a disinfectant. Usually one or two days of this kind of fasting is all that is needed, and it is not always necessary to use the fruit entirely alone even then. Some dry sterilized bread, such as zwieback or granose, may be taken with it without interfering with the purpose of the fast. It is really wonderful what can be accomplished by the use of fruit in ridding the digestive tract of germs.

None knows the weight of another's burden.—Herbert.

Flavoring Tobacco.

Nearly all tobaccos are doctored in various ways in order to suit the tastes of different consumers. Each manufacturer—even in Havana—has his own secret methods, handed down from father to son, which are regarded as perfectly legitimate and necessary in the preparation of the soothing weed. Saltpeter is added to the tobacco to make it burn well, licorice, honey, molasses and maple sugar to give sweetness to it for the special benefit of chewers and rum to make it keep well and preserve its properties. Nearly every plant which will afford a perfume is used in the preparation of what are known as "fancy" tobaccos. But it is not true, as some suppose, that opium and deleterious drugs are employed, save in a few brands of imported Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes. Among the flavors used are coffee, tea, valerian, lemon, orange, geranium, sassafras, thyme, anise, mint and cinnamon. Gum and glycerin are occasionally employed to bind the tobacco particles so that they shall not crumble into dust. The various ingredients are made into a kind of sauce, into which the tobacco leaves are dipped or with which they are sprinkled.—London Answers.

The Proper Adjective.

At the close of a revival service in Philadelphia the minister of the church went down the aisle, according to his custom, to greet the strangers in the congregation. "I don't think you are a member of our church," said he to one as he warmly shook his hand. "No, sir," replied the stranger. "Well, you will not think me unduly curious if I ask to what denomination you belong?" asked the minister. "I suppose," responded the other, "I'm really what you might call a submerged Presbyterian." "A submerged Presbyterian?" exclaimed the minister. "I should be glad if you would explain." "Well, I was brought up a Presbyterian, my wife is a Methodist, my eldest daughter is a Baptist, my son is the organist at a Unitarian church, my second daughter sings in an Episcopal choir, and my youngest goes to a Congregational Sunday school." "But," said the minister, aghast, "you contribute doubtless to some church?" "Yes; I contribute to all of them," was the answer. "That's what submerges me."

A "Washing" Mission.

The visiting housekeeper recently described in the New York Sun must be a stout armed angel or she would never have lived to write the entry in her daybook quoted below:

"Washed the sick woman in bed, washed and dressed four children, did the washing, scrubbed two floors, washed the dishes, washed the windows."

A discriminating glance at this entry will disclose the fact that she washed about everything in the house. How the head of the family escaped the wash rag is not stated. Perhaps there was no head.

Smugglers' Philanthropy.

At Broadmoor and Perth, England, the criminal lunatics have a free supply of the most exquisite pipe tobacco, cigars and cigarettes. In fact, they smoke far finer stuff than the average rich man. Yet all this good tobacco costs the government nothing. The smugglers of England pay for the smoking of the criminal insane. It is from her confiscated smuggled tobacco that England fills the tobacco boxes of Perth and Broadmoor.

Not Her Abode.

"My income is small," said a rather dilatory lover, "and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof."

"But I don't live on the roof," was the prompt reply.

According to Chinese law, a wife who is too talkative may be divorced.

No two persons are ever more confidential and cordial than when they are censuring a third.—Jean Paul Richter.

Young Roscius.

One of the strangest figures of the British stage was Young Roscius. His other name was William Henry West Betty. He lived until Aug. 24, 1874, although he had made his last stage appearance on Aug. 9, 1824, at the age of thirty-two. Theatrical history has no parallel to his childhood. It was this little Irish boy who after seeing Mrs. Siddons had declared that he must die if he did not become an actor. He took Belfast by storm in 1803, when not quite twelve, and nearly stifled scores of Londoners on Dec. 1, 1804. Foot guards and officers were overpowered by the crowd, and gentlemen charged through the boxes and jumped by twenties into the "pit" for places. Master Betty brought $86,050 to Drury Lane in twenty-eight nights. William Pitt adjourned the house of commons to let members see him as Hamlet, and his boom lasted until 1808. His adult return to the stage was brief and a failure.

A Royal Accomplice.

One day when Francis I. was in his chapel attending mass with several of his noblemen a well dressed pickpocket went and stood behind the cardinal of Lorraine and abstracted his purse, but unable to do this without the king perceiving it he put up his finger to intimate that the latter should keep silence. The king took it for a practical joke and said never a word. But after the service he asked the cardinal what he had done with his purse. The prelate, not being able to find it, was very much annoyed and took the king to task, who greatly enjoyed the fun, and at length ordered the purse to be restored to the cardinal. The thief did not, however, come forward, and the king discovered too late that he had been tricked.

Sass Costs Money.

When Fanny Kemble spent her summers in Massachusetts she engaged a neighbor to drive her regularly about the country. On their first excursion he began to discuss the crops and the history of the people, when Mrs. Kemble said in her dramatic fashion, "Sir, I have engaged you to drive, not talk." The farmer kept his peace and when the vacation was over sent in his bill. "What is this item, sir?" she asked. "I do not understand it." With equal gravity he rejoined: "Sass, $5. I don't often take it, but when I do I charge!" The bill was paid, and it made a firm friend of Mrs. Kemble ever after.—Christian Register.

The American Eagle.

Our baldheaded eagle, so called because the feathers on the top of his head are white, was called the Washington eagle by Audubon, the great naturalist. Like Washington, he is brave and fearless, and as his name and greatness are known the world over so can the eagle soar to heights beyond others. The eagle was adopted as the emblem of the United States in 1785, since when it has been used on the tips of flagpoles, coins, United States seals and on the shield of Liberty.—Washington Star.

Untiring.

"When I took you into partnership," said the indignant father, "I expected you to be untiring in your devotion to the interests of the business."

The son took one foot down from the desk long enough to strike a match to light his cigarette.

"I think I have been," said he. "You never have noticed me tire myself yet, have you, pa?"

Garden of the Soul.

Each bud flowers but once, and each flower has but its minute of perfect beauty, so in the garden of the soul each feeling has, as it were, its flowering instant, its one and only moment of expansive grace and radiant kingship.

Brilliant.

"Did my diamonds call forth any comment?" asked Mrs. Cumrox.

"Yes, indeed," answered Miss Cayenne. "I heard several people refer to you as the human chandelier."—Washington Star.

Finding a Horseshoe.

There is a man who has a very poor idea of the horseshoe as a bringer of good luck.

"I found one in the road some time ago," he remarked. "As a matter of fact, another old gentleman found it also about the same time. We both wanted it, and there was a tussle for it.

"I got the shoe, a black eye, a torn finger from a rusty nail in the shoe and a summons for assault and battery.

"It wasn't a very good start, but I thought I'd give it a fair trial. Of course in nailing the shoe up above the front door I managed to smash my thumb and fall from the stepladder.

"Then I sat down and waited for the luck to begin. That shoe seemed to be endowed with the power to attract trouble in every form.

"Duns, bailiffs, the landlord, measles and poverty were rarely out of the house, and my faith was shaken.

"Then one day, when the rate collector was standing on the top step, that shoe came down with a crash"—

"Ah!" interrupted the sympathizer. "Luck at last!"

"Not a bit of it," sighed the unlucky one. "It missed him by a foot."—London Answers.

The Way of Womankind.

Women are indefatigable in their analysis of conduct. A man accepts a white ray of light for what it is; a woman passes it through a prism and resolves it into its component rays. If I pass Mrs. A. in the street without saluting her she conjectures a dozen painful motives to account for my absentmindedness. If she passes me I conclude that she is shortsighted or absentminded.

If I say to my niece Molly that 2 and 2 make 4 she consents, but is unconvinced. But if I show her this little formula—$1\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{2}+1\frac{3}{4}+\frac{1}{4}=4$—she is at once all alive with interest and sits down to work it out and proclaim in triumph that it is so. From a hard and dull statement of the fact it has become a problem and an intrigue, and here she is in her element.

That is the way of womankind in all relations to life.—"Comments of Bagshot."

This Makes It Very Plain.

The meaning of the word "swastika" is "It is well," or good luck. The meaning of the symbol is more complex. Some folks trace it to the sun.

"The emblem is the sun in motion," argued Professor Max Muller. "A wheel with spokes was actually replaced by what we now call swastika. The swastika is, in fact, an abbreviated emblem of the solar wheel with spokes in it, the tire and the movement being indicated by the cramprus."

"It is the summary in a few lines of the whole work of creation," said Mme. Blavatsky; "is evolution, as one should say, from cosmotheogony down to anthropogeny, from the indivisible unknown to materialistic science, whose genesis is as unknown to that science as that of the all Deity itself. The swastika is found heading the religious symbols of every old nation."

The Defect In His Dressing.

The professor of surgery in one of England's universities has the reputation of being one of the most painstaking and delicate operators in Britain, thoughtful of the patient and careful in the clinic. One day in the course of a clinical demonstration he turned to a student who had just commenced his studies with the question:

"Now, sir, can you tell me what is wrong with my dressing?"

The ingenuous youth turned red and preserved a discreet silence. The professor, however, was not to be put off and repeated the question. After a long pause the youth stammered out in a fit of desperation:

"Well, sir, if you insist on my telling you, I should say your tie is not quite straight."—London Globe.

The Son's Answer.

After his son's great success with the "Dame aux Camelias" Alexandre Dumas wrote to him as though a stranger, congratulating him on the book and expressing a desire to make the author's acquaintance. "I myself am a literary man," said he in conclusion, "and you may have heard my name as the author of 'Monte Cristo.'"

Dumas fils was equal to the occasion. He wrote immediately in reply, expressing the great pleasure he would have in making his correspondent's acquaintance, principally on account of the high terms in which he had always heard his father speak of the author of "Monte Cristo."

Before Going Elsewhere.

"Good morning, Mr. Highprice!" greeted the friend, entering Mr. Highprice's furniture store. "I saw your ad. in the newspaper saying that you would be pleased to have your friends call in on you before going elsewhere to buy, so I thought I'd call."

"Very good!" returned the appreciative Mr. Highprice, rubbing his hands. "Now, what can I sell you?"

"Nothing. I told you I was going elsewhere."—Pearson's.

A Forgetmenot.

Citiman—You ought to know something about flora and that sort of thing. Tell me, what is a "forgetmenot?" Subbubs—Why, it's a piece of string that your wife ties around your finger when you go in town on an errand.—Philadelphia Press.

Conceded Fitness.

"This 'Gates Ajar' design is a handsome one," said the tombstone man.

"It is just what I want," said the widow. "He never shut a door in all our married life without being told."—Indianapolis Journal.

Damages Enough.

There had been a railway collision near a Scottish country town, and an astute local attorney had hurried to the scene of disaster. Noticing an old man with a badly damaged head lying on the ground, he approached him with notebook in hand. "How about damages, my man?" he began. The injured man waved him off with the remark: "Na, na; ye'll get nae damages fae me. It wasna me that hit yer bloomin' auld train."

The Other Kind.

"Do you think there is anything remarkable in love at first sight?" asked a romantic youth.

"Not at all," replied his cynical friend. "It's when people have been looking at each other for four or five years that it becomes remarkable!"

The Retort Amiable.

Mistress—I don't want you to have so much company. You have more callers in a day than I have in a week. Domestic—Well, mum, perhaps if you'd try to be a little more agreeable you'd have as many friends as I have.

Conditions That Unfit For Marriage.

The low paid employee today can succeed as well alone as with a wife, which his ancestors could not do. At the same time his selfish enjoyments are greater without her, for he may live irresponsibly, without a motive to save and with all his surplus available for wayside pleasures of an antisocial sort. The disintegrating forces of a great city upon homeless youth are too obvious to need emphasis. The wage earning girl, on her part, is likely to acquire the taste of fragmentary, pointless and unproductive spending. Both form habits harmful to the altruistic motives of group living—of the home idea. A man who goes from the saloon, street corner or cheap pleasure club, a girl who leaves the dance hall and pavement glitter to make a home for him, the bare necessities of which are hardly met by his wages, are not qualified by their experiences to bring to a successful issue the supreme test of character that makes stable a high standard.—Professor Simon N. Patten in Independent.

A Soft Answer.

It was in 1872 that George Chesmore Bromley, author of "Long Ago and Later On," became a member of the Bohemia club of San Francisco and soon found himself "Sire of the Low Jinks," which occasion he vividly recalls, and especially his arrival at home afterward. He writes: "My dear little wife awoke at my entrance and inquired the time. I looked at my watch and replied, 'Ten minutes past 10,' and then laid the watch on the mantelpiece. Having some doubts as to the correctness of my reply, the little woman arose and looked for herself. 'What time did you say it was?' she asked again. 'Ten minutes past 10,' said I. 'Ten minutes past 10! Why, it only lacks ten minutes of 2,' said she. 'Is that so?' said I. 'Why, bless my soul, how time flies! I had no idea that I had been home so long.' This was another occasion when I realized that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

Wrestling With the Spaniard.

When Walter Williams, from Columbus, Miss., was in Spain in the summer of 1903 he called upon a provincial editor in the interest of the St. Louis exposition. The next day the paper had the following: "Walter Williams of the United States purchased the state of Louisiana and next year will give a celebration, to which he invites his fellow journalists of Europe." Mr. Williams again called upon the editor and thoroughly explained matters. The editor apologized and printed this correction: "Governor Francis of Missouri has purchased a large tract of land in the Great American desert, and Walter Williams is here to invite the journalists of Spain to a show which the governor will give next year." Mr. Williams fled the place, fearful the editor might explain some more.

Rossetti's Awful Breakfast.

It was at one time arranged that Dante Gabriel Rossetti, his brother William and Swinburne and George Meredith should live together in a certain house. Meredith happened to see Dante Gabriel Rossetti at breakfast and changed his plans. Meredith himself tells the story. "It was past noon," says he. "Rossetti had not yet risen, though it was an exquisite day. On the breakfast table on a huge dish rested five thick slabs of bacon, upon which five rigid eggs had slowly bled to death. Presently Rossetti appeared in his dressing gown, with slippers down at heel, and devoured the dainty repast like an ogre." That meal was too much for Meredith, and he sacrificed three months' rent rather than see it repeated.

The Sphinx's Riddle.

The riddle which the sphinx propounded to the Thebans and the solution of which she made a condition of her withdrawal from the state was as follows: "What animal has one voice, at first four, then two and at last three feet?" Œdipus discovered the answer to be "man," who in infancy, from using his hands as well as his feet in walking, may be said to have four feet (all fours), in after life employs but two, and in old age to these he adds a staff, which may be reckoned a third. Upon this solution being given the sphinx is said to have thrown herself headlong from the citadel.

The Simple Life.

In my wanderings on foot when I walk through the provinces of Europe and talk to the people and fish and learn I find that what people lack most in life is simplicity, the poor man as well as the rich. It consists not in plain dress, but in plain living, in simplicity of heart, of personal beliefs and respect for the beliefs of others.—Rev. Charles Wagner.

Preparedness.

Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet the busybody, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious and unsocial, but I, who have seen the nature of the good, that it is beautiful, and that of the bad, that it is ugly, can be injured by none of them.—Marcus Aurelius.

Cause For Sorrow.

Brown—Smith is down with brain fever. Green—You don't say so! Brown—Yes. The doctor says if he recovers his mind will be a blank. Green—Well, I'm sorry to hear that. He owes me $10.

Spiteful.

Kate—Do you think it's true that people catch anything through kissing? Madge—Oh, I don't think so. See how often you've been kissed and you've never caught anybody yet.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt.—Landor.

Eau de Cologne.

How many of those who use eau de cologne from Cologne daily, one might almost say hourly, are aware of the fact that it was invented by an Italian and not by a son of the Fatherland, which gives its name?

Almost 200 years ago an Italian priest, Giovan Maria Farina, eked out his modest fortune by selling perfumery, little art objects and so on at Domodossola. In 1702, happening to be in Cologne and making use of some of the finest vegetable productions of the country, he discovered the secret of the miraculous perfume, which has never been revealed to this day except to his descendants. He soon devoted himself to the sale of his invention, which was so satisfactory that, needing help in its manufacture, he had his brother and nephew join him from Italy.

The increasing fame of the water brought increasing difficulties of rivalry. New firms who stole his name, his trademarks, stamps and so on sprang up like mushrooms, but they could not steal his secret.

Vineland
Grape Juice

is guaranteed to be the true product of selected rich, ripe grapes, and as no chemicals are used for preservatives it can be easily retained by the most sensitive stomach. It is recommended as a nutritious food, and is beneficial and pleasing to the sick.

At the Soda Fountain it is one of the most delicate drinks. Try a Grape Juice Slip, 10 cents.

PINTS 25c. QUARTS 45c.

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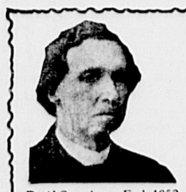

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The Falling of Lucy.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Elwood craned his neck as the train drew in at the little station. Yes, here was the low, red brick structure, from either end of which the road wound away between the young oaks, now showing a faint misty brown in the late April sunshine.

With a sudden impulse he arose and grasped his hat and grip. In another instant he stood before the station house, while the train screamed away through the wooded tunnel of oaks.

He looked around at the familiar scene, slightly bewildered at the result of his impulsive action. He had left New York with the intention of spending the week end with friends at Shrimp Cove, but the familiar scenes through which the train had sped and which marked milestones in his memory had roused within him depths of feeling that he thought could not now exist.

Evading the puzzled glance of the station agent, he turned down the right hand road. Ultimately it would take him to the village hostelry. Incidentally it would lead him over old paths and permit his fancy to revel in banished dreams.

He plodded through the thick yellow sand with eager eyes on the budding hedges. Gratefully he inhaled the delicate spring odors that seemed to emanate from the golden afternoon sunshine.

He paused, once beside a foaming spring where sweetflag was shooting green blades from the black, oozy mud, and again in the Honeyspot road where arbutus clung to the steep banks and the pink pouch of the moccasin flower sprang from the lichened tree stumps. Each time he removed his hat and stood with painfully knitted brow and reflective eyes. Then he moved on.

The village hotel was under new management, and he passed unchallenged by old acquaintances. He strolled down the irregular street after the evening meal was over and in the spring twilight revisited old haunts and revived old memories until his mind was a chaos of rage with himself and grief for the unattainable.

The next morning when clamoring bells rang out from the white painted churches and the quiet streets were gay with the Easter finery of the village belles Elwood made his way to a quaint old edifice tucked away on the shore road, so that when he was seated in a familiar place he could see the white sails in the harbor and the thin drift of smoke from passing steamers on the sound.

The gathering congregation looked curiously at the dignified, middle aged stranger who sat in the old Elwood pew, but he maintained an attitude of motionless rigidity, with eyes fixed steadily on the rippling water beyond the window. He was listening with painful eagerness for a light step.

It came. He heard the swish of silk and the soft slip of her feet as she ascended the steps of the chancel and took her place among the assembled choir. In his eyes' mind he could see her, cool and pale, with flaxen hair and dark blue eyes.

There would be little change in her appearance after fifteen years. Her fair skin might have faded a little, and her slimness might have become angularity, but there would be no other visible alteration. Still, he could not look.

Two women rustled into the seat behind him and conversed in hissing whispers that reached his ear with annoying distinctness.

"Lucy Clifford's got on her blue foulard silk, ain't she?"

"Yes! I wonder if she's going to sing today?"

"I suppose so. Mr. Larkin said it would be the last year she could sing in the choir."

"Her voice is getting terrible thin, and once in awhile it gives out. She ain't sung for two or three weeks now. I guess she was saving it so's she could sing today."

"Lucy's getting to be a regular old maid. Now that she's left alone down to the old place, I guess she wishes she'd taken up with young Elwood after all."

"I hope her voice don't fail today," remarked one of the women as the low tones of the organ rumbled through the church.

Elwood turned his head. Yes; there she sat, her pale, pure profile outlined against the red and purple of the chancel window.

She looked as his memory had limned her save that she was not angular; she still retained her youthful slimness. There was a pathetic droop to her once proudly lifted head and a wistfulness in the full lidded eyes as she turned toward the congregation.

The organ ceased, the white robed minister entered and knelt in prayer, and then with a triumphant burst of music the choir arose and the notes of the anthem rang through the little church. Elwood pressed a hand across his stinging eyes as the familiar melody proceeded. It seemed but yesterday that he had stood beside Lucy Clifford in the choir and lifted his strong young voice in that same strain.

He heard the high notes of her thin soprano above the reedy tenor and the rumble of alto and bass, and there was an uncertain quality in it that caused his heart to beat a little faster in the fear that her voice might fail altogether. Anxiously he followed her through the anthem and sighed with relief when the final "Amen" died away in the rustle of the kneeling people.

The service proceeded as it had proceeded fifteen years ago. There was another minister and, save for Lucy Clifford, other voices in the choir. There were strangely familiar faces in the congregation, and his eyes eluded many a glance of recognition. It was enough for him that he could look upon Lucy Clifford's sweet face once again. In the morning he would go away.

When the long sermon was finished the organ commenced a well known prelude, two gray haired wardens creaked up the aisle and received the oaken contribution boxes, while the choir arose to sing the offertory.

"Christ the Lord is risen today. Al-le-lu-ia!"

That was Lucy's voice rising high above the other singers, and again Elwood felt that tender apprehension lest she should fail. When the second stanza was begun her tones were strained and tremulous.

"She's going to break down!" whispered one of the women in the seat behind him.

"Lo, our sun's eclipse is o'er"—

It had happened. With a discordant wail like the breaking of a violin string Lucy Clifford's voice died out. The startled choir paused for an instant, and then from the congregation burst a man's strong voice, "Al-le-lu-ia!"

To a triumphant conclusion he carried the fine old melody, his rich tenor supporting the wavering voices of the agitated choir. He had seen the white, frightened face of Lucy Clifford turned in his direction, and he threw all the vigor and force of his nature into the third stanza.

Almost unconsciously her tremulous voice took up the refrain, and once more their tones were united. It seemed as though her weak utterance rested on the assured strength of his, and he carried it up—up—to an exultant close until their voices blended in final joyous "Al-le-lu-ia!"

Lucy Clifford sank back in her seat with trembling hands and a flickering color in her pale cheeks. She did not glance at Allen Elwood. It was sufficient for her that he was present and that in the hour of her distress he had come to her rescue.

It was like him to have done that. It was strange that she had permitted that escapade of his youth to blind her to his many noble qualities. Well, it was too late now, but she could remember this day. It would be a pleasant memory to be stored away against a dreary future.

When the service was concluded, Lucy Clifford slipped through the side door into the churchyard and thence toward the opening in the stone wall that led to the homeward path across lots.

Elwood did not follow her. It would be of no use. He was too much of a black sheep. But when the dusk fell he walked slowly along the shore road until he came to the old Clifford place.

It was a long, low, brown house facing the harbor. Tall cherry trees overshadowed its gabled roof, and thick hedges of pungent box bordered the winding paths. A wind swept up from the bay, and a shower of blossoms fell about him. A whippoorwill throbbed from the bough of an apple tree. It was like another night that was past.

There was a light step on the graveled path, a startled exclamation, and he was holding Lucy's unresisting hands in his own.

"I have come to ask your forgiveness, Lucy," he began tenderly.

"Nay," she murmured tremulously; "it is I who should ask yours for my narrow minded prejudices. But that is past—I—I tried to steel my heart and failed—and the years have been so long, Allen"— Her voice broke.

"I know,"— he said slowly, "but the years that are to come will be long and sweet, God willing!"

The whippoorwill whirred away through the darkness, while again the cherry trees swayed in the breeze and sent a shower of bridal whiteness over the lovers at the gate.

Philosophy of Good Clothes.

Besides the sentimental and aesthetic reasons that exist for dressing well it seems there is a scientific one, if we accept the statement of a London medical man that a good suit of clothes acts as a tonic on the mind of the wearer, while the consciousness that one is not at one's best in appearance if wearing shabby or ill fitting clothes may be reckoned as one of life's real handicaps. In the moral support that smart clothing furnishes he thinks there is a source of mental strength and activity that aids one to center one's thoughts on the things that lead to success in one's trade and profession. To be shockingly attired and to be constantly conscious of the condition leads the mind into worrying ways that dissipate healthy energy.—Boston Transcript.

A Different Brand.

An eminent medical gentleman engaged a nurse, recently graduated, for a case of delirium tremens. The physician succeeded in quieting the patient and left some medicine, instructing the nurse to administer it to him if he "began to see snakes again." At the next call the physician found the patient again raving. To his puzzled inquiry the nurse replied that the man had been going on that way for several hours and that she had not given him any medicine.

"But didn't I tell you to give it to him if he began to see snakes again?" demanded the physician.

"But he didn't see snakes this time," replied the nurse confidently. "He saw red, white and blue turkeys with straw hats on."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Crows and Strings.

It was proved centuries ago that a crow can count up to three and no more. I met a farmer once who said that his corn crop had not failed in twenty years owing to his habit of stringing his field. He explained: "No crow will enter an angle formed by two strings stretched on poles. I illustrated this to some friends several years ago by sowing a small field in corn for fodder, protecting it by a zigzag string running from one end to the other. Within the angles formed by the string not a blade of the young crop was touched, but close without them, at each end, the whole crop was demolished. A crow is a very wise fool, and this is an effective and cheap way of circumventing him."—New York Press.

Sign Language on the Curb.

Any one would imagine all the curb brokers in Broad street were mutes. They use the sign language down there now to convey quotations and sales to their office boys and clerks who sit in the windows of the offices to catch the quotations. As a matter of fact, some of the brokers use the deaf and dumb alphabet; others use a distinct signaling code of their own, known only to the one single house and its representative. Even this, however, has to be changed now and then. The brokers possess a nimble wit, and they soon learn the secret signs of their competitors.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Safest Way.

"My friends dragged me into this wretched affair," shiveringly said the first duelist to his adversary as the seconds approached with the deadly weapons. "I never pulled the trigger of a pistol in my life, so if I hit you it will be an accident."

"Nor is this awful duel to my liking," whined the challenger, white to the gills. "Like you, a pistol is a strange article to my hands, and if I shoot you it will be with a stray shot."

"Then, for heaven's sake," exclaimed the first duelist, with a ray of hope, "let's aim carefully at each other or one of us may get hit!"—Kansas City Newsbook.

FANTAN AT MACAO.

Gambling Houses of the Monte Carlo of the East.

Macao, a Portuguese-Chinese port at the mouth of the Canton river, in China, is the Monte Carlo of the east. One must wait until evening to see the famous "fantan" houses. The interiors are brilliantly lighted with oil lamps (for Macao boasts neither electricity nor gas) and furnished with costly Canton blackwood elaborately carved and upholstered in velvet. There are two floors. The cooly class remains on the ground floor, where the actual games take place, but in the room above, immediately over the table in the room below, there is a square "well" with a rail around it and a narrow table furnished with betting books and pencils, cigarettes, etc.

The visitor may take a seat and look down at the game, which really seems fair and simple. A man sits at the head of the table with a huge heap of brass "cash" before him and a slender wand in his hand. He takes up a handful of the coin and puts it on the table, covering it with a brass hat. Then the betting begins, the bets being laid on the number 1, 2, 3 or 4, after which the banker takes up the hat and counts out the cash in fours, separating them with his cane, the number left when the last "four" is removed being the subject of the betting. These houses, numerous as they are, make an enormous income and are a source of large revenue to Macao.—Exchange.

JAPANESE PAGODAS.

Enormous Pendulums Render These Old Structures Earthquake Proof.

The only old structures in Japan which seem to be earthquake proof are the pagodas, which were erected before the temples. There are many which are 700 or 800 years old and as solid as when first built.

There is a reason for this, and it lies in their construction. A pagado is practically a framework of heavy timbers which starts from a wide base and is in itself a substantial structure, but rendered still more stable by a peculiar device. Inside the framework and suspended from the apex is a long, heavy beam of timber two feet thick or more. This hangs from one end of the four sides. Four more heavy timbers, and if the pagoda be very lofty still more timbers, are added to these. The whole forms an enormous pendulum, which reaches within six inches of the ground.

When the shock of an earthquake rocks the pagoda the pendulum swings in unison and keeps the center of gravity always at the base of the framework. Consequently the equilibrium of the pagoda is never disturbed, and this is the explanation of the great age of many of them, when from their height one would suppose them to be peculiarly susceptible to the effects of the earthquake.

France and Fourteen.

So far as France is concerned, it is the number fourteen that has played a conspicuous and portentous part in her history. On May 14, 1554, the Rue de la Ferronnierre was enlarged by order of Henri II., and four times fourteen years later Henri IV. was assassinated there by Ravaillac—namely, on May 14, 1610. Henri had lived four times fourteen years, fourteen weeks and four times fourteen days—that is, fifty-six years and five months. Then Henri's son, Louis XIII., died May 14, 1643, the same day and month as his father. And 1643 added together equals fourteen, just as 1553, the year of the birth of Henri IV., equals fourteen. Louis XIV. ascended the throne 1643, which, added together, equals fourteen, and similarly the year of his death (1715) equals fourteen.—London P. T. O.

Kept Them All on Edge.

One of the favorite devices of Lord Nelson when ships were cruising in company was to signal to a given craft that Lieutenant Smith or Staff Engineer Brown or Captain of Marines Jones was to take charge, on the assumption that all his superior officers on board had been put out of action. The author of "Trafalgar Refought" says that the result was very good, for no one knew when he might be called upon to take command, and every one therefore made a point of trying to make himself fit to carry out the duty should it ever be assigned to him.

Selfish Etiquette.

Some rules in an old book on etiquette seem to encourage a practice commonly called "looking out for No. 1." Here are two of them:

When cake is passed do not finger each piece, but with a quick glance select the best.

Never refuse to taste of a dish because you are unfamiliar with it or you will lose the taste of many a delicacy while others profit by your abstinence, to your lasting regret.

There's a Hare In the Moon.

Equally famous with the man in the moon and the woman in the moon is the hare in the moon, says Garrett P. Serviss in his "Astronomy With the Naked Eye." The original is a Buddhist legend. The god Sakkria, disguised as a Brahman, pretended to be starving and went to the animals for help. The monkey got him a bunch of mangoes; the coot picked up a fisherman's neglected string for him; the fox stole him a pot of milk. At last the god approached the hare. "I have nothing but grass," said the hare, "and you can't eat that." "But your flesh is good," suggested the pretended Brahman. The hare assented. "Then," said the Brahman, "I'll kindle a fire at the foot of this rock, and you jump off into it. That'll save me the trouble of killing you." The hare assented again, but as he leaped from the rock the god caught him in his arms and then drew his figure in the moon as a perpetual reminder of the excellence of self sacrifice.

Cerebral Embolism.

Cerebral embolism, or the occlusion or plugging of an artery in the brain, causes sudden death. Growths or vegetations form on the valves of the heart. While attached they are harmless, but the instant one, large or small, becomes loosened and enters the rapid arterial current a very perilous condition obtains. The embolus, or plug, enters a vessel that becomes narrower and narrower and at last it is arrested and occludes or plugs the artery, thereby cutting off the blood supply. The force of the blood current back of the embolus keeps it at the seat of arrest. In brain cases the middle cerebral artery, at the base of the brain, is affected. Once lodged unconsciousness follows and soon death. Some of the symptoms resemble those of a true cerebral hemorrhage or apoplexy.—New York Herald.

FOR REALISM.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Injunction to a Small Nephew at Play.

A story about Robert Louis Stevenson not generally known, according to the New York Sun, is told by Mrs. Stevenson's grandson, Austin Strong.

When Mr. Strong was a little chap Mr. Stevenson liked to sit propped up in bed to watch him at play in the next room. And often it happened that the bigger boy of the two would make suggestions for the make believe games and insist that they be carried out too.

One day Austin had arranged some chairs in a row, playing that they were ships, and he, standing on the front, was the captain. For a long time he proudly walked the deck of his vessel, encountered pirates and weathered all kinds of storms until he felt the floor positively heave under his feet.

Mr. Stevenson looked on in perfect silence, but complete absorption, no doubt playing the whole thing much the harder of the two. Finally Austin got tired of his vessel, climbed off his chair and began walking across the room to some object which had attracted his interest.

This was too much for his uncle. Still deep in the game, Mr. Stevenson rose in his sickbed and shouted excitedly at the recalcitrant sea captain: "Swim, —— you, swim!"

A WARM RECEPTION.

It Gave the Hungry Preacher an Appetite For Dinner.

Before accepting an invitation it is as well to be sure it is given in good faith. After an afternoon service held many years ago in a certain village in Scotland the preacher, a stranger, who had officiated, accompanied one of the elders of the congregation home and was introduced to his wife. The good man having asked the clergyman to stay to dinner, the latter, after a little pressing, consented.

The good lady hurried off to prepare for the unexpected guest, and, seeing, as she thought, her husband washing, as was the custom in those days, at the family sink, she seized the family Bible, approached stealthily from behind and brought down the ponderous tome upon his bald pate, exclaiming:

"Tak' ye that for bringing hungry preachers here to dinner every time they come to the parish."

As soon as the assaulted one could get the suds out of his eyes he looked about him and, after thinking the matter out, concluded that the old lady had made a slight mistake. She, too, came to the same conclusion when, on returning to the parlor, she beheld her husband patiently waiting for his reverend friend!—Dundee Advertiser.

Artificial Teeth.

It is certain that the ancients had a knowledge of dentistry, but it is difficult to determine when or by whom the use of artificial teeth was introduced. Herodotus says that the Egyptians had "dentists for the teeth." In the British museum there are various dental instruments which had been found in the ruins of Pompeii, and Galen in the second century describes the method of extracting teeth by means of forceps. Belzoni says that artificial teeth were in use in antiquity, since he found some specimens in the catacombs.

Modern dentistry admits that the first to teach how to make artificial teeth was the Arabian Albucasis, and in his work "Al Tarif" are drawings of instruments used for this purpose.

The earliest known allusion to artificial teeth is by Martialis in the first century:

You use without a blush false teeth and hair,
But, Laelia, your squint is past repair.
—Minneapolis Journal.

Won In Spite of His Lawyer.

A once well known attorney used to tell a good story on himself. He had been retained to defend a counterfeiter and advised him to plead guilty. His client did so, and as there was in the mind of the court a fixed idea that if a prisoner pleads guilty he does so because he has no attorney the judge asked him why he made that plea.

"Because my lawyer told me to."

"Did he give you any reason for it?"

"Yes. He told me I would have no show before this judge."

The court flared up and ordered a plea of not guilty to be entered, and the counterfeiter was acquitted.

Memory.

If it should be asked what possession I most valued, I would say some beautiful memory. Memory is possession. It is the only thing on earth that is absolutely ours, which no one can take from us. We can produce and enjoy it in a crowd of uncongenial people as easily as if we were alone. No noise can drown its voice; no distance can dim its clearness. Strength, hope, beauty, everything else, may pass. Memory will stay.—Selected.

The Ignorance of Youth.

She—You said that I was necessary to your happiness. He—I was young then and very ignorant. I had no conception of relative values. She—What do you mean? He—I mean that I didn't know a necessity from an affliction.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Worse Than Waiting.

"Are you waiting for me, dear?" she said, coming downstairs at last, fixing her hat.

"Waiting?" exclaimed the impatient man. "No; not waiting—sojourning."—Yonkers Statesman.

Look forward, not backward. Do not repay slander with slander. If a serpent stings you, do not bite back at him.—Exchange.

Selwyn's Curious Taste.

George Selwyn had a strange but not uncommon passion for seeing dead bodies, especially those of his friends. He would go any distance to gratify this pursuit. Lord Holland was laid up very ill at Holland House shortly before his death. George Selwyn sent to ask how he was and whether he would like to see him. Lord Holland answered: "Oh, by all means! If I'm alive tomorrow I shall be delighted to see George, and I know that if I am dead he will be delighted to see me!"

Went a Shade Better.

"You—you are temperamentally impossible," roared the first angry man.

"And you," replied the second, getting red in the face, "are temperamentally inconceivable."—Philadelphia Ledger.

And Expensive.

"Surely she must have some favorite flower?"

"No; I don't think so. Anything will please her—that is, anything that's out of season."—Kansas City Journal.

HIS TURN CAME.

The Way the Liquor Man Got Even With the Bank Teller.

Many years ago there lived in Rutland, Vt., two men who bore the same name, which name we will call W. O. Jones. One of these men was a dapper young bank teller; the other was engaged in running a cigar store with a saloon attachment in the rear. This was in the days of prohibition in Vermont. Every three or four weeks the latter Jones would be haled into the police court and fined for liquor selling, which was chronicled regularly in the daily papers. The bank teller grew nervous about it, and one morning this announcement appeared: "W. O. Jones, the popular young bank teller of the Rutland National bank, wishes it to be understood that he is in no way connected with the saloon keeper and hopes their names may not be confounded."

Now, it transpired that a few months afterward this young teller failed to appear one morning at his accustomed window at the bank. Upon a hasty examination it was found that $15,000 or more of the funds of the bank had also disappeared. The wires were called into requisition immediately, and after a few days he was located in Denver. It was the old story. He was brought back, incarcerated, tried, etc.

It was now the saloon keeper's turn, and this notice was duly published in the same paper that issued the previous one: "W. O. Jones, the widely known business man of Merchants' row, wishes it to be understood that he is in no way connected with W. O. Jones, the defaulting bank teller now in jail, and hopes their names may not be confounded."—Exchange.

THE TURNED UP MUSTACHE.

It Originated In Spain at the Court of Philip IV.

The German emperor, William II., is generally regarded as the inventor of the turned up mustache. This is true only as far as introducing it as a fashion. It was invented at the court of Philip IV., about 1625. That monarch was the first to wear his mustache turned upward. From the Spanish court the fashion spread over all Europe. Charles I. of England, Philip's brother-in-law, and many members of the Austrian Hapsburgs adopted it. It came to Belgium and was introduced into Germany by the Spanish soldiers during the Thirty Years' war.

It was also found in Sweden as well as in France under Louis XIII. Under Louis XIV. the beard went out of fashion, and during the time of Rococo the elegant world knew only clean shaven faces until the French revolution brought the mustache again into use. But nowhere except in its Spanish home did the mustache rise so extravagantly as with the German emperor and his imitators.

In Spain all kinds of artificial means, such as bandages and coverings, were employed to compel the mustache to keep this unnatural upward position, and in looking at the paintings of Velasquez or Murillo one can easily understand that without such coercive measures a true full blooded Spaniard could never have realized his ideal mustaches.—Minneapolis Journal.

In the House of Commons.

In the days of Burke, Pitt and Fox members of the house of commons used to relieve the tedium of debate by sucking oranges and cracking nuts while lying full length on the benches, and Brougham made his great six hours' speech on law reform in 1828 with a hatful of oranges by his side for refreshment. Joseph Hume found solace in pears, which he took from his bulging pockets and munched by the hour, leaning the while against his favorite post. No wonder oranges were so popular, since their vender (one of them, at any rate) was a picturesque girl who used to sit with her wares in the lobby, attired in a "sprigged muslin gown with a gauze neckerchief" or in the glory of "clean white silk stockings, Turkey leather shoes and pink silk petticoat, becomingly short."—Westminster Gazette.

The Tarantula.

Whether the tarantula is ever a death dealer or not is a disputed point. However, there seems to be no doubt that the bite of this spider-like creature inflicts one of the most painful wounds that the human body can endure. Stolid Indians who have borne the tortures of the sun dance without flinching have been known to roll upon the ground and shriek in agony when bitten by a tarantula, which leaves a livid scar that never grows dim. It is possible that the tarantula bite sometimes proves fatal, although it is difficult to find a well authenticated instance of this kind.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Even Buds Grow Old.

According to a government botanist at Washington, there is reason to believe that buds share in the growing old of the parent plant. He illustrates his meaning in this way: Suppose the average life of an individual plant—say a tree—to be 100 years; then a bud removed when the parent plant is fifty years old will also be virtually fifty years of age and if transplanted by grafting will be able to live on the graft only fifty years more.

She Knew.

Applicant—No, ma'am; I couldn't work in a house where there were children. Mrs. Keephouse—But we advertised for a girl who understood children. Applicant—I do understand 'em, ma'am. That's why I won't work where they are.—Illustrated Bits.

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed.—Young.

Making It Simple.

In the course of his sermon a preacher in a rural district used the world phenomenon. This word caused one of the members some trouble, for he was unable to attach any meaning to it. Finally he determined to seek an explanation from the minister and at the close of the service approached him on the subject.

"What did yer mean by that there long word yer used in yer sermon?" he began.

"Oh, I see you do not know what a phenomenon is," replied the minister. "Well, have you ever seen a cow grazing in a field in which thistles were growing?"

"Yes; many a time."

"That is not a phenomenon. And no doubt you have often listened to a lark singing merrily away up in the clouds."

"Yes."

"That, again, is not a phenomenon. But if you saw that cow sitting on a thistle singing like a lark that would be a phenomenon."—Liverpool Mercury.

An English Turf Tragedy.

Half an hour before the race for the Two Thousand Guineas of 1883 Prince Batthyany, who bred St. Simon and who was one of the most popular racing men of any time, was talking with Lord Cadogan in the luncheon room of the Jockey club stand at Newmarket, when he suddenly reeled and fell.

He was carried to Weatherby's office, and doctors were summoned, but the prince was beyond all human aid, and just before the bell rang for the race for which his colt, Galliard, brother of St. Simon, was first favorite he breathed his last.

A few minutes later "the clear blue sky rang with cheers and shouts as the horses came thundering along, which rose into a roar as Galliard won by a head," while behind the drawn blinds of Weatherby's office Galliard's owner, who had been looking forward so eagerly to this moment, was lying dead. It was owing to the death of his owner that Galopin's great son could not run in the Derby of 1884, which he would almost certainly have won.—St. James' Gazette.

Curing Snake Bites.

Considerable difference of opinion exists with regard to a trustworthy remedy for snake bites. Dr. Lauder Brunton advocates the use of permanganate of potash applied immediately. Mr. Greengrass of North Arcot district, Madras, however, as the result of various experiments states that acetic acid, even in the diluted form of vinegar, is an important and effectual remedy, and it can be applied effectually as long as an hour or an hour and a half after the bite. Cases of recovery from snake bites have followed the application of vinegar after such intervals. An incision must be made over the bite, as much of the poison as possible squeezed out, and then vinegar is to be injected. If the bite is on a limb, a ligature must be placed above it. Mr. Greengrass records twenty-nine cases of recovery from cobra bites by such a use of vinegar. The one failure which occurred was due to the fact that no incision had been made over the bite. A similar treatment is recommended for the stings of scorpions.—London Standard.

Downing Street, London.

The greatest street in the world is one of the smallest. This is Downing street, a dark little alley in the west of London. Here is the real center of the British empire, for it is at 10 Downing street that the premier has his official residence. Ever since Robert Walpole was the prime minister, 200 years ago, the heads of the government have made their homes in this "alley." American tourists usually go out of their way to gaze upon the dingy, almost repellent exterior of this lodge of diplomacy and national ambition, because Sir George Downing, who laid out the street and built the house therein, was of American ancestry, his mother belonging to the Winthrops of Massachusetts Bay Colony, and stands as the second graduate on the roster of Harvard college. After getting an American education he went to England and, seizing opportunity when it offered, became Oliver Cromwell's ambassador at The Hague.—Exchange.

Feeding the Stock.

The victim of the following story, told in Mrs. Henry W. Cole's "A Lady's Tour Around Monte Rosa," was possessed of a keen sense of humor. Otherwise his dignity might have been ruffled by the unconscious revelation which came to his ears. In the course of Mrs. Cole's travels she met the Rev. Robert Montgomery, the poet, who told her an incident of his early career in the pulpit. When he was first admitted to holy orders he was appointed curate in a rural Scotch district and lodged in the house of a small tenant farmer. Notwithstanding his office of clergyman the family did not appear to hold their boarder in high veneration, for one day he heard the woman servant call out to her mistress:

"Missis, shall I feed the pigs first or gie the mon his dinner?"

An Erratic Echo.

The late Sir John Leng had traveled in most quarters of the globe. On one occasion when visiting Spain he was asked at a certain spot by a traveling companion to test the powers of what was declared to be a wonderful echo. Sir John, slowly and deliberately, in rounded tones uttered the words, "Dun-dee Ad-ver-ti-ser," the name of the paper he owned. "Dundee Courier and Argus," the name of the opposition paper, came back as the echo! Sir John's friends had played him a trick.

Tea Drinking.

Tea drinking was regarded as one of the feminine vices of a hundred years ago. The Female Spectator of that period observes: "The tea table costs more to support than would maintain two children at nurse. It is the utter destruction of all economy, the bane of good housewifery and the source of idleness."—London Mail.

Vanishing France.

Old France is slowly disappearing, and its local customs, picturesque costumes and the language peculiar to its ancient provinces will very soon become nothing more than precious souvenirs preserved in faithful memories or related in works of tradition, which will charm our descendants.—Petit Parisien.

A Slight Difference.

What is the difference between a jeweler and a jailer? One sells watches and the other watches cells.

It takes two to make a quarrel, but some folks don't have much trouble finding the other one.—Puck.

The English Channel.

One of the most famous bits of water in the world is the English channel, which separates and yet unites the sister countries of England and France and has been the scene of so much of their history. It extends on the English side from Land's End to Dover and on the French side from the island of Ushant to Calais. Its entrance from the German ocean is the strait of Dover, twenty-one miles wide, while at the other extremity, where it joins the Atlantic, it is 100 miles from shore to shore. The greatest width midway is 150 miles. Owing to the strong current setting in from the westward, the high winds which frequently prevail and the configuration of the shores it has a roughness which has become proverbial and few cross it without seasickness.

Just Got It Out.

"Why in the name of goodness," exclaimed a man to an acquaintance, "do you keep taking out your watch? Going to catch a train?"

"Well, no," answered the other. "To tell you the truth, I haven't seen my watch for a long time."

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect December 16, 1907.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9 32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Sunday, January 5, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

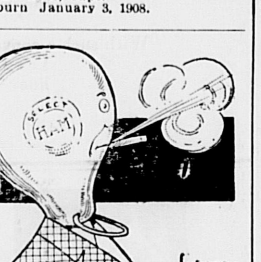
Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.
ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn January 3, 1908.



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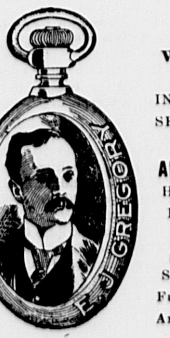

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announces a change in his Woburn office hours. Hereafter he will be at his Woburn office in the Johnson Block, 349 Main Street, mornings from 8 to 8.50, and Saturday evenings from 7.30 to 9. Boston Office, 10 Tremont Street. Telephones: Woburn 272-1, and Main 3908-3.

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Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5 45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 1.15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7.15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M, then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9.30, †10.00, †10.30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 55, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11·15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.
GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb 15. 1906.

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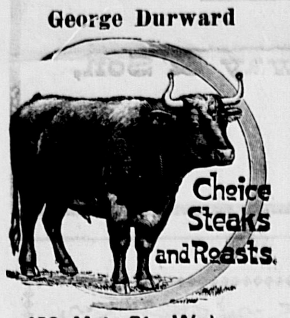

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington. Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect December 16, 1907

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55 †6.34, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23 †10.21, †10.53, §11.01, †11.38 a. m., §12.05, †12.59 †2.00, §2.00, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.26, †5.02 †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL—†6.24, †8.22, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, §5.26, †6.42, §9.27, §11.02, †10.59, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26 †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H.— †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, Pas. Traf. Mgr. C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Ag

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

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In Her Moment of Weakness.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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She had always been distressingly capable and competent.

"I don't believe Beatrice ever had a headache or a nervous spell like you girls have," Henry Dalton had remarked one day to his two sisters, absorbed by bonbons and new novels and wrapped in indifference and silk negligees.

And the tone in which he spoke was not entirely complimentary. In fact, a distinct note of personal injury rang through it, for how can a man assume an attitude of protective chivalry toward a girl entirely capable of doing for herself?

Beatrice never dropped her fan or her handkerchief, nor came into the drawing room with her glove unbuttoned, nor gave opportunity for the little services which other women seemed to have demanded of Henry Dalton since he had risen to the dignity of knickerbockers.

Yet withal Beatrice Craig was nothing if not feminine. She wore the softest and most clinging of fabrics. She played golf, but did not court bare arms and tan. She wore tailored suits, but she softened them with delicious froufrou bows of lace at her throat. She was ruffly and fluffy, but she never tore her ruffles and then asked for a pin to make repairs.

And if all these things she was before her father's failure and death she was doubly inaccessible and impregnable after reverses overtook her. Before that she had simply fenced with Dalton. Now she donned an armor that seemed well nigh invulnerable.

Directly the estate was settled up and the smallness of their inheritance was made known to her Beatrice Craig had turned breadwinner, investing the pitiful little heritage in a smart shop where layettes of the most superlative fineness and beauty were sold.

In the front room, with its exquisite fittings and scented presses, she exhibited wares selected to suit the matrons among whom she had grown from girlhood to womanhood. In the rear room she gathered the most expert needlewomen her purse could command, and all work was done under her direct supervision.

Her delighted clientele said that her success was founded on this personal oversight. Her doctor said that nervous prostration would inevitably result from her persistent close confinement to business. Her mother wept in sheer loneliness at first and later drifted from their tiny apartment back into the old bridge playing, novel reading circle of gray haired friends. And what Henry Dalton said is not for repetition here, for, having no nieces or nephews, how could he offer a decent excuse for haunting a layette shop? And only at her shop was Beatrice to be found—save the cruelly few hours when outraged nature demanded rest and refreshment.

And now today, with Henry Dalton thrust into the dim background of the life when her mother made all things lovely for her well shod feet to walk upon, she was standing before her cheval mirror preparing for a return—just a brief return glimpse—to the old life.

Her mother had wept to some purpose. The doctor had said certain sharp things that were more effective than maternal tears, and so Beatrice had accepted the De Haven Smiths' warm invitation to spend the week end and perhaps a few days more at their lodge in the Catskills.

Beatrice surveyed with critical eye her smartly tailored traveling suit and then cast a smiling glance at the suit case where rested a delightful matinee, product of her own workroom. It would be good to lie abed mornings and drink her chocolate in a love of a matinee like that. And she should read a couple of new books and wear the white crepe de chine, newly made over for the trip, to dinner. Old times—yes, she was strong enough now to stand an occasional dip back into old times.

"Beatrice, here's a C. O. D. parcel from Mason's. I picked up a love of a waist for $13.75. Have you any money?"

Beatrice readjusted her veil to a more fetching angle and murmured as well as the pins in her mouth would permit:

"Yes, mother, there's a roll of bills in my bag, the large pocket. Take what you think will last you until I come back."

An hour later Beatrice leaned back luxuriously in the parlor car, her unseeing eyes fixed on the Hudson panorama. It was good—just to do nothing. And when the call for luncheon came she felt hungry—and smiled. The doctor had said a change was all she needed, and here she was hungry already for the first time in weeks.

The obsequious darky in charge of her table gave her the perfection of service, with one eye perhaps on the beautiful pigskin hand bag that rested against the window. That bag had been one of Dalton's gifts, and at that very moment the giver himself was sitting at a table behind Beatrice, watching her every move with hungry eyes. He knew that she was going to the De Haven Smith lodge. Mrs. Smith had boldly held this out as a bait in his invitation, but somehow he felt that the psychological moment for making his presence known had not yet arrived. He noted sometimes a new droop in her shoulders. Occasionally, too, she leaned her head on her hand between courses. This was the reaction which the doctor had predicted, but Henry Dalton did not know this. He thought only that she was slowly but surely killing herself by reason of her pride, and he must stand idly, dumbly by simply because he was so disgustingly rich that she would not listen.

And upon these bitter thoughts rushed the psychological moment.

Miss Beatrice Craig, the independent and competent, opened her hand bag. [illegible] her finger tips touched naught but polished leather. She tried the small pocket and drew forth some cards. She sat up very straight and dipped into her change purse to find a dime, a quarter and an old German coin, souvenir of Henry Dalton's student days in Berlin.

Her face turned scarlet, then white. A horrible nervous tremor swept over her. Frantically she turned everything out of the bag to find almost anything a businesslike yet distinctly feminine person might own except money.

Like a flash she remembered her mother's request. She had kept it all, every penny of the flatly folded bills.

"Take what you think will last you until I come back."

Fateful words!

Beatrice sent for the dining car conductor and explained the situation. He was polite, but behind the mask of courtesy she read amusement, or was it distrust?

She became haughty.

"My host will meet me at the depot. Until then—well, here are my rings or my watch"—

The darkies had gathered at the table opposite Henry Dalton with heads together, lips parted in ironical smiles. He summoned his waiter sharply.

"Anything happened to the lady?"

"Seems like she ain't got the price of her lunch."

Just at the instant Henry Dalton rose precipitately. Beatrice came down the aisle, her head high, but her face ghastly. It was not the attitude of the conductor nor the grinning darkies, but a sudden faintness, a realization that for once her business ability, her supreme tact, her resourcefulness, had failed her. She did not read this as physical exhaustion. Her one grim thought was that she had lost her grip on herself.

And then came Henry Dalton with a hand outstretched and the love of her shining in his eyes.

"Beatrice, I am the most fortunate of men."

"Oh, Henry," she said, with a queer break in her clear voice, "will you please"—

Henry Dalton carried her back to the stateroom in the parlor car. Henry Dalton took firm possession of her luggage and firm control of the situation. Henry Dalton all but lifted her into the De Haven Smith wagonette when they left the train. And Henry Dalton read the telegram, for which he paid, though it was sent C. O. D. to Beatrice Craig.

"Forgot to put money back in purse. What shall I do with it?"

"Buy flowers for yourself—everybody," wired Henry Dalton to the first amazed and then understanding mother of Beatrice. "I am taking care of Beatrice and always shall."

And that was why the smartest layette shop in all New York passed to a new owner and love came into its own.

Ants and the Weather.

"When you go out on a cloudy morning and find the ants busily engaged in clearing out their nests and dragging the sand and bits of earth to the surface, you may be sure that, no matter how cloudy it is, there will be no rain that day, and the probabilities are for several days of good weather," says a gardener.

"On the other hand, if you see the ants about the middle of a spring or summer afternoon hurrying back to the nest and a sentinel out trotting round in every direction looking up stragglers and urging them to go home as soon as they can get there you may figure on a rain that afternoon or night. When the last of the wanderers is found the picket hurries in, and the nest is securely sealed from the inside to keep out the water. It is very seldom that ants are taken by surprise by the approach of a shower, but once in awhile when belated or too far away to get home in time they mount a shrub and ensconce themselves under the thickest, broadest leaf they can find, and there they stay and hold on until the rain is over. When an ants' nest is washed out and the ants drown an examination will always show that the disaster was due not so much to lack of preparation as to accident, a stream from an unexpected direction flowing down between two bricks or a downpour that caused a fall or the washing away of the bank in which the nest was placed."

Dangerous Ground.

"Bless me, Marthy!" exclaimed Uncle Cyrus, looking up from his magazine, says the Youth's Companion. "We're getting a navy that don't need to take a back seat for any of them European nations." Aunt Martha continued placidly measuring out the ingredients of "mountain" cake and manifestly was not unduly excited over naval affairs.

"Just listen to this. Some fellow has been making estimates. Any half dozen of our big cruisers have engine strength equal to the pulling power of all the horses in the Russian cavalry! The engines of one of our big battleships are strong enough—if they could be fastened somewhere—to pull the hull United States cavalry into the sea and"—

"Mercy sakes," cried Aunt Martha, with arrested spoon, for the first time impressed with these interesting statistics, "I hope to goodness our cavalry 'll keep away from the shore!"

It Would Flatter Man.

Few men have deserved and few have won higher praise in an epitaph than the following, which was written by Lord Byron on the tomb of his dead Newfoundland:

"Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity and all the virtues of man without his vices. This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just tribute to the memory of Boatswain, a dog, who was born at Newfoundland May 3, 1803, and died at Newstead abbey Nov. 18, 1808."

Woman's Reasoning.

Husband (arriving with his wife at the Azcarraga station just as the train steamed out)—There! If you hadn't taken such a fearful time dressing we shouldn't have lost that train. Wife—And if you hadn't hurried me so all the way to the station we wouldn't have to wait for the next one.

THE HIPPOCRATIAN OATH.

What Every Conscientious Physician Undertakes to Do.

"First and last, day and night, he who has given himself to the cause of medicine sees the most sordid, the most terrifying, the most pitiful, side of humanity," says a writer in Appleton's Magazine. "His training is in the slums, where the elements of life may touch even the lowest and basest. His service is demanded in sickness and pain, and his final act, as irrevocably as the rising of the sun, is to close the eyes forever of others, even perhaps those whom he brought into the world. He is the possessor of secrets, the repository of sorrow.

"'Into whatever house I enter I will go for the benefit of the sick. With purity and holiness I will pass my life and practice my art.' So ran the oath administered by Hippocrates to his students almost five centuries before Christ, and so still stands today the physician's ideal. Medicine then partook of a character of holiness, for the student, too, swore to reckon him who taught me this art equally dear to me as my parents, to look upon his offspring in the same footing as my own brothers and to teach them this art if they shall wish it without fee or stipulation.

"Can any one today with an inkling of the life of the disciple of medicine doubt that the spirit of this ancient oath is rigidly observed in its practice, or that, as Hippocrates dictated 2,500 years ago, 'Whatever in connection with my professional practice or not in connection with it I see or hear in the life of men which ought not to be spoken abroad I will not divulge, as reckoning all that should be kept secret?'"

BUENOS AIRES.

An Orderly City In Which Affairs Are Well Conducted.

Things are done well in the City of Good Airs. There are good things to eat, comfortable rooms to live in, places where a man can get his exercise and outdoor sport. After the tropics the gringo feels like a man who has been hopping from foothold to foothold in a swamp and steps at last on solid ground. The creature comforts of a capable, wide awake, well arranged city soothingly envelop him. The cochero knows where he wants to go, the waiter knows what he wants to eat. The mounted policeman, in breastplate and horsetail helmet, rides him back with the rest of the crowd and does it so quietly and with such sophisticated nonchalance that he promptly conceives a passionate admiration for that policeman and his beautiful horse, falls into the communistic pride common to all city dwellers and is ready to declare that there is no other policeman so fine in the world. The streets are clean and well kept, and the buildings which line them, however gingerbready their architecture, are held within decorous maximum and minimum limits of height. Everything is near at hand. The hotel, club, bank, drive, the restaurants and theaters are all within, so to say, feeling distance. And this physical compactness and neatness, this continental glitter and activity, set here oasis-like, combine to give the whole a certain diminutiveness and cozy intimacy. There's a "little old Buenos Aires" too.—Arthur Ruhl in Scribner's Magazine.

Accomplices.

A rival to the celebrated Mrs. Malaprop is to be found in a certain New York street car conductor. The other day a party of several women boarded his car. They were not able to find seats together, and two sat on the opposite side from the others. The woman who paid the fares for the group offered the conductor a half dollar, neglecting to mention how many fares were to be taken from it.

"You're paying for these four here," he said, indicating those who sat in line with her of the purse, "and," waving his hand in the direction of the two on the opposite side, "are those ladies implicated?"—New York Times.

The Grave of Adam.

April 1 was marked on old calendars as the "Memorial of Adam." The orientals relate that Adam, when dying, charged his children to bury his body, embalmed with myrrh, incense and cassia, in the cave of Al-Kanuz, near paradise. When they quitted the place they were to convey his body to the center of the earth, whence would come salvation to his posterity. This is said to have been done by Noah and Melchizedek, who reburied him on the sacred hill of Calvary.—Chicago News.

Pleasant.

The two men talked for a time in the train.

"Are you going to hear Barkins' lecture tonight?" said one.

"Yes," returned the other.

"Take my advice and don't. I hear he is an awful bore."

"I must go," said the other. "I'm Barkins."

Positive Proof.

Patron—How can you tell whether a couple are married or not? Hotel Keeper—If he orders two whole portions, they are not; if he orders one portion for two, they are.—Judge.

Her Sweet Answer.

Tom—And when you proposed she gave you a sweet answer? Dick—She did, indeed. Tom—Ah, she said, "Yes?" Dick—No, she said "Fudge."—Chicago News.

One should not sell his principles for kindness or for compliments any sooner than he would sell them for cash.—Dallas News.

At the Opera.

"What was the matter with Signor Tenori? He sang the drinking song wretchedly."

"Yes. I think he had been drinking." —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Anger begins in folly and ends in repentance.—Pythagoras.

Do not measure your enjoyment by the amount of money spent in producing it.

ARTISTIC TASTE.

In This the French Are First and the Irish Come Next.

Artistic taste is due to temperament, and where this exists the simplest materials lend themselves to artistic combinations and beautiful effects.

The French excel in dainty, graceful designs because of their volatile, mirth loving temperaments. The Germans can never reach these heights because their temperaments are just the reverse, while it has been proved in several workrooms that, next to the French, the Irish temperament is the most artistic.

The more artistic the general training of a person the more ready are they to appreciate and profit by the fine productions of others; hence we are glad to see and grateful for the privilege of studying the "models" brought from Paris each season by the enterprising importers.

Twenty-five years ago in Paris and London the houses that catered to America and the colonies put aside for this trade any designs that were too extreme or "screaming" for the fastidious home buyers, says the Millinery Trade Review. But times have changed, and the American woman is now considered the best dressed in the world, and the leaders of American society are the women who dictate quite as much as the elite of France.

MINE TIMBERS.

They Add Eight Cents to the Cost of Each Ton of Anthracite.

The cost of every ton of anthracite is increased 8 cents by the expense of the mine timbers. To supply these timbers, says the Vegetarian Magazine, requires each year the product of approximately 150,000 acres of forest.

Timber is used for cross ties for tram roads in the main haulage ways, as wooden rollers and as props. A set of gangway timber consists of two legs, commonly nine or ten feet long and about thirteen inches in diameter, and a collar six or seven feet long. These sets are placed on an average at intervals of five feet. One gangway frequently contains 1,000 sets, and ten gangways to a colliery is not an unusual number.

The average life of the timber is hardly above two years. Forty-five per cent of the timbers are destroyed by decay, while breakage, wear and insects destroy the remainder. By peeling the timbers and properly seasoning them and especially by giving them a treatment in oils or chemical salts their length of service is materially increased.

The Marble and the Pencil.

The marble trick is as old as the days of Aristotle. Cross the middle and fore fingers and roll a marble between them. The marble will feel like two, because it is being felt in an unaccustomed way. If a pencil is drawn between the crossed fingers the one pencil will feel like parallel bars. The same illusion may be worked by placing the pencil between the lips and then moving the under lip to one side, causing the pencil to feel like two. More curious than any of these is the one where the forefinger is crossed over the little finger behind the other two and then applied to the end of the nose. Not only can you feel two noses, but one of them seems to be about an inch longer than the other. This last sensation is caused by the fact that we do not ordinarily feel the edge of any object with these two fingers at the same time unless the part felt with the little finger projects beyond the part felt by the forefinger.—St. Louis Republic.

She Said So Anyway.

The young man who was endeavoring to win the favor of Bobby's pretty sister met the boy on the street one morning and greeted him with much cordiality.

"Er—do you think your sister was pleased to know I had called the other day?" he was at last forced to ask, bluntly, after several efforts to guide Bobby's conversation in that direction.

"Sure!" said Bobby, with gratifying promptness. "I know she was. I heard her say so.

"When she came home mother said, 'Mr. Brown called while you were out,' and she said: 'He did? Well, I'm glad of that!'"—Youth's Companion.

Ink on Leather.

For ink spots on leather chairs wash the spots with milk, renewing the milk till it is no longer stained and the spot on the leather has disappeared. Then wash the leather with warm water, and when dry polish it with a very little linseed oil and vinegar mixed in equal parts. The ink stain should be removed as quickly as possible, for if allowed to dry and harden it is doubtful whether you will ever be able to entirely remove it.

All They Deserve.

"Some people claim they don't get nuthin' out o' life."

"And they are the kind that don't put nuthin' into it to draw interest on."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Good Hair-Food

Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is a genuine hair-food. It feeds, nourishes, builds up, strengthens, invigorates. The hair grows more rapidly, keeps soft and smooth, and all dandruff disappears. Aid nature a little. Give your hair a good hair-food.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's — Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says

You need not hesitate about using this new Hair Vigor from any fear of its changing the color of your hair. The new Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents premature grayness, but does not change the color of the hair even to the slightest degree.
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

Ruth's Aunt Mehitable.

By ANNE HEILMAN.

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Hetty Peters sat gazing out of her window across the closely cropped lawn, past the garden of many hued roses and away to the woods, all white with dogwood and purple with violets. She held a letter in her hand. Not in many a long year had Hetty's face worn such an expression of woe.

"If you please, ma'am," awakened her from the trance. She turned to the cook and gave her orders for the day. Then, with a sigh, she opened the letter and reread it:

Dear Aunt Mehitable—Papa and Jessie Miller will be married Tuesday morning and sail for Europe the same day on an extended trip. So I shall leave college and go home to look after you.

The Stirlings are here for the wedding. You know they are related to Jessie. Fred looks as old as his father. They have made a mint of money mining in Colorado and intend to buy back their estate and settle down as our nearest neighbors again. No place like the south, they declare. Papa invited them to make our house their home while negotiations are pending. Business will detain Mr. Stirling in Boston for a few weeks, but Fred will come to town with me. Expect us on Thursday. Your loving RUTH.

"Jessie's a dear soul. I hope they'll be very happy," Hetty murmured to herself, "but I never thought John would marry again. And Ruth coming back a year before I expected! This'll never seem like home to me any more."

Hetty Peters was single. She had never had a lover, had never looked for one and, incredible as it may seem, had never wished for one. She had been altogether too busy, first, in looking after a younger sister and brother, and, second, in caring for her delicate mother, to consider her matrimonial prospects. The brother and sister had grown up, married and moved north. Her mother's death had left her alone.

When her elder brother's wife died she had gone to live with him, and for several years her existence had been happy if monotonously uneventful. Now came the disquieting news of John's second marriage and of her niece's unexpected return.

Ruth had a decided predilection for managing everything and everybody she came in contact with. Her aunt had always trembled before her. Ruth was the only one who remembered her baptismal name, and Hetty detested it, but Ruth persisted in calling her Aunt Mehitable.

"Perhaps she intends to marry Fred!" Hetty reflected hopefully. "If she does, of course he'll have to give in. He was a nice looking boy when he left. I remember I kissed him goodby, he seemed such a boy, and he is a year older than I am."

On Thursday Miss Peters was at the station when the northern train arrived. While she was watching the outcoming passengers from one car a hand touched swiftly her arm, and a pleasant voice exclaimed, "Hetty, you have not changed a bit since we parted."

"I've grown fifteen years older," she answered, giving her hand to a tall, bronzed, handsome man, whose dark eyes were scrutinizing her admiringly.

"I know it," he replied. "So have I"—

"Fred, loosen that checkrein. Aunt Mehitable, how could you drive this horse in such a condition? You really need some one to look after you!"

And Hetty realized, with a pang, that Ruth had come back to her own.

"No tea for me," she commanded at the dinner table. "Aunt Mehitable, I'm surprised at you! Any doctor will tell you that tannic acid is a rank poison. It's positively criminal to use tea or coffee when one can have fresh milk."

The next morning Ruth's sway began.

"Just up?" she called out as Hetty made her appearance at 7 o'clock. "I've been up for hours. I shall move the breakfast time an hour earlier, and you must come for a walk every morning before breakfast. It will do you a world of good." And Aunt Hetty, realizing the futility of argument where Ruth was concerned, miserably acquiesced.

"Is it possible you sleep on a feather bed?" exclaimed Ruth that evening, unexpectedly invading her aunt's room. "Don't you know that feathers are not sanitary? You need some one to look after you, Aunt Mehitable."

"I'm not so old as that," protested Hetty.

"It isn't altogether a matter of age; it's temperament. You take life like a grasshopper. You really do need some one. Of course you'll have me until"—

"Until you marry?" suggested Hetty.

"I have been thinking of it," Ruth admitted complacently. "By the way, how do you like Fred?"

"I think he is in every way desirable. I don't believe any woman could ask for a better husband."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said Ruth. "Was his father a good husband?"

"I do not remember Fred's mother. She died when I was very young. But I always understood they were very happy."

"I met Mr. Stirling frequently at Jessie's," said Ruth. "He came to Boston on business. If Fred is like his father I'm sure he'll make a good husband. We were talking about you this afternoon. He thinks you look younger than I do, and he thinks, as I do, that you need some one to take care of you. He really takes a great interest in you, Aunt Mehitable."

"He takes a great interest in you apparently, which is more to the point," ejaculated her exasperated aunt. "Do you mean to pretend that you don't want Fred to be fond of you?"

"Why, of course," asserted Ruth as she rose to leave the room. "Of course I hope Fred is going to be fond of me. I shall have that feather bed taken up to the garret tomorrow morning, Aunt Mehitable."

In the days that followed Hetty found herself taken in hand and "looked after" with a thoroughness that reduced her to the verge of melancholia. All her actions and movements were regulated by her energetic niece, who decided what she should eat, what she should drink and wherewithal she should be clothed.

"Ruth is so systematic," said Hetty loyally when Fred awkwardly attempted to condole with her. "She has such executive ability. She's really wonderful."

"She is, indeed," Fred assented. "She is a perfect example of what the higher education can do for a woman. But, joking aside, I don't think she's an awfully good sort, and I'm fonder of her than any other girl I know. This is a very pleasant day. Can't you come for a row on the river, Hetty?"

"N-no. I have some work that must be attended to," she faltered.

"You haven't given me any of your attention since I've been here," he complained. "You're not treating me right, Hetty."

"But—Ruth"— Hetty began in surprise.

Fred rose to his feet.

"Hetty," he said, "I want you to know something. When I left for the west, you kissed me goodby. Oh, I know you felt nothing but friendship for your old playfellow, and it sounds silly to say, but it's true, I've never kissed another woman. I meant to tell you some day, and now that"— He paused. "I promised not to say anything until Ruth told you, but"—

"I understand," said Hetty softly.

"Did she tell you?" he asked.

"Not in so many words, but I think she meant me to understand. I am so glad."

"It began last winter," said Fred. "I'm glad too. I think we're all going to be very happy."

"Aunt Mehitable," broke in Ruth's crisp voice, "here's a telegram from Mr. Stirling. He will arrive this evening."

The interruption was welcome to Hetty. She felt that she could not have endured another word.

Hetty spent the remainder of the day in her room. Fred and Ruth waved their hands gayly when she drove off to the station to meet Mr. Stirling. How well they looked together, she thought. Something in the sight stirred a strain of sadness in her. She seemed to realize for the first time that she had been cheated out of her girlhood.

Absorbed in her sad musings, she absentmindedly took a turning which made her drive longer by half a mile. When she reached the station Mr. Stirling had already started for the Pines.

Hetty drove back slowly. The full moon arose and the air was sweet with the scent of roses, but Hetty had no thoughts for the beauty of the night.

She threw the reins to the stable boy and took a short cut for the house. She was in no mood to join the family party and intended to go quietly to her room.

As she passed the rose garden she caught sight of Ruth's white dress in the shrubbery. Ruth's face was upturned to her companion, and—yes, he had taken her in his arms. It was Ruth's kiss Fred would remember now.

Hetty sat down on a rustic seat under a live oak. The meaning of it all swept over her. She was thirty-four, and there had never been moonlight or a rose garden for her. She had always left love out of her plans for herself, and now it was Fred, Ruth's Fred, out there in the rose garden, and she was alone with the emptiness of thirty-four unlived years—alone and old. Her eyes filled with scalding tears, and she sobbed aloud.

"Why, Hetty, what on earth are you crying about?"

Fred sat down beside her and gathered her in his arms.

"Don't cry, dearest," he implored. "Tell me what the trouble is. Don't you want dad to have Ruth? Why, I"—

"Your father!" gasped Hetty. "Is that who she's with?"

"Why, of course," said Fred. "I told you all about it."

Hetty sprang up in astonishment.

"I expected her to marry you," she cried.

He laughed softly.

"I didn't. She knew all along that I wanted to marry you. She's been doing all she could to make the match. She knew you needed some one to look after you."

The Seven Prophets.

"The late Duke of Devonshire," said a diplomat at a Washington dinner, "kept a stud and took a calm and ducal interest in the races. There was a certain sporting paper that kept a large staff of prophets and always prophesied the outcome of important races. The duke for some reason put great reliance in these prophets and their prophecies. He always read the paper, and he continually recommended it to his friends. But once at Goodwood, at the day's end, a man came up to the duke and said:

"'What of your paper now? Did you see it this morning? Six prophets prophesied that six different horses would win, and here only seven ran, and the winner was the seventh, which no prophet had selected. Well, what have you to say now?'

"'All I have to say,' the duke answered calmly, 'is that there's room for another prophet on that paper.'"

England's Day.

April 23 is a memorable day in English history. To begin with, it is the day dedicated to the patron saint of England, St. George. It was through the crusaders that St. George was thus selected. He was born in Cappadocia, and later his bravery against the Romans became a military tradition; hence the regard for him on the part of the English warriors who engaged in the crusades. On this day also Shakespeare is reported to have been born and died. Later, in 1661, Charles II. was crowned king on April 23. Lastly, Wordsworth died on this momentous day.—London Standard.

One Gone.

"He gave his wife a toy terrier, didn't he?"

"Yes, and she gave him an English bulldog."

"So each of them has a dog now?"

"No—he has the dog now."—St. Paul Pioneer

The Woburn Journal
Telephone 55.
FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1908

"FLAG DAY."

On June 14, 1777, one hundred and thirty-one years ago next Sunday, the Congress of the United States adopted the present American Flag, made by Betsey Ross at Philadelphia, as the National Emblem. In later times Flag Day associations were organized, and the anniversary is now patriotically observed.

Charles C. Burton, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, has issued the following

ORDER:

"By the Rules and Regulations all members of the Grand Army of the Republic are directed to observe June 14th as Flag Day. In 1908 June 14th occurs on Sunday. While I can not conceive that the display of the Stars and Stripes, the emblem of 'that righteousness which exalteth a Nation,' could in any way be regarded as a desecration of the Sabbath, still, out of deference for the opinions of those who may possibly think otherwise, I request that the comrades observe Saturday, the 13th."

The *National Tribune* of Washington, official organ of the G. A. R., adds: "This calls attention of all Veterans to a duty they should be glad to perform."

RESPECT FOR THE FLAG.

The Sons of the Revolution in the State of New York give the following ceremonies in order to show proper respect for the Flag:

It should not be hoisted before sunrise nor allowed to remain up after sunset.

At "retreat," sunset, civilian spectators should stand at "attention" and uncover during the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner." Military spectators are required by regulation to stand at "attention," and give the military salute.

When the National Colors are passing on parade, or in review, the spectators should, if walking, halt, and if sitting, arise and stand at attention and uncover.

When the Flag is flown at half-staff as a sign of mourning it should be hoisted to full staff at the conclusion of the funeral.

In placing the Flag at half-staff it should first be hoisted to the top of the staff and then lowered to position; and preliminary to lowering from half-staff it should be first raised to the top.

On Memorial Day, May 30, the Flag should fly at half-staff from sunrise to noon; and full staff from noon to sunset.

The Woburn G. A. R. Posts are expected to observe the Day in a suitable manner to-morrow.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION

The Executive Committee of the Republican National Committee have been in session at Chicago for more than a week settling contested cases, about all of which have been disposed of in favor of Taft. The "Allies," or anti-Taft forces, led by Senator Crane of this State, have lost their case in almost every instance of disputed delegations, which assures the nomination of the War Secretary, probably, on the first ballot.

Fairbanks, so the papers say, declares he will accept nothing short of a nomination for the head of the ticket; but it looks very much as though he is playing for the second place, with the odds against him. It is said by the leaders, who are gathered in great numbers at Chicago preparing for the contest to open there next Tuesday, June 16, that New York State can have the Vice Presidency, if her delegates say the word.

President Roosevelt is a potent factor (excuse us!) in arranging for the convention.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Proposals.
County Com.—Pet. and Order.

— Cut a slice off the Common? No, sir! "Cheese it."

— Three weeks from tomorrow is Independence Day.

— W. H. S. graduating exercises June 26; Grammar, 24.

— Next Wednesday is Bunker Hill Day. Going to celebrate?

— Tuesday was not quite so tepid as Monday, but it was hot enough for comfort, and little more so.

— Next Sunday, June 14, will be observed at the Montvale Congregational church as Children's Day.

— Div. 18, A. O. H. are to give a lawn party in Ashford Hall, Montvale, on the evening of July 3.

— Miss Watts is substituting at the Parker school for Miss Susan Frye, who has not been very well for a few days.

— A class of 10 of the Swedish Lutheran church, of which Rev. G. Sigfrid Swenssen is Rector, were confirmed last Sunday.

—The lawn party, dance, and vaudeville show last Tuesday night in behalf of the tuberculosis camp was a fine and successful affair.

— Graduating exercises at the St. Charles Parochial High School are to take place on June 24. Six members constitute the graduating class.

— The Evangelistic Association of New England are to open a 10-days tent meeting on the Congregational church lawn at Montvale on June 18.

— Next Thursday evening, June 18, the Ladies Industrial Society of the Baptist church are to give a teaparty at the parsonage, 22 Cleveland avenue.

— The David Wilbur Brown family reached here from Europe on Friday morning last instead of the previous Wednesday, as some of the local papers had it.

— D. W. Kelley has installed a 2 horse power electric motor at his drugstore, 325 Main street, and will use it as power to turn an icecream freezer.

— Miss Lodisa Tuttle of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting relatives in this city. She is enroute for Gorham, Maine, where she will remain during the heated term.

— Mrs. Harriet C. Blake is with her daughter at Nashua, N. H., from whence the couple will soon repair to the seaside where they will live during the hot weather.

— The Woburn Brass Band gave a splendid concert at the tuberculosis lawn party last Tuesday evening.

— Miss. Eva A. Caldwell, daughter of Mr. Edward Caldwell, graduates from Wellesly College next week.

— The dancing at the tuberculosis lawn party Tuesday night, as an exhibition of grace and agility, was all the most exacting critic could have desired.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Last Sunday evening Rev. A. H. Herrick, pastor of the M. E. church, gave an interesting story of the work of the General Conference at Baltimore during May, which he attended.

— Mr. Anthony Doherty, Landlord of the Central House, has gone into the wholesale and retail business on Blackstone street, Boston. He continues to carry on the Central House in this city.

— The person who saw a deer at North Woburn the other day said that it "was about the size of a calf," which reminds us of the chap who said the stone thrown was about as big as a piece of chalk."

— The Peabodys walloped the Woburn Highs 7 to 2 in a game played in this city last Saturday. Experts claimed that the Woburnites did not do themselves justice, but made a poor show all the way through.

— The graduating class of the W. H. S. '08, will consist of 52 members, 8 of whom are from the Classical Course, and the remainder from the general course, including that of the business department.

— The many friends of Mrs. Harriet S. Patten of Main street will be pained to learn that she fell from a hammock last Saturday evening and had one of her collarbones broken. Dr. Thomas Caulfield attended her.

— If a practical step is taken towards cutting off the west end of our Common, a howl will go up from this community that will force a halt in the proceedings. The people will not stand any such outrage for a minute.

— This is commencement season when boys and girls finish their education at the higher institutions of learning, and will soon be casting about for opportunities to put in practice the things they have learned at the schools.

— The Prior Real Estate Agency has sold for L. W. Thompson to Peter J. Hermanson the estate No. 250 Mishawum Road, consisting of two story dwellinghouse and about 7500 of land. Mr. Hermanson buys for occupancy.

— Twenty of the 52 graduates of Class '08 of the W. H. S. will enter various colleges and Normal Schools this fall. That is a commendable showing for a single class. W. H. S. diplomas are easy passports to colleges and seminaries.

—There were no prostrations in this city from heat early this week, although there were a dozen, or more, in Boston. Possibly Inertia may have played an important part in saving our people from ill effects of a temperature surcharged with caloric.

— Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Wyer of 40 Pleasant street, and the daughter, of course, go to the Champney summer home at North Conway, N. H, on June 16, where, in rural surroundings and comfort they have passed several happy seasons ere this.

— The 90th anniversary of the founding of the First Congregational church Sunday School is to be duly observed next Sabbath. It is likewise to be celebrated as Children's Day. The interior of the meetinghouse will be handsomely decorated.

— The ball game on City Park last Saturday afternoon between the North Woburn team and the Russells of Cambridge resulted in favor of the latter by a score of 3 to 2. It was a smart one, but would have ended more satisfactorily but for a misunderstanding.

— This is "Parent's Day" in Room 2 of the Highland school, Winthrop, at the head of which, as instructor, is Mrs. Celia A. Mahern of this city, the daughter of Hon. ex-Mayor Lawrence Reade. Reports say she is a model teacher, and popular in Winthrop.

— Woburn College graduates of 1908 are beginning to exhibit their "sheepskins" with pride. Alfred G. Place, a bright and promising lad, took his degree of Bacheler of Science as Electrical Engineer at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology last week.

— Remember that the Lawn Party of the Ladies' Industrial Society of the First Baptist Church will be held at the home of Mrs. H. B Williams, No. 22 Cleveland Ave., on the evening of June 18. There will be articles for sale and refreshments served. Admission 10 cents

— The other night Mayor Blodgett put a stop to a couple of wrestling matches at Walnut Hall, because he considered the game too brutal. No sport of that character can be indulged in within the jurisdiction of the Mayor, if he knows himself, and he rather thinks he does.

— The names of the young people who constitute the Woburn High School Quartet are Helen Sylvester, William McGowan, Marie Sorenson, Harold Childs. There is a good deal of musical talent in the Quartet. It will be heard from with great credit to itself and pleasure to the people on Graduation Day.

— Weather Observer Callahan at the Church avenue B. & M. R. crossing reported to the JOURNAL on Saturday morning last only 40 degrees above, and a frost on the previous night, June 5, which nipped his tomato and cucumber vines. Baggageman Wood at the station sustained the venerable W. O at the crossing as to the thermometer figures.

— Dockham's peas will make a mighty close run for the post of honor on Bunker Hill Day dinner boards in this city, and may get there all right. Fred exhibited a few pods from his vines several days ago which certainly looked as though, with a little extra nursing, continued heat, and some setting up with on nights to prevent the possibility of frosting, they might be ready for next Wednesday's patriotic dinner.

HARDWARE
Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.
H. B. BLYE & CO.,
367 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

THE JERSEY ICE CREAM
is a standard Cream guaranteed under the Food and Drug Law and tests higher than any other Ice Cream in Massachusetts.
We receive this cream fresh twice a day, both Bricks and Bulk.
Quart Bricks in 6 Individuals, 50c.
Quarts in Bulk, 3 flavors, 40c.
Remember our SPECIAL SALE every Saturday and Sunday of 40c. Chocolates for 29c Box.

McLaughlin & Dennison,
Woburn's Cut Price Druggists
417 Main Street, Woburn
☞ We Deliver Free by Messenger.

— The Tuesday Afternoon Bridge Club dined and played whist at Hotel Somerset, Boston, last Saturday afternoon to wind up the season. Those at the tables were: President, Mrs. Percy W. Linscott; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Mae Barker; Mrs. Charles G. Lund, Miss Annie Skinner, Miss Maud Skinner, Mrs. Alice D. Place, Mrs. Arthur H. Linscott, Mrs. Edward Q Brackett, Miss Florine York, Miss Anna York.

— The police raided the home of Mrs. McCarthy for liquor a few nights ago, but failed to find a single "drap of the critter" anywhere on her premises. Mrs. McCarthy is a fine, lawabiding lady who is not obliged to conduct a kitchen barroom for a living, she would have the police understand. The wagon of a Greek gentleman was, also, overhauled by the guardians, and there, too, failure to find intoxicating liquors was the reward of their vigilence.

— Now the question arises, and it is a serious one, will green peas and spring lamb be ripe and ready to do service at Bunker Hill dinners, which are due next Wednesday? According to immemorial rule and practice they should be. Usage long ago made green peas and lamb as much of a part of the celebration on June 17 as are parades and fireworks and noise; and it is to be hoped that there will be no failure in respect to these popular edibles next Wednesday.

— Last Monday was the hottest 8th of June in the last 8 years, or since the year 1900. The reckoning began at Boston with 94; at Springfield it was 100; Nashua, N. H., 98; and in Woburn the degree of heat depended on the veracity of the reporter, ranging from away up in the 90s at J. H. Callahan's observatory to close to 100 in some other localities. Happily the degree of humidity was normal, else the heat of the day would have caused much suffering.

— Last Monday Mrs. Warren N. Blake, her son, Edgar Bond Blake, and Dorothy, daughter of Dr. Harry G. Blake, left here for Thetford, Vt., the native soil of Mrs. Blake, for a summer visit. As has been his custom for several years, Mr. Blake will drive up at a little later date. Thetford is one of the pleasantest towns in the Green Mountain State, made doubly attractive to Mr. Blake by its opportunities for indulging in his favorite pastime of shooting woodcock.

— The City Council held a meeting last Monday evening, at which considerable business was transacted, considering the state of the weather. * * An appropriation was voted to defray the expenses of the usual children's 4th of July entertainment. * * Daniel W. Kelley, William E. Doyle, and Cecil T. Duncan applied for druggists licenses. * * A favorable report was received from the Highway Committee for widening Union street. * * The $5500 loan for schoolhouse repairs received a second reading.

— Beef has given its galluses another hitch and prices are kiting away out of sight of a possibility for any family in ordinary pecuniary circumstances to get within a gunshot of a decent roast or corned briskit. Beats all! But why worry? As long as Crovo sells the same kind of strawberries he is selling now, such delicious ones, at such unprecedented low prices; and fat bananas at 10 cents a dozen; there is no need of anybody in this city starving to death, even if speculation in corn has sent the price of beef skyward.

— Under the tutoring of Miss Dora A. Winn, who fills, with marked ability and great credit, the responsible office of Music Instructor in the Woburn public schools, there is to be the best of music at the High School graduating exercises on June 26. The cantata "Ruth" will be given by the Class chorus, the orchestra, and four soloists —Edna Felch, Deborah Curtis, Marie Sorenson and Harold Childs—all of them skilled musicians. "Ruth" is a great composition; it is a classic; and we venture the prediction that it will be rendered in a form by the school that will surprise and delight the audience.

— At 3 P. M. tomorrow a specially leased train will start with the Mass. delegates from Boston for the Republican National convention via the N Y. Central and Mich. Central Railroads, and arrive there Sunday afternoon Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., one of the number, as an Alternate delegate from the 8th District, at the close of the convention, will visit his mother and sister at Ashland, Wis., and return home about July 1.

— Mrs. Helen E Bulfinch, wife of Mr. Henry F. Bulfinch, a former respected resident of Woburn, and stepmother of Mr. Wallace Bulfinch, the marketman in this city, died at her home in Milford N. H, last Wednesday night.

— Last week Thursday evening the Ladies Charitable Society of the Unitarian church reelected the present officers for the ensuing year as follows: Mrs. Henry C. Parker, President; Mrs. Julius F. Ramsdell, Vice President; Mrs. Herbert B. Dow, Secretary; Miss Grace M. Bryant, Cor. Secretary; Mrs. Jennie P. Brown, Treasurer; Mrs. Marcellus Littlefield, Auditor; Directors re-elected were Mrs. George F. Eaton, Mrs. Edward C. Leighton, Mrs. Joseph F. Winn, Mrs. Alice H. Simonds, Mrs. E Gerry Barker, Miss Lillian A. Day; Postoffice Mission Committee, Mrs. Samuel Leeds; Program Committee, Mrs. John W. Johnson, Mrs. Albert F. Converse, Mrs. Nathaniel S. Watson.

— Very likely the following list is not complete, but it comprises those members of the '08 graduating class of the W. H. S. who are to enter College this fall whose names have been furnished the JOURNAL for publication up to the present time: Earle West, Ralph Johnson, Clifford Parker, Allan Prior, Harvard; Miss Marjorie Leighton, Radcliffe; Thomas Salmon, Dartmouth; Harold Fraser, Amherst; Owen Logue, B. U. Medical School; Robert Portal, Byron Grimes, Charles Trull, M. I. T.; Miss Ruth Johnson, Miss Gertrude Place, Smith; Miss Edna Brauer, Miss Gertrude Corry, Miss Agnes McDevitt, Miss Josephine Ray, Miss Marie Sorenson, Miss Harriett Graham, Lowell Normal; Miss Grace Fisher, Bridgewater Normal.

— Mr. Elmore A. Pierce, Secretary of the Woburn Progress League, an organization that is bringing this city to the front with astounding rapidity, is happy. With the aid of Ald. Sam Highley and President Sam Mendum of the League, the surbubs of North Woburn and Central Square have secured B. & M. Railroad advantages that entitle the gentleman above named to the earnest gratitude of the people of those places. These advantages consist of additional trains and 12-ride tickets, the utility of which it would be impossible to overestimate. We suppose the League and the gentleman above named will now devote their activities to the great public enterprises, the Woburn-Peabody State Road, and the Horn Pond Boulevard, the completion of which would, it is believed, increase, as nothing else, by any possibility, conld, the lustre and renown of Woburn's present enviable reputation abroad.

— On the evening of June 4, following the election of parish officers, Rev. Henry C. Parker was presented with a fine "grandfather's" clock by his flock, as a token of their love and respect for him. Mrs. Parker, wife of the pastor, was given a purse containing $20 in gold. The presentations were made by Mr. Herbert B. Dow, an officer of the parish, who accompanied them with appropriate remarks. Then there was an informal reception and an hour of pleasant social intercourse. The well planned affair was a real surprise to Rev. and Mrs. Parker, but they managed to respond to Mr. Dow's words and return thanks in a happy manner. Rev. Mr. Parker has been pastor of the Woburn Unitarian church just 20 years, which, in length, is a notable service, for few clergymen continue to occupy the same pulpit, without break, for that period. But he is an uncommonly able preacher and faithful shepherd, and it is recognized by everybody that he "wears well"—it must be so, else, he would have had a much shorter charge here, for his people are intelligent, know a good thing when they see it, and are equally capable of discerning and rejecting a poor one. Mr. Parker is not only an able sermonizer, faithful pastor, and of rare literary attainments, but the kind of a citizen whose daily walk and conversation are a benefit to this community at large. By his precept and example the standard of morals and living is raised higher. He is interested and active in ways calculated to make people better, cleaner, happier, and is all the time at it. And he "wears well." We were glad to note the pleasant affair the other night; to see that the Unitarian church recognize the merits of Mr Parker as a minister and a man, and that they showed their appreciation of him and his professional work in such a substantial manner.

— The JOURNAL had a pleasant and profitable visit from Mrs. A. B. Hayford, an old resident of Woburn, whose home is now at Lawrence, yesterday morning.

— Holiday hours will be observed at the Post Office June 17, "Bunker Hill Day." Open from 6 30 to 9 A. M., and from 6 30 to 7.30 P. M. One delivery by carriers, one collection at 4 P. M. throughout the city.

— It is not without some pangs of regret that a recent decision of the Gabalotte Club compels the JOURNAL to record the close of this season's festivities of that popular and fashionable organization, which was issued officially one evening last week. The Club have done much towards giving tone to high social life during its successful career of several years past, and although the season has about come to an end, the absence of Gabalotte from the arena, even if but temporarily, is felt by the quality to be a serious loss. The final meeting was held at the hospitable and pleasant residence of Mr. and Mrs. Percy W. Linscott, No. 616 Main street, one evening lately, and it was a fine one. Mr. and Mrs. Linscott entertained the company royally. They are accomplished hosts. Besides cards, at which phenomenal scores were run up by Mrs. Linscott and Miss Florence Ferguson, Messrs. John Cole Andrews and George Parker gave a musical entertainment which was greatly enjoyed by the Club members and their friends.

Children's Day

at First Baptist Church, Sunday afternoon, June 14, at 4 o'clock.

PROGRAM:

Organ Voluntary		William Lowell Brown
Processional.	Onward Christian Soldier.	421 Hymnal
Scripture Reading		Superintendent
Invocation		
Recitation.	"God Loves the World.	Mena Straub
Recitation.	"Children's Day."	Swaby Ward
Recitation.	"Don't You Wish."	Catherine Munroe
Chorus.	"Hail the Conquoring King."	Juniors
Recitation.	"Too Little."	Ruth Williams
Recitation.	"A Struggle"	Alma Turner
Recitation.	"What the Sun Saw."	Paul Williams
Recitation.	"The Lilac."	Emily Bromley
Chorus.	"Jerusalem Song."	Juniors
Recitation.	"One Happy Day"	Katherine Schleich, Lily Bland
Recitation.	"A Rose Lesson."	Millie Orgam
Recitation.	"Smiles."	Ralph Mitchell
Recitation	"Flower Jewels."	Ruth Lord, Esther Sorenson, Effie Jewett, Evelyn Ritchie, Edna Keith.
Chorus.	"Comrades of the King."	Juniors
Recitation.	"He Is Our Father."	Frances Scott
Recitation.	"You Cannot Count God's Blessings."	Helen Coleman.
Recitation.	"Robe in Bloom O Woods and Valleys	Valma Keith.
Recitation.	"All Things Beautiful."	Nettie Miller
Offering.	Taken by Glady Gordon, Anna Matson, Irene Stevens, Edna Hamilton, Harguerite Fisk, Ethel Coleman.	
Solo.	"Callest Thou Thus O Master."	
Recitation.	"Jesus Loves the Children."	Roy Nelson
Recitation.	"Children's Day Gifts."	Ethel McDonald.
Recitation.	"Willie's Prayer.	E. Dorothy Bezanson
Address		Pastor
Hymn.	Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.	425 Hymnal
Benediction.		
Distribution of Flowers.		

Congregational Sunday School 90th Anniversary and Children's Day, Sunday, June 14, at 10 30 A. M.

PROGRAM.

Processional		
Chorus.	Welcome Song	
Responsive Reading		
Prayer		
Chorus.	"Bless the Lord, O My Soul"	
Baptism of Children		
Introductory Word		Mr. Bean
Greeting		Dr. March
Choir and Chorus.	"Jesus, King of Glory"	
Recitation		Grace Robertson
Kindergarten Department.		Songs and Recitations
Choir and Chorus		
Recitation.	"God is good"	
Recitation.	"The Joyous Day"	
Chorus.	"When His Salvation Bringing"	
Recitation		Henry McMahon Ralph Greenleaf
Recitation.	"America the Beautiful"	Willis Carter
Anniversary Hymn by D. March		
Offering for Sunday School Missionary Society		
Sermon by the Pastor		
Graduation of Minister's Class		
Hymn		
Benediction		
Distribution of Plants		

Shay—McSweeney.

Mr. James E. Shay, a native of Braintree, and Miss. Mary Eleanor McSweeney, daughter of Mr. Bryan McSweeny of Munroe street, this city, were married at the St. Charles parochial residence by Rev. James J. Keegan, Rector, last Wednesday evening, June 10, 1908. The groomsman was Mr. Joseph Greeley Shay of Braintree; and the bridesmaid was Miss. Abbie McSweeney, sister of the bride. The ushers were Bryan McSweeney, the bride's brother; J. Edward Dee of Boston; and Morbert Shay, the groom's brother.

At the reception which followed the nuptial ceremonies at the bride's home, Mr. and Mrs Shay were assisted by Miss Abbie McSweeney and Miss Annie Holland, her cousin. The gathering was a large and fashionable one, as Miss Minnie has always been a popular young lady, with a wide circle of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Shay are to reside at Worcester, at the close of their bridal tour to New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

Burnes—Langill.

At the home of the bride's parents, 9 Frances street, this city, Wednesday evening, June 10, Mr. Morlie A. Burnes, a leading Woburn merchant, and Miss Clara M. Langill were united in the bonds of wedlock by Rev. Austin H. Herrick, pastor of the Methodist church, assisted by Rev. H. B Williams of the Baptist church; Rev. Dr. Stephen A. Norton of the Congregational church: and Rev. Mr. Burnes, brother of the groom. Frank Gray was groomsman; and Miss Eva A. Langill, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. The ladies were elegantly attired in wedding costumes. The ushers were J. Harold Langill, Harry Burnes, George Burnes, and Walter West.

A reception was held at the future home of Mr. and Mrs. Burnes on Mt. Pleasant street, at the close of which the happy couple left for Niagara Falls.

Pond—Symonds.

On Saturday, June 6, Horace B. Pond, Secretary of the Manilla Trading and Supply Co., and Miss Etta W. Symonds, former Associate Editor of this paper, were united in marriage in East Orange, N.J., by Rev. L. N. D Wells. On account of the serious illness of the bride's father, the ceremony was strictly private.—*American Cabinet Maker, N. Y.*

Mr. Pond is a native of Massachusetts, and the bride is the only daughter of Mr. J. Henry Symonds, a former prominent resident of Woburn, who was active in church and temperance work. Her mother was a popular writer of fiction, under the name of "Etta W. Pierce." They have many friends here.

Note for Overworked Mothers.

There are now on the market electric baby jumpers. By the use of this invention, the mother is able to sit and finish her book without as much as looking at her offspring while the jumper gently induces baby to drift into slumberland. —L. D. G.

Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease,
A powder for swollen, tired, hot, smarting feet. Sample sent FREE. Also Free Sample of the FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Veteran Carriage Driver Retires From Business.

BY F. B. L.

Mr. Samuel Leeds, who has been a familiar figure on our streets for the last twenty-five years, retired from business last week on account of his health, and has disposed of his horse he liked so well.

It was about 1883 that he made the start in the light depot carriage business which was to displace the hack formerly run by the rotund John Higgins. At that time the trains arrived and departed from the old depot on Main street, now used for beef supplies, the carriages lining up on High street. This was when Woburn was at the end of the branch line; later when the tracks were extended across Main street some of the trains went into the station; but the through ones stopped at the Main street crossing; so the carriages moved to the gutter opposite the tower entrance, and later, when the new station on Pleasant street, was opened they lined up on the back side.

Railroad transportation in Woburn has changed a great deal since he started to drive his herdic; at that time the bell on the station used to be rung to notify intending passengers to hustle or the train would leave them, and if some of the performances of those who were late could have been caught by the moving picture machines of to-day there would be many hearty laughs now. It might be stated that of the conductors at that time only one is still working, Richard Carton.

Mr. Leeds will be remembered, not perhaps by the speed he was able to get out of his horses, but, rather, by the kindness he showed them, and for this he has been the subject of not a few jokes, one of which referred to a young man who grew to be an old one while being taken to North Woburn. He will be missed by his many old people who delighted to take a ride with him.

Red Letter Day.

The W. C. T. U. assembled at the home of Mrs. Matson, Salem street, on the afternoon of June 9, at her invitation, to celebrate a Red Letter Day, the founding of the Flower Mission.

Mrs. Matson is an enthusiastic worker and proved a charming hostess. Born in Denmark, she became a member of our world-wide organization while in her home-land. Each lady as she entered was presented with a bunch of daisies tied with white ribbon, the room being decorated with the same.

Devotional exercises, reports of the National work, a sketch of the life of Jennie Cassedy the founder of the Flower Mission. read by Mrs. Brown, an appropriate poem from Longfellow finely rendered by Mrs. Hammond, another poem read by Mrs. Sellars, followed.

After these Mrs. Preston gave an account of a recent interview with our State Secretary, which showed that our good city is recognized as an important helper in the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Mrs. Stowers gave some experiences.

Refreshments and a social hour completed a noteworthy afternoon.—PRESS SUPT.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

For next week's attraction at the Boston Theatre one of the greatest comedies ever written by an American will be presented. As a matter of fact "A Texas Steer" is a political satire and what is of particular interest in connection with it, Charles Hoyt, the author, was a Boston man and acknowledged to be the cleverest and most versatile playwright of his day. Although all his pieces dealt entirely with the happenings of the years in which he lived, they had so much real merit and truth that they are as enjoyable to-day as they were then. "A Texas Steer" was one of his very best. It satirized life in Washington. The story of the piece—and it had a story—centered around Maverick Brander, a Texan who was elected to Congress without his knowledge and who after arriving there endeavored to break into Washington society.

Electric Lamps.

Exclusive to the JOURNAL by L. D. G.

Odd and novel methods of lighting are used in public places throughout the country. A novelty in incandescent electric lamps is one with a bulb of frosted glass in the shape of a pig. Another device in such lamps is one in the shape of an elk's head with antlers and all complete.

Such novel little electric lamps are not only used in store windows to catch the eye by their oddity, but are used by lodges and societies for decorative purposes.

GUARDIAN CRANES.

They Take the Place of Shepherd Dogs In Venezuela.

The natives of Venezuela and adjoining countries on the north side of the river Amazon often avail themselves of the services of a native crane to care for their poultry and also, in the place of collies or shepherd dogs, to guard and herd their domestic animals. This remarkable bird, which the Indians call yakamik, and the ornithologists Psophia crepitans, is found in a wild state in the great forests which lie between the northern coasts of South America and the Amazon river, particularly in Venezuela and British Guiana. The birds never leave the forests unless shot or captured. They may be trusted with the care of a flock of sheep or domestic fowls and every morning will drive the ducks and poultry to their feeding places and, carefully collecting any stragglers, bring them safely home at night. A yakamik soon learns to know and obey the voice of its master, follows him, when permitted, wherever he goes and appears delighted at receiving his caresses.

It pines at his absence and welcomes his return and is extremely jealous of any rival. Should any dog or cat approach it flies at it with the utmost fury and, attacking it with wing and beak, drives it away. It presents itself regularly during meals, from which it chases all domestic animals and even the negroes who wait on the table if it is not well acquainted with them, and only asks for a share of the eatables after it has driven away all who might aspire to a favorable notice from the family.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Never yet was the voice of conscience silenced without retribution.—Jameson.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God the Preserver of Man."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4 30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. A. H. Herrick.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Worship.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In Boston, June 6, by Rev. Charles Gordon Ames, Robert N. Linscott of North Woburn and Helen P. Lathrop of Boston.

In this city, June 10, by Rev. Austin H. Herrick, assisted by Rev. H. B Williams, Morlie A. Burnes and Clara May Langill, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 10, by Rev. James J. Keegan, James Edward Shay of South Braintree and Mary E. McSweeney of Woburn.

In this city, June 10, by Rev. Austin H. Herrick, William J. Dobbins and Annie Bustead, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 10, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Thomas J. Jones and Annie V. Dolan, both of Woburn.

Amazing!
We heard of a woman in Waltham who wasn't using
Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread
A good opportunity for her neighbor to tell her of the good things in life.
C. F. Hathaway & Son,
Cambridge Waltham

BOSTON BOSTON BOSTON
Will Reopen Sept. 8th
Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Bookkeepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment when qualified, will find in the
BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON
Now Located in its New School Building, 334 Boylston Street
A most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of Well Known and Experienced Teachers
COURSES OF STUDY
GENERAL COMMERCIAL COURSE — STENOGRAPHIC COURSE
SECRETARIAL COURSE — CIVIL SERVICE COURSE
SPECIAL COURSE
Every possible requisite for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings, is afforded. ¶ Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions of admission by mail. Address, H. E. HIBBARD, Principal, 334 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON.

It Will Certainly Be To Your Advantage
to see our Sterling Silverware stock if you have need of any sort of table ware.
You may choose from the handsomest patterns and best quality that are made, and are priced reasonable.
Smith & Varney,
JEWELERS.
No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Life and Light
are blessings few persons appreciate fully.
Why continue your uncertainty or inconvenience when Electric Light—clean, SAFE, convenient—can be obtained.
Full information given willingly and without charge.
Oxford 3300—Collect.
The Edison Electric Illuminating Co.,
33-39 Boylston Street BOSTON

THE
WOBURN NATIONAL BANK
WILL CLOSE
WEDNESDAYS AT 1 P. M.
DURING JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST.

QUAKER

Wheat Berries

7c. Pkg.

Always sold for 10 cents.

These goods are made from the whole grain of the finest Northern Wheat puffed and baked to a delicious crispness in a temperature of 400 deg. Fahr. Very palatable and nutritious. Try them with maple syrup, cream or fruit juices.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-1.

Many People

WHO TRIED

- Brooks's -

Hypophosphites

for Spring Weariness last year, are using the same remedy this season. It is a great body builder tonic.

Price 85 Cents

MADE BY

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,

361 Main Street,

WOBURN

Lest U Forget:

TAKE A

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WITH YOU.

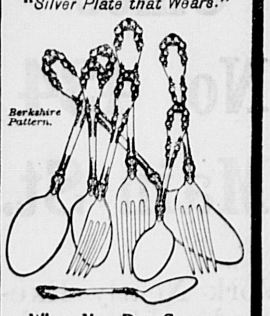
Anybody can use 1

Anybody can buy at

Whitcher's PILL BOX

Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore

"Silver Plate that Wears."



When You Buy Spoons

knives, forks, etc., buy reliable brands, even if they do cost a little more. They are worth the difference. If "1847" is a part of the stamp it insures genuine Rogers quality, famous for wear. Full trade-mark—

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Sold by leading dealers. For Catalogue No. 6, address the makers,

International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of George Henry Lakin, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Nellie A. Kelley, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of June, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty sixth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Woburn Gas Light Co.

GAS STOVES

for cooking and heating. Welsbach lights, Welsbach and Humphry Arc lights, and for everything pertaining to gas lighting apply at office of Company.

314 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,

—DEALERS IN—

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street.

Telephone connection

Let The "BLUE BELL" Sign REMIND YOU—

Of the errand you forgot to execute, and a ready way out of the difficuliy.

Of the order you were asked to deliver for your firm or for your home.

Of the engagement for which you have been delayed and of the quickest way of explaining your inability to meet it.

Of the call you promised to make; but failed to make through forgetfulness.

Of a hundred ways in which, to use a quaint phrase, you may "Let your head save your heels."

REMEMBER:

The sign indicates the presence of a Pay Station.

FROM ANY PAY STATION you may talk, at a reasonable charge, TO ANY OF 290,000 TELEPHONES connected with the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company's system in the four northern New England States.

ALSO WITH TELEPHONES IN 30,000 CITIES AND TOWNS connected with the Long Distance lines of the great Bell system.

With such a convenience at hand is it fair to your friends to "borrow" their telephones? You are liable to impede their channels of communication by making their lines "busy" when others are trying to call them.

Reduction in Price of Electricity

PRELIMINARY NOTICE

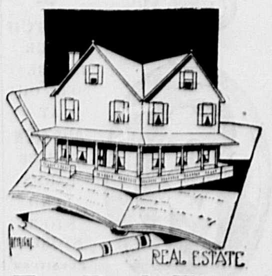
In accordance with the recommendation of the Board of Gas and Electric Light Commissioners, this Company announces that, commencing July 1st, 1908, it will reduce its price for electricity from 15 cents to 12 cents per kilowatt hour.

This reduction in price will favorably affect more than 18,000 of the Company's customers.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Co. OF BOSTON

By CHARLES EDGAR, President

June 6, 1908



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adaline B. Church wishes to announce to her patients and friends that she will resume practice in Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church street.

Office Hours:

Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.

Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appointment.

CITY OF WOBURN.

PROPOSAL

For Construction of Well.

Sealed proposals for the construction of a Well at the Pumping Station of the Woburn Water Works, Cove street, Woburn, Mass., will be received at the office of the Board of Public Works, Municipal Building, Woburn, Mass., until 5 o'clock, P. M., MONDAY, June 22, 1908. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Board or at the office of Mr. F. A. Barbour, 1120 Tremont Building, Boston, Mass.

The right is reserved to reject any or all proposals.

Per order of the Board of Public Works.

JAMES McAVOY, Clerk.

Woburn, Mass., June 10th, 1908.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Cambridge, on the first Tuesday of June, A. D. 1908.

On the Petition of the Inhabitants of Wilmington for the relocation of the way known as Woburn street between the intersection of Lowell street and the junction of Park street, for the relocation of that portion of the way known as Lowell street, between West street and the Reading boundary line, and also for the relocation of that portion of the way known as Burlington Avenue between the junction of Boutwell street and the premises of Peter McGrane, all in said Wilmington, it was adjudged that said relocation is of common convenience and necessity:

Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at their office in the Court House in East Cambridge, on the eighteenth day of July, next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

ROGER H. HURD, Asst. Clerk.

June 9, 1908.

A true copy. Attest:

JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

A Hypocrite.

Teacher (after explaining the character of the Pharisee)—And now what do we mean by a "hypocrite?" Pupil—Please, miss, a man wot says he is wot he isn't, but he ain't.—Punch.

Dear Things.

Miss Shugger—What a self possessed woman Miss Passay is! Miss Pepper—Yes, and I don't imagine she'd ever get a chance to dispose of the property.—Cleveland Leader.

Heaven takes care that no man secures happiness by crime.—Alfieri.

WINCHESTER.

The K. of C. held a successful strawberry festival last Friday night.

Henry C Ordway's family have returned from a year's visit to Europe.

The Selectmen and Board of Health are to appoint a member of the Board to fill a vacancy.

Chief McIntosh has recently given the police a severe shakingup. Changes have been made all along the line.

The farmers wear pleasant smiles on their faces. The outlook for fine crops of everything that grows from the ground was never more encouraging

Many of our people are beginning to prepare for the enjoyment of vacation season. They will begin to flit as soon as the 4th of July celebration is over.

The State Board of Health are not disposed to meddle with the Russell Brook nuisance. It has been a bone of contention for many years, and it is a pity it can't be abated.

The annual breakfast of the Winchester Visiting Nurse Association on June 6 was a great success. The hall was crowded. Our people take a lively interest in this grand charity and help it along bountifully.

The 4th of July Association have commenced work for a celebration here on Independence Day. Subscriptions are being solicited, and the prospect for a patriotic observance of the anniversary looks to be fair.

The Fire Department ball team of this town have issued a challenge to the Woburn Fire Department ball team, and if the latter accepts, as is more than probable, there will be fun for lovers of the great American game.

We had another Town Meeting Monday evening. If Winchester is noted for anything it is for the frequency of her public business gatherings. The meeting was a harmonious one, as it always is, and considerable important business was transacted. Interest in public affairs is a good thing for a town.

Literary Notices.

There is always a strong individualistic tone in the way the NATIONAL MAGAZINE does things. The June issue contains an elaborate and curiously interesting article on New York, The Giant City. The subject is taken up exhaustively and treated with force, vigor and virility of the man on the spot, right-down to the latest statistics on sky-scrapers. It reveals the fact that land sold by the Indians at ninety cents for one thousand acres is now valued at four dollars per square inch. It shows that the total assessable valuation of all Spain is not equal to that of New York City. The area of the city, if put in a strip of land a mile wide, would extend across the states of Illinois and Iowa. One hundred and fifty-nine miles of business blocks and houses a mile wide represents the building area of New York—but why all these facts? The NATIONAL MAGAZINE tells of it in a terse way that makes it historical down to the minute. It enthuses even the *blase* New Yorker with a feeling of civic pride in his home city that is equal to the boomer of the West that sees a new town springing from the virgin sod. It is a series of sketches of general interest and is treated from the national standpoint—showing the enduring greatness of New York, The Giant City, as it relates to national growth and development.

The Rev. P. J. Cormican, S. J., contributes a poem Pleading for Love—to the June number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. It is a fitting tribute to the month of the Sacred Heart. The American Federation of Catholic Societies gives the reader an excellent account of the founding of the organization, its aims, and what it has accomplished. The article is very fully illustrated with portraits of the leading promoters of Federation. The Loch of the Fishes describes an ideal walk on a June morning; Some Men and Women of Old Quebec, The Rev. Gabriel A. Healey and His Parish; The War on the Religious Orders, and Queen Matilda's Tapestries, by E M. Lynch, are other illustrated features of special interest. Lonesome, His Last Refuge, and A Question of Age, are very readable short stories. The poetry of the number is excellent.

Her Great Fault.

A Georgia citizen recently said that while riding out from Savannah on horseback he saw a typical southern matron outside a whitewashed cabin, while on the lawn in front a bevy of young colored children were playing. There were eight of them altogether, seven of their number being very, very dark, while the eighth one was light complexioned.

"You've got some fine looking children there, auntie," he said.

"Deed I hab, boss," she replied "Dere ain't any better pickaninnies in de whole state of Georgia den dat first seben, but dat eighth one, dat mulatto, she done make me more trouble dan de whole oder seben put togedder."

"In what way?" I asked. And she replied:

"'Cause she done show dirt so easy!"

Chased and Refined.

At a recent police court sitting a man was fined 40 shillings and costs for assaulting a policeman. Considering himself a much injured man, on reaching the door he began abusing the magistrate in very violent language. The magistrate sent an officer after him, and the delinquent found himself once more in the dock and fined again for contempt of court.

"My man, if you had been more chaste and refined in your language," said the magistrate, "you would not have been chased and re-fined."—London Tit-Bits.

How Goshawks Are Trained.

A French traveler states that the goshawk is still used in Persia in hunting the gazelle and that it is trained to feed on that creature's beautiful eyes by placing its food in the emptied eyeballs of a stuffed gazelle, so that when used in the hunt the goshawk stops its victim by attacking its eyes, a horribly cruel form of sport.

A Lovers' Quarrel.

"Halloa, Fitzy! where did you get that black eye?"

"Oh, it was only a lovers' quarrel."

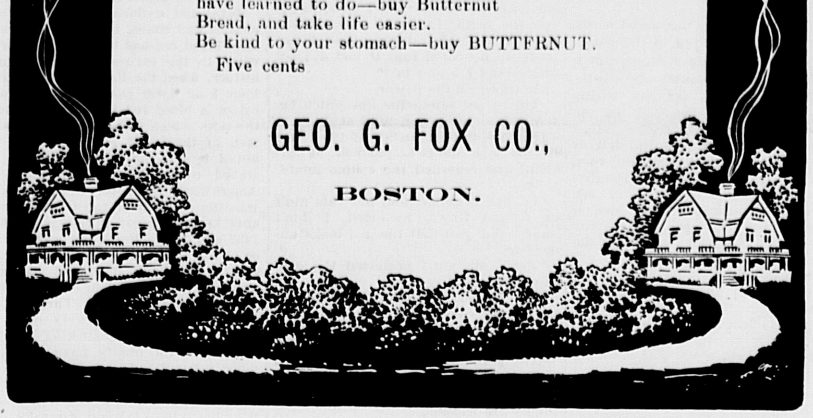
"Lovers' quarrel! Why, your girl did not give you that, did she?"

"No; it was her other lover."

ButterNut

NO MATINEE

for the woman who makes her own bread.
In nearly every case
her story reads—hard work and uncertainty from flour to bread.
All the latest appliances in the kitchen won't give her the scientific knowledge which insures the absolute certainty of results as found in Butternut Bread.
So stop worrying.
Just do as thousands of other housekeepers have learned to do—buy Butternut Bread, and take life easier.
Be kind to your stomach—buy BUTTERNUT.
Five cents



GEO. G. FOX CO.,

BOSTON.

COMMISSIONER'S Sale of Real Estate IN WOBURN, BY ORDER OF COURT.

Pursuant to a warrant issued by the SUPERIOR COURT for the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts on the 12th day of March A. D. 1908, to the undersigned, as Commissioner, to make sale and conveyance of all the lands hereinafter described and to distribute and pay over the proceeds of the sale in such manner as to make the partition just and equal, will be sold by public auction on the premises on

Tuesday, the twenty-third day of June, A. D., 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, the following described lots or parcels of land with the buildings thereon, situated in the city of Woburn in said County of Middlesex, namely:

FIRST. A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Court street 65 feet more or less; northerly by land of Alice M. Grammer, 97 feet more or less; westerly by land of Ellen F. Hayden 65 feet more or less; and southerly by land of the Webster heirs 90 feet more or less, containing 5900 square feet more or less.

SECOND. A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Pleasant street, 135 feet more or less; easterly by Reed street, 498 3-10 feet more or less; northerly by land of the estate of Ellen T. Ellis, 92 1-10 feet more or less; westerly by Ellis street, 513 7-10 feet more or less, containing according to the plan hereinafter mentioned 57,299 square feet more or less.

THIRD. A certain tract of land, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on the southerly side of Reed street, at land of Edward J. Gregory; from thence the line runs easterly by and with said Reed street one hundred feet to Monroe street; thence turning, the line runs southerly, by and with said Monroe street, eighty-nine and two-tenths feet to a corner; thence turning, the line runs easterly again, still by and with said Monroe street, four and seven-tenths feet to land of Peter Holland; thence turning, the line runs southerly again, on and by said land of said Peter Holland, one hundred thirteen and three-tenths feet to land of Grace B. S. Mead; thence turning, the line runs westerly, by said land of Mead and by land of the heirs of William H. Winn, one hundred twenty-two and five one-hundredths feet to land of Jeremiah Lynch; thence turning, the line runs northerly, on and by said land of Lynch and on and by said land of Edward J. Gregory, two hundred and twenty-three feet to the point of beginning, containing according to said plan 22,882 square feet more or less.

FOURTH. A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on the northerly side of Reed street, at land of the city of Woburn; from thence the line runs westerly, by and with said Reed street, one hundred and forty-two and two-tenths feet, more or less, to land of the estate of Ellen T. Ellis; thence turning, the line runs northerly, on and by said Ellis land, one hundred ninety-eight and thirty-five one-hundredths feet, more or less, to land of Bridget E. Quigley; thence turning, the line runs easterly, on and by said land of Bridget E. Quigley, ninety-eight and seven-tenths feet, more or less, to land of Julia A. Richardson; thence turning, the line runs southerly, by said land of Richardson and by land of Edia A. Wood, to a corner; thence turning, the line runs easterly again, by said land of Edia A. Wood, forty-six and nine-tenths feet to the land of the city of Woburn; thence turning, the line runs southerly, on and by said land of the city of Woburn, one hundred six and seven-tenths feet to the point of beginning, containing according to said plan, 24,724 square feet, more or less.

The second, third and fourth parcels, herein described, are shown on a plan recorded in the Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, being plan numbered one (1) in the Book of Plans numbered forty-seven (47).

Terms: $300.00, to be paid by the purchaser of each parcel at time and place of sale, the remainder of the purchase money within ten days from date of sale; other terms made known at sale.

Sale will first be made of the second tract or parcel and on the same. The third parcel will then be sold, then the fourth, and then the first.

WILLIAM H. H. TUTTLE, Commissioner, 73 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., Rooms 939-940 Tremont Building.

May 25, 1908.

FORECLOSURE.

38 Green Street corner East Street.

Mortgagee's Sale —OF— REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Henry Cutler to Jason E. Herrick, Jr., dated March 1, 1907, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, So. Dist., Book 3286, Page 509, for breach of the condition contained in said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on

TUESDAY, the 30th day of June, 1908,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:

A certain lot of land situated at the junction of East and Green streets in Woburn, Mass., containing about 11,000 square feet and bounded as follows: Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises at the junction of said streets; thence the line runs easterly on and by said Green street ninety-three and 3-10 feet to a stake and stones; thence northerly one hundred and ten feet to a corner; thence westerly ninety-three and one-half feet to a corner; thence southerly on and by said East street, one hundred and ten feet to the point of beginning.

Also, a certain lot of land situated on Green street in said Woburn, containing 8250 square feet, more or less, and bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on said Green street at land of Cyrus Cummings; thence the line runs northerly by his land about one hundred and ten feet to a stake, which stake is at the northeast corner of land of said Cyrus Cummings; thence easterly in a line with the northerly side line of said land of said Cyrus Cummings and a continuation of the same about seventy-five feet to a stake at the fence at land now or formerly of S. O. Pollard; thence southerly by land last named about one hundred and ten feet to said Green street; thence westerly on and by said Green street about seventy-five feet to the point of beginning. Subject to a mortgage of $3,000.00 held by Wildey Savings Bank.

$500 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

GRACE L. CLAPP, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.

June 2, 1908.

Persons interested will please see G. FRANKLIN NEAL, 101 Tremont Street, Boston.

ESTABLISHED 1884

S. B. GODDARD & SON

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
. BOILER AND PLATE GLASS . . .

-INSURANCE-

Savings Bank Block, Woburn
Telephone 77

Boston Office, 93 Water Street
Telephone 1192 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

Black Cat Brand
Chicago-Kenosha Hosiery Company
Kenosha, Wis.

Black Cat HOSIERY

For School and Play

COPELAND & BOWSER,

399-401 Main Street.

WOBURN.

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

1908 Wall Papers 1908

Picture Framing a Specialty

Agent for the Oliver Typewriter

Repairs on Estates, and Collection of Rents. Houses For Sale and To Let.

Established in 1879.

C. E. SMITH. 439 Main St.

Opening of Spring Goods

—AT—

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Fine Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

The Mood Of a Maid.

By CECILY ALLEN.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

The girl leaned forward after scanning the road in both directions and touched the chauffeur's arm. The great crimson car came to a panting, deliberate standstill.

The girl did not wait for the chauffeur to help her, but sprang lightly to the road and vanished into the woodland on the right. The chauffeur turned the car as if his thoughts were concentrated on the necessity of making the smallest possible turn in time of safety, in order to be prepared in time of emergency. And then the great crimson car shot back in the direction from whence it had come.

Safely screened by the underbrush, the girl found a clearing in the woodland and sat down on a moss grown log. Deftly she unwound the swathings of chiffon from her hat, baring a face delicate and sensitive as the anemones opening at her feet.

She drew off her gloves and felt of the velvety moss on the old log, then stooped to gather flowers. Finally, with the blossoms forgotten in her lap, she leaned forward, her elbows on her knees, her chin propped in the palms of her hands, watching the woodland life around her.

Chipmunks and squirrels scampered along the edge of the clearing. Where the sun shone upon a tangle of fern and jack in the pulpit two robins perched pertly on dry twigs and discussed the troubles of May moving day. From the shadows of the wood beyond came the persistent hammering of a woodpecker.

Beyond the screen of underbrush automobiles and smart turnouts spun on toward the race track, where the world of fashion was foregathering. An hour passed, and then at the distant wail of a peculiar siren whistle the girl sprang to her feet, dropped her lapful of flowers and ran to the roadside.

Bearing down upon her was a crimson car, twin of the one which had dropped her so unceremoniously an hour earlier.

But the resemblance stopped with the car. The chauffeur in the first car had worn a spick span uniform in tan color from the tips of his highly polished boots to the crown of his heavy red cap. The man in this car wore a disreputable looking storm coat of English cloth, a shabby visor cap and a pair of goggles which had certainly seen more prosperous days.

He was scorching along at a fine pace. But the girl calmly stepped to the edge of the road and waved a detaining hand—a bare hand at that. The machine slowed down, and the man made preparations to descend, as became one hailed by a maiden in distress. But again the girl raised a detaining hand.

"My car met with an accident. I thought perhaps—I am very anxious to reach Dalton this afternoon. Perhaps you were going that way. Would you give me a lift?"

She looked up eagerly into his startled face. Then the man coughed discreetly, swallowed a smile and sprang from the machine.

"I was—or thought I was—going to the races, but I am sure it will be much more pleasant at—er—was it Dalton you said?"

The man's accent was English. The admiration in his eyes was the sort that knows no nationality. The girl flushed beneath it and sprang into the car before the astonished man could assist her.

For a few minutes the car ran on in silence. Then the girl spoke abruptly.

"Let us take this crossroad. Then a mile farther we will strike the old Dalton turnpike. There we will not meet"—

"I understand," he interrupted gravely. And the great car swerved into the crossroad, running through a stretch of woodland.

Again the girl seemed plunged in thought. But at last the man remarked a bit lamely:

"Perfect day, isn't it?"

The girl looked up at him shyly. Her eyes were soft and luminous.

"Oh, I have had the most beautiful hour there in the woods. I've never seen anything half so wonderful as those little creatures doing just as they pleased. Just as soon as the birds tired of one tree or bush or fern they flew off to another. They did not mind me nor each other. Just think of being like that all your life!"

The man looked at her curiously, as if she were a new specimen of the genus feminine and entirely worthy of deep study.

"It is all so different from what I've been used to. I wake up knowing that Marie will be right there with my chocolate. And then will come cards and mail and flowers and Aunt Margaret. Of course Aunt Margaret is a dear, but ten years of doing things right under Aunt Margaret's eyes are very tiresome. Don't you think so?"

"I am quite sure it must be a terrible bore," replied the man gravely.

"And then seeing the same people everywhere you go and being quite sure that you will see no one that Aunt Margaret has not seen first."

The man bit his lip at this naive confession.

"Do you know," said the girl, waxing confidential as the car lazed along over the tree hung road, "I've always dreamed of having a man come to my rescue just like this—a man I had never known—a man quite different from any of the men I have ever met"—

She paused, and the man at her side studied her with grave eyes.

"Now, there was Bessie Stewart—she married Jack Coghlan. They'd gone to kindergarten and dancing school together. And then she'd gone to all his college 'proms' and the same cotillons. Why, it was just like marrying some one who had lived in your own family always.

"And now they're bored to death with each other. They had a honeymoon at Monte Carlo, where they had been the year before on the Borden-Jones yacht, and they came back to the same old round of teas and dinners and dances. There was no romance in that."

The man shook his head.

"But Harriet, one of our parlor maids, married a miner way out west. She met him by answering an advertisement in a matrimonial paper. He came east after her, and she wrote Marie that they were awfully happy. He had never beaten her once."

The man flung back his head and laughed and the girl laughed with him. Then suddenly she clutched his sleeve.

"You've passed the Dalton turnpike, and I must be at Stoneywold for lunch."

"We are not going to Dalton," said the man calmly. "I've been out this way before. Just two miles beyond we will cross the state line."

"But why? Oh, I must go on to Stoneywold."

The man ignored the remark.

"And across the state line, I understand, there is no need of a license."

"Oh!" said the girl very softly, and the great car stopped beneath the arch of freshly leaved trees.

He flung aside his heavy driving gloves and took the delicate, sensitive face of the girl between his two hands.

"Will you, dearest?"

Her eyes stopped dancing and turned wondrous tender.

"Oh, I hoped you'd understand, but I did not dream"—

"Will you, dearest?" persisted the man.

She lowered her long lashes over the eyes into which he tried so hard to gaze. Later she murmured from the shelter of his arms: "But I want to tell you the truth, Lester. I never loved you till just this minute. And I had made up my mind that if you did not understand I would just"—

He threw on the power.

"Let us get across the line quick before you change your mind again."

Hiram Manning, justice of the peace in the —th district, plucked at his beard and regarded the couple doubtfully.

"I'd like t' oblige you, but this ain't no Gretna Green, an'—well, I don't mind tellin' you that the girl looks under age."

"But I am not," protested the girl. "I am twenty."

"Not castin' no reflections, ma'am, but I'd like some proof"—

The girl and the man looked at each other; then the girl's troubled glance traveled to the table, and a smile brightened her face.

"Isn't that proof enough that my family are willing?"

She held the paper toward the justice with the face of a girl peering straight from the printed page.

The justice looked from the picture to the girl, and his face alternately flushed and paled.

"Gosh all hemlocks, you're Banker Claflin's girl, and he—he's"—

"Yes," said the girl, her eyes dancing. "He is Lord Gramaton. But, indeed, he's very nice in spite of the fact," she added as Justice of the Peace Manning continued to stare incredulously at the man's slim figure in its disreputable motoring apparel.

"You wait a bit. I'll be right back," said the justice, with sudden accession of spirit, and he started for the door.

The girl and man sprang after him.

"You are not going to telephone—to town—to those wretched reporters. Please, please, let us be married quite alone, with just some of your family for witnesses," cried the girl.

"Yes," added the man nervously. "We've just run away from all that sort of thing—piffle, don't you know. Please let us get away quietly. Don't telephone, I beg of you."

"Telephone nothin'," exclaimed the justice heartily. "I'm just goin' to put on my Sunday suit. Never expect to marry a millionaire's girl and a lord again in my time."

Captivating a Queen.

It was by his graceful execution of a dance that young Hatton first captivated the heart of Queen Elizabeth, says Edward Scott in his book on "Dancing In All Ages." He had been brought up to the law and entered court, as his enemy, Sir John Perrot, used to say, "by the gaillarde," as his first appearance there was on the occasion of a mask ball, and her majesty was so struck by his good looks and activity that she made him one of her band of pensioners, who were considered the handsomest men in England. It is said that the favors which the virgin monarch extended to her new favorite excited the jealousy of the whole court, especially that of the Earl of Leicester, who, thinking to depreciate the accomplishments of the young lawyer, offered to introduce to Elizabeth's notice a professional dancer whose saltatory performances were considered far more wonderful than Hatton's. To this suggestion, however, the royal lady, with more vehemence than elegance, exclaimed: "Pish! I will not see your man. It is his trade."

An Inspiration.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is an inspiration? Pa—An inspiration, my son, is the sudden recollection of some one who will probably stand for a touch.—Kansas City Newsbook.

Culture In West Africa.

Culture and commerce are spreading in west Africa. A merchant sends us the following letter, received from a chief: "Dear Gentlemens!—I made my Step to the house of a certain amable friend of mine for invitation and wich our attention highly attracted by taken coloquy for a few minutes. I took a certain magazine in reading of Something. And I was pursing through pages over pages yours name was Substantially Commeroated to me that you are the best and known Merchants In every produce in the city of London. Therefore I have found myself Somewhat inclinable to pen you to Send me your general Samples, together with Catalogue, and I will soon forwarding my remittance to you promptly fore quantity of goods. Trusting you will not refust as quick by as possible Expecting to heare from you again good news, * * * — London Standard.

No Landlubber.

Young Jack Tabbs has only been in the navy for a few months, but there is not a more enthusiastic sea dog in the whole of his majesty's service. He recently made application for and received the usual leave and proceeded to London and his mother's house.

Mrs. Tabbs lives on the third floor of a house in Camberwell, and when he arrived at her address he stood in the doorway and bawled up the stairs:

"Mother, aloft there! Jack's come home! Open the window!"

"Why, Jacky, my dear," cried the old lady from the landing, "whatever's wrong with the stairs?"

"Stairs!" cried the weather worn tar, with ineffable contempt. "What do I know about stairs? Just you open the window and lower a rope to the main deck, and be quick about it!"—London Express.

Interests of All.

One thing ought to be aimed at by all men—that the interest of each individually and of all collectively should be the same, for if each should grasp at his individual interest all human society will be dissolved.—Cicero.

Cruelty and fear shake hands together.—Balzac.

London In 1784.

In 1784 M. La Combe published a book entitled "A Picture of London," in which, inter alia, he says, "The highroads thirty or forty miles round London are filled with armed highwaymen and footpads." This was then pretty true, though the expression "filled" is somewhat of an exaggeration. The medical student of fifty or more years ago seems to have been anticipated in 1784, for M. La Combe tells us that "the brass knockers of doors, which cost from 12 shillings to 15 shillings, are stolen at night if the maid forgets to unscrew them," a precaution which seems to have gone out of fashion.

M. La Combe in another part of his book exclaims: "How are you changed, Londoners! Your women are become bold, imperious and expensive. Bankrupts and beggars, coiners, spies and informers, robbers and pickpockets abound. The baker mixes alum in his bread. The brewer puts opium and copper filling in his beer. The milkwoman spoils her milk with snails."

The Blood Red Banner.

Royal and national colors vary with nations and times, but since Cain slew Abel blood red has been the sign of revolt. In the earliest revolt known to history, when the Persians rose against their king 4,000 years ago, they were led by a blood red banner, and during the riots which took place in Paris the men in the blood red caps were followed by the mob. A blood red flag waved over Bunker Hill when the Americans fought for liberty, and it was the emblem of the German peasants in their great uprisings in 1424, 1492 and 1525. Blood red was the color of the trades union flags during the middle ages, and it framed the background of the emblem of the Swiss confederacy in 1315. Through the whole of French and every other national history those striking in their own ways for liberty have worn the blood red cap and hailed the blood red banner as their leader. It is a curious fact that never has a monarch chosen it as his color.—London Answers.

Naive Lying.

A police official of New York, discussing the case of a policeman found guilty of protecting gambling houses, said:

"The man lied too naively in defense of his innocence. He was like a carpenter employed by a newspaper friend of mine. My newspaper friend writes a good deal at home, and, his study being next to the nursery, the children's noise disturbed him, and he employed a carpenter to make the wall sound proof between the two rooms. 'I'll fix it all right,' said the carpenter confidently. 'The best thing to do will be to line it with shavings.' He completed his job, then he called the literary man in. 'She's sound proof all right now,' he said. 'We'll test her,' said the literary man. 'You stay here.' And, going into the nursery, he called to the carpenter in the study, 'Can you hear me?' 'No, sir; I can't,' was the prompt reply."—New York Tribune.

Was Entitled to Trouble.

Lord Palmerston and Sir J. Paget, who told the story, were walking down Bond street. A man came up and saluted the statesman.

"How do you do, Lord Palmerston?"

"Ah, how do? Glad to see you. How's the old complaint?"

The stranger's face clouded over, and he shook his head. "No better."

"Dear me! So sorry! Glad to have met you. Goodby."

"Who's your friend?" asked Sir James when the stranger had gone.

"No idea."

"Why, you asked him about his old complaint."

"Pooh, pooh!" replied the other unconcernedly. "The old fellow's well over sixty; bound to have something the matter with him."—London Globe.

The Archbishop Won.

Dr. Whately, some time archbishop of Dublin, once had an encounter with a young aid-de-camp, and the primate emerged victor. At dinner the soldier asked this singular question, "Does your grace know the difference between an archbishop and an ass?" "Sir, I do not," answered Dr. Whately. "One wears the cross on his miter and the other wears it on his back!" explained the tactless officer. "Do you know the difference between an aid-de-camp and an ass?" asked the archbishop calmly in return. "No, your grace, I do not," was the reply. "Neither do I!" said his grace.—Liverpool Mercury.

Greeley's Writing.

During the early part of the nineteenth century the bad writing of great men became almost a byword. In fact, poor writing was considered by some people as almost a sign of genius. Horace Greeley was such a poor writer that his correspondents were sometimes obliged to guess at his meaning. It is related that a reporter on the New York Tribune who received a letter from Greeley discharging him presented it as a letter of recommendation to the editor of another paper.

Diverging.

Husband—I'm afraid I'm becoming cross eyed, my dear. Wife—The idea! Why do you think that? Husband—This thing of trying to look at my income and our expenses at the same time is slowly but surely getting its work in.—Chicago News.

Caught Him.

Mrs. Hoyle—I've found out where my husband spends his evenings. Mrs. Doyle—Where? Mrs. Hoyle—At home. You see, I had to stay in myself last night.—Harper's Weekly.

That is every man's country where he lives best.—Aristophanes.

A Better Authority.

Young Husband—My dear Jemima, I must say that this pudding tastes very bad. Wife—All your imagination, dear. The cookery book says that it tastes excellent!—London Telegraph.

Self Satisfied.

"Look at the self satisfied dub! Now what commendable trait does he possess?"

"Well, that of being easily pleased."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Three Feet and a Yard.

The trouble with buying residence property by the front foot is that it requires considerably more than three feet to make a presentable "yard."—Kansas City Star.

If money didn't talk, some people would never be heard of.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

There is a saying that people are as "homely as a mud fence." Did any one ever see a mud fence or know if there is such a thing?—Atchison Globe.

CHECKING A BUNDLE.

The Way the Tired Man Saved Himself Labor and Trouble.

One day a man went into a very big store. He had a heavy package with him.

Not in the sense you mean, smarties, but in the real sense.

He had to go two blocks farther down the street and didn't want to carry the package. So he decided that he would leave it in the check room.

He asked a floorwalker who looked like a United States senator, but who was a perfect gentleman, where the check room was. The floorwalker said: "ThreeaislesoverdownstairsandoverontheWabashside."

He went there, wherever that was, and found he had made a mistake.

He knew it was himself who had made the mistake, for as nice a man as a floorwalker with a Prince Albert on couldn't have made a mistake.

Finally after he had lugged his bundle thirty-two blocks hunting the check room, had found the check room and deposited his bundle he walked his two blocks to the other place and was through for the day.

Then he soliloquized:

"How should I ever have got through or stood the wear and tear of that long two blocks carrying that bundle? If it hadn't been for the check room system, what could I have done?"—Chicago News.

TIPS IN ENGLAND.

Lord Russell's Fee to the Headsman Who Executed Him.

Mr. George Russell, discoursing on tips in the Manchester Guardian, after the manner of his "Collections and Recollections," treats the subject historically under its various names of fees, vales (or veils), honorarium (as Disraeli preferred to call it) and pouches.

Ancient usage has a peculiarly consecrating effect in the matter of tips and fees. Horace Walpole records the astonishment of George I. when told that he must give guineas to the servant of the ranger of his park for bringing him a brace of carp out of his own pond.

Apparently everybody in England is at some time or other justified in demanding a fee unless it be the monarch. When Tait became archbishop of Canterbury and met the queen he breathed a sigh of relief on at last encountering a person to whom he had not to pay something.

According to Bishop Burnet, a man used to have to give a tip in order to be decapitated. He tells the story of Lord Russell when under sentence of death for high treason asking what he ought to give the executioner. "I told him 10 guineas. He said, with a smile, it was a pretty thing to give a fee to have his head cut off."

For Number Two.

"George, dear, what kind of a woman would you marry if you married again?" asked the amiable wife.

"Well, if I married again"— began the brutal husband.

"Then you acknowledge that you would marry again?"

"I'm not saying one way or the other, but"—

"But you don't give me a definite answer, and that proves"—

"That doesn't prove anything, because"—

"It does too! So what kind of a woman would you marry if you married again?"

"I wouldn't marry again. I could not."

"Of course you have to say that."

"Of course I do, because I was about to say that if I married again it would be the kind of a woman who would not ask me what kind of a woman I would marry if I married again."—Judge.

Singing Pigeons.

The queer Chinese change pigeons into song birds by fastening whistles to their breasts. The wind of their flight then causes a weird and plaintive music that is seldom silenced in the pigeon haunted cities of Pekin and Canton. The Belgians, great pigeon fliers, fasten whistles beneath the wings of valuable racing carriers, claiming that the shrill noise is a sure protection against hawks and other birds of prey. As a similar protection, reeds, emitting an odd wailing sound, are fixed to the tail feathers of the dispatch bearing pigeons of the German army.

What He Was Looking For.

"I do wish, Edward," said the lady of his choice, "that you wouldn't stare at other women so much. It's very rude and is certainly no compliment to me."

"On the contrary, my dear," replied the resourceful benedict, "I was looking to see if I could find a prettier face than yours, and I confess I really cannot."—New York Press.

Eating Before Sleep.

"Is it safe to eat before going to sleep?" asks Sibyl.

"Oh, yes, much safer than eating afterward, we should say! It is so hard to see what you are eating when you are asleep, you know."—Pathfinder.

An Enthusiast.

Towne—Oh, yes, he's quite an enthusiast. He goes in for things in real earnest. Browne—Yes, if some one were to send him on a wild goose chase he'd speak of himself afterward as a sportsman.—Philadelphia Press.

Fairies of the Deep.

Mother Pike (to Little Piker)—What fairy story do you want me to tell you today? Little Piker—Either Little Red Herring Hood or Octo-Puss In Boots.—Kansas City Star.

Tainted Diamonds.

The lapidary was about to cut the tail off a tadpole shaped yellow diamond.

"The chances are," he said, "that this fellow will turn white from terror when I split him. If he does his value will go up 200 per cent."

The lapidary set his steel knife in position. He prepared to strike on the knife's back the momentous blow.

"Wish me luck," he said.

And the hammer fell, the amputated tail dropped into the box underneath, and, lo, the yellow diamond that had been split was now quite white.

"The yellow taint," the cutter explained, "was only in the tail. Yet the taint was reflected all through the stone, and this made it seem of a uniform yellow throughout. Now the taint is gone, and our yellow diamond is a pure white one.

"The miracle happens fairly often."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

There are times when God asks nothing of his children except silence and patience.—Robinson.

A MODERN MACAULAY.

Wonderful Memory of an Old Time Missouri Lawyer.

One of the most picturesque of the early lawyers of Missouri was Billy Campbell, who came from Virginia in 1829 and opened an office in St. Charles. He was a man of great ability, a classic scholar, an orator and a political writer of unusual power. But he was indolent, careless about collecting and spending money and so lazy that physical exertion of any kind was positively painful to him. He had a most remarkable memory, as proved by the following incident: Campbell, who was a Whig, represented his district in the state senate several years. On one occasion he was lying on a bench in the senate chamber, apparently sleeping, when the Democratic members came in to hold a caucus. They attempted to arouse him, but he appeared so soundly asleep that they decided to let him alone. The next day a complete report of the proceedings of the caucus, including a verbatim copy of the resolutions adopted, was published in the St. Louis Republican. A row followed, and the secretary was charged with having been bribed to report the proceedings of the caucus. After the excitement died down somewhat Campbell admitted that he had been awake all the time and that he had done the reportorial work entirely from memory.—Kansas City Star.

A MUFF BED.

Surprise of a Man Who Thought It Had to Do With Sleep.

A man who saw on a sign the words "muff beds" and imagined that a muff bed must be something to sleep in, a brother or cousin or other more or less distant relative of the sleeping bag, such as explorers carry with them, found upon inquiry that his imagination had carried him very far from the truth; that the muff bed is in fact not a bed at all, but is the trade name for the inner part of a muff, the body of the muff—in short, the part you put your hands in.

The muff bed consists of a double walled bag made in cylindrical or other shape, according to the style of muff, and then stuffed with down, the quality and quantity of the down depending on the character of the muff.

The making of muff beds is a business by itself. Some of them are sold to the furriers in the simplest form, just the bed or bag stuffed with down, the furrier putting in the silk or satin lining when he puts on the fur. Others are made with the silk or satin inner lining attached, to be finished up when the fur is put on. There is at least one concern in New York that makes a specialty of muff beds and turns out many thousands of them annually.—New York Sun.

Wanted a Rebate.

In a rural community in one of the middle states dwelt a man who made a vow in 1856 that he would wear his hair and beard untrimmed until John C. Fremont should be elected president of the United States. He kept that vow for forty years, at the end of which time he had nearly a half bushel of hair on his head and face. Then, coming to the conclusion, toward which his mind had been gradually working for a long time, that General Fremont's death in the interval had practically absolved him from his vow, he decided to have his hair cut and his beard shaved off clean. On his next visit to the county seat he went to a barber shop and was soon relieved of the hirsute burden he had carried for four decades.

"How much?" he asked.

"Have to charge you half a dollar for that job," said the barber, looking at the mass that lay on the floor.

"Half a dollar!" he gasped. "Don't I get anything for the hair?"

The Actor and the Critic.

One of the near comedians who always affect to be entirely careless of newspaper criticism recently struck from his list of bowing acquaintances a critic noted for his candor. The player met the writer and a friend while crossing a park square and exchanged a few words of greeting and as he passed on heard this conversation:

"Who was that?"

"Oh, that is I., the actor!"

"He does not look much like an actor off the stage."

"Still less when he's on the stage," returned the critic.—Argonaut.

On New England Tombstones.

There were several epitaphs which fascinated you for awhile, epitaphs like that of "Solon Tyndall, Killed by a Fall from the Main topsail Yard of the Bark Amazon, in the Harbor of Buenos Aires on March 12, 1850:

"He as a seaman did his duty well,
But his foot slipped, and from aloft he fell—
Fell, but to rise and climb the shrouds on high
And greet his Master with a glad 'Aye, aye!'"

Or that which recorded the fate of "Absalom Peters, Shot in the Creek by the Explosion of his own Gun."—Collier's Weekly.

A Scramble.

"All the world's a stage."

"What of it?"

"I was just thinking that the cast is so large that nobody gets much of a chance at the spot light."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

His Weak Point.

The Stage Manager—He can play "drunken parts" better than any man on the stage. The Business Manager—Yes, but he's too fond of rehearsing.—Illustrated Bits.

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.—Shakespeare.

Memory Training.

If men only realized how great an asset in life is a retentive memory they would take care to see that their children's were properly trained. The simplest method consists in learning every day a few lines by heart. None of our faculties can be trained so easily as that of memory.—Stuttgart Familienblatt.

Her Choice.

"What would you do, dear, if I were to die?" asked Mrs. Darley fondly.

"I don't know," replied Darley thoughtfully. "Which is your choice—burial or cremation?"—London Mail.

A Surgical Operation.

The customer raised his hand, and the barber, pausing in the operation of shaving him, inclined his head. "Sir?" "Give me gas," said the customer.—London Globe.

Find the cause of each wrinkle on a man's face, and you will find it was put there by worrying over something that worrying could not help.—Atchison Globe.

A Trying Moment.

Professor Leopold Schroetter was called to see the Crown Prince Frederick in 1887 before Sir Morrell Mackenzie had reached San Remo. The prince, evidently suspecting the worst, turned to Schroetter after the examination and said, "I request the truth as to my ailment." Schroetter hesitated and made an effort to direct the conversation in another direction, but Frederick insisted. "I am a soldier," he said, "and can look death in the eye. I ask you now plainly, to the point, Is my complaint cancer?" Schroetter could hardly contain himself, and years after the scene when he recalled it he spoke of it as the most painful in his life. He conducted the crown prince to a chair and asked him to be seated. Then he said, "Your imperial highness, you are suffering from a serious complaint, and it is possible that it may develop into carcinoma, but that cannot be determined positively at this moment." Frederick became deathly pale, but never for a moment lost his self control and smiled grimly when he thanked the physician for his honesty.

Coming to an Understanding.

In the amiable way of villagers they were discussing the matrimonial affairs of a couple who, though recently wed, had begun to find the yoke of Hymen a burden.

"'Tis all along o' these hasty marriages," opined one caustic old gentleman, who had been much to the fore in the discussion. "They did not understand each other. They'd nobbut knowed each other for a matter o' seven year."

"Well, that seems long enough," said an interested lady listener.

"Long eno'! Bah! Ye're wrong! When a body's coortin' he canna be too careful. Why, my coortship lasted a matter o' nineteen year!"

"You certainly were careful," agreed the lady listener. "And did you find your plan successful when you married?"

"Ye jump to conclusions," said the old man impatiently. "I understood her then, so I didna marry her!"—St. James' Gazette.

Poor Comfort.

Apropos of the pretensions of those who might be counted as in society, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore in her book on "Sensible Etiquette" tells the following story:

A snobbish young man and his sister after their return home from an evening party were criticising the company, quite unaware that their sensible old uncle was lying awake in his chamber and could hear every word from where they stood in the corridor.

"Why, even the Grinders were there, and you know their father was a grocer. I was never in such a mixed company," said the sister.

"And we will never be again if I can help it," answered the brother.

The uncle called out: "Children, what do you think your grandfather was? He was a bootmaker, and some people say not a very honest one either. Now go to bed."

Cramp Rings.

Formerly it was customary for kings of England on Good Friday to hallow certain rings, the wearing of which prevented cramp or epilepsy. They were made from the metal of decayed coffins and consecrated with an elaborate ceremony, some details of which are still preserved. They were "highly recommended by the medical profession" about 1557, for Andrew Boorde in his "Breviary of Health," speaking of cramp says, "The kynge's majesite hath a great helpe in this matter in hallowing crampe ringes without money or petition." Occasionally cramp rings played a persuasive part in diplomacy. Lord Berners, our ambassador at the court of Charles V., wrote in 1508 "to my lorde cardinall's grace" for some "crampe ryngs," with trust to "bestowe them well, by God's grace."—Westminster Gazette.

Persian Burials.

In Persia two sticks a foot long are placed in the coffin to prop up the arms of the corpse when it rises from the grave and is being questioned by the angel Gabriel. After it has satisfied the angel that it is the body of a true Mussulman it will receive strength to stand alone. A glance from a dog is necessary to drive away the spirit of defilement, and for this purpose a street cur is brought into the room of death and its eyes led to the corpse by a tempting bit of bread laid on the still breast.

Restlessness.

Mere restlessness is not a matter for which physicians are often consulted. It is on the face of it an unimportant malady, but when it exists in sufficient intensity to form the subject of complaint and to induce the sufferer to seek advice it is usually found to be the superficial indication of a grave underlying condition.—Hospital.

Change of Heart.

Parson Primrose—Why do you think it was out of place for your father to say grace? Freddie—Because it was only a few minutes afterward that he was swearing over having to carve the turkey.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Labor Saving Devices.

"Do you know, Sam, that a man does not have to do as much work now as he did ten years ago?"

"Yes, sah; I know it, sah. Why, I's been married nearly eight years, sah!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Pleasant.

Mistress—Now, remember, Bridget, the Joneses are coming for dinner. Cook—Leave it to me, mum. I'll do me worst! They'll never trouble yez again!—Illustrated Bits.

She Got the Chance.

Staylate (11 p. m.)—Do you really believe that absence makes the heart grow fonder? Miss Cutting (strangling a yawn)—I'm sure I don't know, but it's up to you to give me a chance to find out.—Chicago News.

Sympathy.

Young Actor—My "Faust" seems to be a failure. Poor Goethe!—Fliegende Blatter.

Success has a great tendency to conceal and throw a veil over the evil deeds of men.—Demosthenes.

Serious Mistake.

Dr. Cutts—I made an awful mistake when I diagnosed that man's case as appendicitis. Dr. Slash—What did the operation disclose? Dr. Cutts—That he didn't have a cent.—Cleveland Leader.

Cruel Fate's Favors.

The Poet—My mail contains nothing but rejected manuscripts! His Wife—And mine nothing but invitations to millinery openings!—Brooklyn Life.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect December 16, 1907.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6 32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9 32 p m) SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11 02 p m, then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2 02 p m until 11 32 p m.) SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11 02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m, then 11 00 p m) (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10 22 p m, then 11 00 p m) SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Sunday, January 5, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

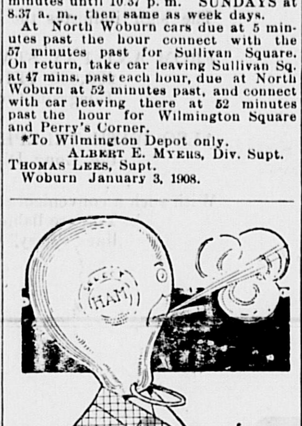
Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn January 3, 1908.



SMOKED HAM

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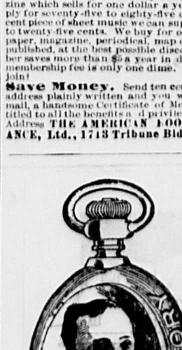

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Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7 15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, $9.00, $9.30, †10.00, †10.30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.55, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9.00, 9.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

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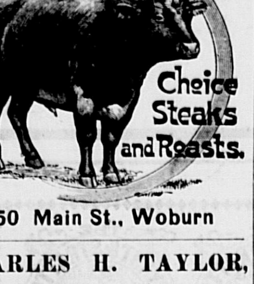

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5 30, 5.45, 6.00, 6 30, 6 45, 7 00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5 20, 5.50, 6.05, 6 20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5 40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7 25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6 45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8 00, 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6 50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8 05, 8 20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11 50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6 40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6 50, 7.50, 8.20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect December 16, 1907

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55 †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23 †10.21, †10.53, §11.01, †11.38 a. m., §12.05, †12.59 †2.00, §2.00, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.26, †5.02 †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL—†6.24, †8.22, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, §5.26, †6.42, §9.27, §11.02, †10.59, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2-26 †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H.— †D6.24, †D8.22, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.26, †D6.42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, Pas. Traf. Mgr. C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Ag

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works. North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
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"The Least Of These"

By LULU JOHNSON.

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Betty shuddered as the heavy iron gates clanged behind her and she realized that she was actually within the prison yard. It was her first visit to a penitentiary, and, though she found it not half so forbidding as she had anticipated, the atmosphere sent a chill through her whole girlish figure.

Instead of rock piles, with convicts monotonously breaking the stone, here were flower bordered walks and swards of softest green. But for the high walls and the barred windows she might well have imagined herself in a municipal park or on a million dollar estate.

When she reached the office her basket of delicacies was consigned with others brought by loyal friends for the delectation of other convicts, but the keeper looked curiously from the tag on her basket to Betty's face.

"No. 11,806 hasn't had a visitor since he came here five weeks ago," commented the man significantly. "Are you a relative?"

"No," said the girl simply. "He was just good to me when I needed help."

"He was good to lots of folks," grunted the warden, "but somehow they seem to have forgotten it. He's in the hospital."

The warden made a sign to a trusty, and with fast beating heart Betty followed the man in the direction of the great gray building, in one wing of which was located the hospital.

Moreton, ex-boss of the —th district, was propped up in bed, and at sight of Bessie Vynne he smiled radiantly.

Five weeks he had lain there fighting grimly for the life that he had begun to think was hardly worth the saving, for Moreton had indeed been through the valley of political humiliation. Less than two years before it had required two husky men to guard the door of his headquarters and keep back the crowd of importunate callers who wanted financial help, influential word or perhaps just the chance to fawn upon the powerful political leader.

Moreton had been the boss of his district, ruling with a rod of iron. He had controlled the machine through sheer force of will power.

His enemies both without and within the party had fought doggedly to break his sway, but the boss had gritted his teeth the harder at each fresh attack and beaten the malcontents into submission.

But there had come an end to his rule, as to almost all one man control. The opposing party had secured the services of a political revivalist. "In the interest of good government," they had explained, but the whole city knew that it was a ruse to rid the district of its dominating boss. It meant turning the district over to another clique as bad, but less experienced in municipal villainy.

And the political world had sat back and watched the warfare with grim smiles. Perhaps, after all, the boss would win again. But in this they were wrong. By a mere quip of fate the wheel spun the other way.

The boss lost, and after loss of power came scandals and lawsuits. The latter took most of the fortune he had filched from the city, much of which he had spent on the care of those who needed it more desperately than the taxpayers from whom he had filched it so remorselessly. In reality the boss when the blow fell could have counted his fortune only in thousands when his enemies ran it up to tens of thousands.

When he left the civil court room almost penniless he found himself face to face with criminal charges. Stoically he had accepted his sentence of five years in the penitentiary. Stoically he had accepted his desertion by those who had fawned upon him in prosperity and power. A child of the streets who had started carrying the water bucket for the marching club, he had become a ward heeler, a lieutenant and finally the boss without the aid of family ties or family influence. Stoically he had accepted the decision of the hospital staff. He had an incurable disease. He probably would not live out his sentence.

Yet at sight of Betty Vynne's face his stoicism vanished, and after the radiant smile of welcome came a tenderness almost pathetic.

"What are you doing here, child?" he asked as he stroked the hand that clasped his. "Sing Sing's a good way for a girl to come who's only making her eight a week."

The girl laughed, but her voice was shaky.

"Just listen to the man! And I'm getting ten—right in this town. I read in the paper—about—about your being so lonesome"— The man smiled grimly. So the papers were commenting on the fact that he was a deserted as well as deposed leader of men. "And I saw the ad. of a lawyer up here who wanted a stenographer, and I came and got the place. I like it much better here than in town. And I can come to see you once a week."

Moreton, deposed boss, leaned over and looked into her face.

"You—come—up—here—to be near me?"

The girl nodded her head.

"And I've got the nicest boarding place with a widow, and you ought to see her flower beds"—

Just then a physician in white uniform came toward them.

"You can stay only five minutes," he said without waiting for the formality of an introduction. "I cannot have my patients unduly excited. In a few weeks we shall have him in fine trim, I hope, but we don't want our treatment upset by too much company."

Moreton's lips set in grim lines. The young doctor evidently did not know that this was his first visitor.

"Dr. Lindsay, this is one of my best friends, Miss Betty Vynne, and her coming can't hurt me. Why, say, I feel like a two-year-old right now."

Nevertheless the young doctor stood near the door, and when the five minutes were up he led Betty from the ward.

"You can come again, as often as the rules permit, but do not stay too long."

The next time he made the rounds Dr. Lindsay found Moreton oddly quiet, his fever reduced, his pulse normal.

"Doctor," he said, with a smile, "that girl's coming did me more good than all your dope. It's good to know that there's one person that hasn't forgot you."

And then the young doctor saw that something more than an organic disease was aiming for the old boss' heart.

"Daughter of an old friend?" he asked casually.

"Not much—just a kid I picked up in a tenement; took her from a sodden old thing who was beating the life and spirit out of her. I turned her over to the sisters. They did the rest."

Lindsay smiled, but he understood. It was the ex-boss who had paid the sisters for the girl's care and put her through a business school and set her on her feet, saving a girlhood like his own boyhood from the slums and the gutter.

After that Moreton slowly but surely began to mend. There was no curing the disease, but there was every chance to prolong his life for years if he wanted to put up the fight. And every time that Betty Vynne came to the hospital he seemed stronger for the fight.

For a time Dr. Lindsay watched the case with purely professional interest, but gradually this feeling became distinctly personal. He generally met Betty in the reception room of the hospital, lingered near Moreton's bedside during her stay and escorted her to the entrance when she departed.

And, oddly enough, he found many excuses for sitting with Moreton and learning more about "the kid's" plucky fight for education and self support.

Before the first year of his sentence had passed the ex-boss read young Lindsay's secret, and one night after Betty had paid her usual call the two men talked it over.

"Mind you, she ain't anybody. Neither she nor I know where she sprung from. So it's up to you," said Moreton warningly and yet with loving anxiety in every word.

Young Lindsay studied the cracks in the flooring for a few seconds, and then he turned resolutely to his patient.

"She's true blue. There are not many like her, no matter what sort of blood was behind her, and I'm going to take chances if she'll have me. And, what is more, I am going down to see her tomorrow when I'm off duty."

"Is it all right, Betty?" inquired the ex-boss as he stroked her hand tenderly the next time she came. "Is it all right, little girl?"

The girl smiled into his anxious eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Moreton, do you think I'm half good enough for him?"

"Mind that, will you?" inquired the invalid, as if addressing an audience; then he drew the girl close. "Let me tell you something, Betty. He wouldn't let me tell you before for fear you'd think you owed him something. He wanted you to love him for himself. See? But Dr. Lindsay's got some of the boys started, and it looks like a pardon, Betty; it certainly does."

She sank on her knees beside the bed.

"Oh, that is too good to be true."

"And that ain't all, Betty. I had some shares in a gold mine; thought it was a dead one, but Lindsay he's been looking into it, and mebbe—well, just mebbe I can take you and Lindsay on a wedding trip over to Germany. Lindsay says the springs over there would do wonders for me, and Lindsay needs a change, and—well, Betty, I'd been dead by this time if it hadn't been for your coming."

He looked up to meet the shining eyes of young Dr. Lindsay.

"Say, Lindsay, ain't there something in the good book somewheres about the least of these? I want to find that verse. I'm going to learn it. I certainly am. Ah, there is so much for me to learn and so little time!"

The Bible's Good Use of Words.

The Bible as a standard for the correct use of words has been urged upon readers by Professor Lounsbury of Yale, writing in Harper's Magazine. "Make up your mind," says Professor Lounsbury, "that the Bible is a guide to be followed grammatically as much as it is morally. The language of our version belongs to the sixteenth century. It therefore naturally contains expressions which, though proper at that time, are not in accord with the common usage of our day. When it was originally translated, which was generally the relative pronoun referring to persons. Hence we say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.' More than this, the subtle distinction found in the employment of shall and will had not then become established in the language. But these do not affect the correctness of its procedure in regard to expressions still met with everywhere. In such cases accept its authority without question and conform your practice with it."

He Went.

Mr. Lingerlong—I had a queer adventure this afternoon. Miss de Muir (with a swift glance at the clock)—You mean yesterday afternoon, I presume. —Exchange.

Origin of the Christmas Stocking.

From Italy comes the legend from which we are supposed to get the time honored custom of hanging up the Christmas stocking. Good old St. Nicholas of Padua used to throw long knitted purses tied at both ends into the open windows of the very poor people, and these purses were of yarn and not unlike a footless stocking. Finally it became the custom of the people to hang these empty receptacles out of their windows on the night before Christmas so that St. Nicholas would put a gift into them as he passed by. By and by, when the coin of the realm became scarce, toys were put in for the children and useful presents for grown people. In the north country, where it was rather chilly at Christmas time, the purses were hung on the mantelpiece, and it was believed that the good old saint would come down the chimney and fill them. When these purses went out of fashion, stockings were substituted and have been used ever since.

The Art of Drawn Work.

Perfilado, or drawn needlework, occupies the same place in Mexico as lace does in Brussels. The city of Matamoros is the center of its production, and large quantities of this beautiful work are exported to the United States. Women and girls are employed in the manufacture, and some of it is very expensive, for a year may be required to make a single piece. The linen or silk is placed in a frame, the threads are drawn out one way, and with a needle and the finest spool thread the design is worked. Perfilado is taught in the public schools. Among the articles made are handkerchiefs, tablecloths, bedspreads and covers for chairs or lounges. The work is hard and difficult, and the earnings are on an average less than a shilling a day.

Onions as Weather Prophets.

One of the rites performed by the French peasants on New Year's eve is the forecasting of the weather for the coming year by means of onions.

When the bells ring for midnight mass they scoop out the middles of twelve onions, set them in a row on the kitchen table, fill them with salt and name them for the months of the year. Then when they return from mass they examine the condition of the salt. If it has melted in any of the "months," those months will be rainy; if the salt remains dry, it indicates drought; if half melted, the first fortnight of the month will be wet.

The peasants have such implicit faith in this means of foretelling the weather that they plant their crops in accordance with the prophecy of the onions.

Taking Him at His Word.

Joseph Jefferson in his biography relates what was probably the last jest of Artemus Ward. When the famous wit lay dying in Southampton, he was attended by his devoted friend Tom Robertson, the author of "Caste," who was also a friend of Jefferson.

"Just before Ward's death," writes Mr. Jefferson, "Robertson poured out some medicine in a glass and offered it to his friend.

"Ward said:

"'My dear Tom, I can't take that dreadful stuff.'

"'Come, come,' said Robertson, urging him to swallow the nauseous drug. 'There's a good fellow. Do, now, for my sake. You know I would do anything for you.'

"'Would you?' said Ward, feebly stretching out his hand to grasp his friend's, perhaps for the last time.

"'I would indeed,' said Robertson.

"'Then you take it,' said Ward.

"The humorist passed away a few hours later."

Napoleon Got His Spanking.

During his exile at Elba Napoleon related that one day his mother's mother was hobbling along the street in Ajaccio, Corsica, and that he and his sister Pauline followed the old lady and mimicked her. Their grandmother, happening to turn, caught them in the act. She complained to Mme. Letitia. Pauline was at once "spanked" and disposed of. Napoleon, who was out in regimentals, could not be handled. His mother bided her time. Next day, when her son was off his guard, she cried: "Quick, Napoleon! You are invited to dine with the governor!" He ran up to his room to change his clothing. She quietly followed and when she judged that the proper time had come rushed into the room, seized her undressed hero before he guessed her purpose, laid him across the maternal knee and belabored him earnestly with the flat of her hand.

Ancient Skyscrapers.

Numerous conflicting estimates have been made of the height of the tower of Babel, but one fact never has been denied and that is that it was a skyscraper. St. Jerome in his commentary on Isaiah says that the tower was already 4,000 paces high when God came down to stop the work. A pace is about two and one-half feet; therefore 4,000 paces must be 10,000 feet; consequently Babel was twenty times as high as the pyramids (which are only about 500 feet). Father Calmet says the tower was 81,000 feet high and that the languages were confounded because the architects were confounded, as they did not know how to bring the building to a head. Moreover, it is understood that the Chinese language of today was originally the same language as the high German.

A Pretty Custom.

South American lovers have a pretty custom. It is well known that when the petals of the great laurel magnolia are touched, however lightly, the result is a brown spot which develops in a few hours. The fact is taken advantage of by the lover, who pulls a magnolia flower and on one of its pure white petals writes a motto or message with a hard, sharp pointed pencil. Then he sends the flower, the young lady puts it in a vase of water, and in three or four hours the message written on the leaf becomes visible.

A Coincidence.

"So that young man wants to marry you?" said Mabel's father.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Do you know how much his salary is?"

"No; but it's an awfully strange coincidence."

"What do you mean?"

"Herbert asked the very same question about you."

The Baby and the Pastor.

Father of the Pastor (after the sermon)—How Horace has changed since he was a baby!

The Mother—What an idea! Of course he has changed.

Father—What I mean is that when he was a baby he used to keep me awake.—Boston Transcript.

Beyond Him.

Uncle Josh (at the theater)—Be gosh durned! Ef they calls this yer blood 'n' thunder stuff mellow drama, what in sufferin' hayricks do they think is real ripe stuff?—Town and Country.

A Mean Thrust.

Nance—Jack Morton proposes in this letter. I wonder if he really loves me. He has only known me a week.

The Brother—Oh, then, perhaps he does.

Wild Animals and Medicine.

A writer in the British Medical Journal thinks that an interesting essay might be written on the addition to medical remedies made by animals. It is said that it is to dogs we owe the knowledge of the fever abating properties of bark, while to the hippopotamus is attributed the use of bleeding. The story as told in Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny is as follows: "The riuer-Horse hath taught physitions one deuice in that part of their profession called Surgerie, for he finding himself ouer-grosse and fat by reason of his high feeding so continually gets forth of the water to the shore, hauing spied afore where the reeds and rushes haue bin newly cut, and where he seeth the sharpest cane and best pointed hee ets his body hard on to it to pricke a certaine veine in one of his legs, and thus by letting himselt bloud maketh evacuation, whereby his body, otherwise inclining to diseases and maladies, is well eased of the superfluous humor, and hauing thus done hee stoppeth the orifice againe with mud and so stancheth the bloud and healeth the wound."

His Idea of the English.

The following illustrates Louis Philippe's idea of England and the English. He one day asked Hugo if he had ever been in England and on receiving a negative reply continued:

"Well, when you do go—for you will go—you will see how strange it is. It resembles France in nothing. Over there are order, arrangement, symmetry, cleanliness, well mowed lawns and profound silence on the streets. The passersby are as serious and as mute as specters. When, being French and alive, you speak in the street these specters look back at you and murmur with an inexpressible mixture of gravity and disdain, 'French people!' When I was in London I was walking arm in arm with my wife and sister. We were conversing in a not too loud tone of voice, for we are well bred persons, you know, yet all the passersby, bourgeois and men of the people, turned to gaze at us, and we could hear them growling behind us: 'French people! French people!'"—"Memoirs of Victor Hugo."

Rossini and the Drum.

When Rossini's "Gazza Ladra" was performed for the first time the drum in the orchestra not only excited much comment, but caused the enemies of the composer, whom they denounced as a "foolish inventor of unmusical novelties," to threaten Rossini with bodily violence. One young man, a pupil of Rolla's, gained admission to the composer's presence and declared that art had been so violently outraged by the invention that he must kill the offender. He drew a weapon, but consented to listen to argument. He had been a soldier, and when the composer asked him why there should not be a drum where there are soldiers he sheathed his knife. "Promise me, though," he said, "that you will put no drums in your future music." Rossini promised, but forgot.

The Retort Courteous.

A young man in a hurry went through the left side of a pair of swinging doors in the senate wing of the capitol at Washington last session and almost knocked over a senator who was about to push through the right side.

The young man apologized profusely. "I'm very sorry—I didn't know I was—I am in a great hurry."

"That's all right, son," said the senator. "But let me give you a piece of advice about going through doors like these. Always go through on the right side and turn to the right. Then if you meet anybody coming through and bump into him you needn't apologize. He'll be a durned fool, and it won't be necessary. Good morning."—Saturday Evening Post.

Greatly Underestimated.

"Bobby," asked his Sunday school teacher, "do you know how many disciples there were?" The little boy promptly said that he did and answered, "Twelve." Then he went on, "And I know how many Pharisees there were too."

"Indeed!"

"Yes'm. There was just one less than there was disciples."

"Why, how do you know that? It is nowhere stated how many Pharisees there were."

"I thought everybody knew it," said Bobby. "The Bible says, 'Beware of the 'leven of the Pharisees,' doesn't it?" —Youth's Companion.

The Grandest.

"What is the grandest thing in the universe?" asks Victor Hugo. "A storm at sea," he answers and continues, "And what is grander than a storm at sea?" "The unclouded heavens on a starry, moonless night." "And what is grander than these midnight skies?" "The soul of man"—a spectacular climax such as Hugo loved and still, with all its dramatic effects, the picturesque statement of a vast and sublime and mighty truth.

Fine Care Fine Hair

It's fine care that makes fine hair! Use Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, systematically, conscientiously, and you will get results. We know it stops falling hair, cures dandruff, and is a most elegant dressing. Entirely new. New bottle. New contents.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, as now made from our new improved formula, is the latest, most scientific, and in every way the very best hair preparation ever placed upon the market. For falling hair and dandruff it is the one great medicine.

— Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. —

The Fairy Godmother.

By JEROME SPRAGUE.

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Bubbles didn't care whether it was appropriate or not; she wanted it, and she was saving up her money to get it.

Every morning when she went to the store she found the girls talking of their summer hats.

"What kind are you going to have?" they would ask her, and Bubbles would laugh—the gay bubbling laugh that had given her her nickname—and would say, "Wait and see, girls; wait and see."

"Oh, piffle!" one of them said on a certain June morning. "I don't believe you're going to get a hat."

"Wait and see; wait and see," said Bubbles provokingly.

And then after the store was closed she went around the corner and looked at the hat with the white feather.

The price was in plain sight—$10.

Bubbles earned $4 a week. Out of that she paid her aunt $2.50 for board. Fifty cents went for car fare, and the rest she had for herself. Since last summer she had managed to save $9.50, and the other fifty would add the complete amount necessary to buy the hat with the white feather.

She decided to tell Alice Forbes about it.

Alice was at the ribbon counter, while Bubbles sold notions. Their acquaintance rose from the fact that they walked home in the same direction.

"I'll have to wear it with all my old blue suit," Bubbles said as she went along. "But I don't care. I've made myself a white net waist, and it's awfully becoming."

"Ten dollars is a lot for a hat," Alice said quietly.

But Bubbles laughed, with her head flung up and her bright eyes shining "Oh, what's the use of living," she said, "if a girl can't have something pretty now and then?"

Alice nodded. Her blue eyes were wistful. "That's what I think," she said. "Now, there's a remnant of ribbon at my counter. It's white, with bunches of pink roses on it. It would make a lovely girdle, and I could buy a white dress for 15 cents a yard and a little wreath of pink roses in the millinery department, and then I could be bridesmaid for Millie Drake."

"Does she want you to be?" Bubbles asked, with interest.

"Yes," Alice said. "Jimmie Bryan is to be best man."

"Oh!" Bubbles was silent for a moment. Then she asked, "Don't you think you can afford the dress?"

"No," Alice said quietly, "I can't. And I told Millie last night to ask you, Bubbles. I knew you wouldn't mind being asked second, because I'm her oldest friend. I laid the piece of flowered ribbon away this morning, so that if you wanted it you could have it. You could make a white net skirt to your new waist. It would be awfully pretty with the pink roses."

But Bubbles was looking at her curiously.

"Don't you mind," she asked—"I mean not being bridesmaid?"

"Yes, I do," Alice said, and Bubbles saw that her eyes were full of tears. "But I have to give all of my money to mother now that father is sick and can't work."

"Well, it's a hard old world," Bubbles remarked as they reached the corner where they separated. "If I decide to take the ribbon, Alice, I'll let you know in the morning."

At the next corner Bubbles met Jimmie Bryan.

"Jimmie," she said, with her gray eyes challenging him—"Jimmie, are you going to be best man at Millie's wedding?"

"Sure," answered Jimmie—"cutaway, white flower in my coat and all the rest of the agony."

"And me to walk up the aisle with you?" said Bubbles.

Jimmie looked at her in surprise.

"I thought Alice was going—was going to do it," he said.

"Alice can't get the clothes," Bubbles informed him, "and if I wasn't a selfish pig I'd get them for her, but I want a white feather in my summer hat."

Jimmie hesitated. "Look here, Bubbles," he said a little awkwardly, "ain't there some way you could make Alice think you were getting her dress and let me pay for it? I'd like to do it."

Bubbles caught her breath quickly.

"Why, Jimmie!" she said.

Jimmie flushed. "She has an awful hard time," he said.

"Yes, she does," Bubbles agreed abstractedly. She was a little white, but she still smiled at Jimmie.

"So you don't want me to be bridesmaid with you?" she teased, still with a funny catch in her breath.

"Aw, Bubbles," he stammered, "you know I think you're about the nicest thing ever"—

"But you'd rather have Alice walk up the aisle with you," was her quiet reminder.

"I wouldn't," he declared stoutly, "but I'm sorry for Alice."

"Of course," Bubbles agreed, and then she went on to plan. "I could get her the things and tell her the money had come to me unexpectedly."

"I am afraid that wouldn't do," was Jimmie's worried response. "She'd feel as if she had to pay it back. You get the things and send them to her and don't have any mark on the box, and she'll never know where they came from."

"Well, I can't get the things we talked about," Bubbles said, "or she would know right away. Do you care how much you spend, Jimmie?"

"No," he told her with the recklessness of the skilled laborer who earns his $3 a day; "no, I don't."

"Then I'll get a robe dress of pink mull with a wreath of silver roses. She'll look like a dream, Jimmie."

"I hope she will," Jimmie said, and Bubbles sighed.

"Goodby, Jimmie," she said as she came to the tenement where she lived on the third floor.

He looked at her anxiously. "You're not cut up about not being bridesmaid, are you?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No," she answered bravely.

"Well, you're pretty nice, Bubbles," he said heartily, and then he went on his way.

When Bubbles reached home she took out her hoarded store of money. With what she would add on her next pay day she would have $10, and she could buy the hat with the white feather.

She fingered the money for a moment, and then she dropped her head on her arm with a sob, for Bubbles had wanted that hat to wear to church on Sunday morning when she sang in the choir with Jimmie Bryan. It had been for Jimmie's admiration that she had craved the pretty hat. And, after all, it was Alice that Jimmie cared for.

Two days later Alice came to her counter breathlessly.

"Oh, Bubbles," she said, "such a wonderful thing has happened!"

"What?" asked Bubbles innocently.

And then Alice told her of the wonderful gown and the dainty accessories that had come the night before in a big box.

"I can't imagine who sent them."

"It must have been a fairy godmother," said Bubbles demurely.

"And now I can be Millie's bridesmaid," caroled Alice when she had exhausted all her conjectures as to the giver. "You won't mind, will you, Bubbles?"

"No," said Bubbles steadily.

And as she sold needles and pins and hooks and eyes and whalebones and a hundred and one other things that day she told herself that she did not care. Why should she want to walk beside Jimmie Bryan when he preferred to have Alice?

She passed the window with the hat with the white feather that night without a glance, and on Sunday she wore a plain little black sailor with a cheap red rose, and she looked prettier than ever in it.

"Alice thinks you're a fairy godmother," she told Jimmie after service.

"Say, did she like it?" he demanded.

"Of course she did," said Bubbles. "Who wouldn't?"

But Jimmie did not answer immediately. He stood looking down at her. "Say, little girl," he said presently, "you look mighty nice in that hat."

"It cost just $1.98," Bubbles informed him glibly, "marked down from $2."

"I don't care what it cost," Jimmie stated. "You look mighty nice."

Bubbles couldn't resist saying, "But not half as nice as Alice will in that pink robe."

"Bubbles, I believe you're jealous," flashed Jimmie unexpectedly.

Bubbles' cheeks flamed. "Why, Jimmie Bryan!" she faltered.

"Look here," Jimmie demanded, "did you think I was in love with Alice?"

Under his keen scrutiny Bubbles was forced to admit, "I couldn't very well help it, could I?"

"I was afraid you would," Jimmie said, "that day when I planned to get her the things, but I had promised. Oh, look here, Bubbles, you come out to the park with me, and I'll tell you about it."

And all the way to the park Bubbles' heart sang, and she seemed to walk on air, and she was glad that she hadn't bought the hat with the white feather. She was glad she hadn't been extravagant, for Jimmie seemed to like her just as well in the black sailor with the red rose.

In the park the beds were full of jonquils and tulips and hyacinths and crocuses, and under the flowering almond tree Jimmie and Bubbles sat down to talk.

"You see," Jimmie explained, "there's Bob Travers, and he's in the navy, and he's away on a three years' cruise, and he made me promise that I'd look after Alice—they've been in love with each other since they were kids—and when Alice's father got sick I tried to help, but they wouldn't let me, and it seemed as if getting her the dress would be what Bob would want me to do, and now he's going to get home in time for the wedding, and I told Millie she'd have to have him for best man."

"Oh!" cried Bubbles, aglow with happiness.

"And then I told her how much I thought of you, and she wants us to be in the wedding party, and— Oh, well, look here, Bubbles." And in the shadow of the flowering almond he held out his arms.

And Bubbles, having wept a little weep of joy on his broad shoulder, sat up and wiped her eyes. "Ain't I glad I didn't spend all my money for that feather, Jimmie?" she said. "I'll get the white net skirt and wear the rosebut ribbon"—

"And a diamond ring," interrupted Jimmie.

"A diamond ring! What for?" demanded Bubbles.

"Because we're engaged," said Jimmie rapturously.

Economy Begins at Home.

"I hear you're teaching your son to play [illegible] poker. Do you think that wise?"

"Certainly. He's bound to learn from some one. If he learns from me it keeps the money in the family."—New York Life.

Smoking a Narghile.

"The narghile is the best instrument to smoke tobacco through, provided you use it in the right way," said a man who knows. "Most people use it in the wrong way. They load it with tobacco and light up with a match as though it was a pipe they were smoking. This is incorrect, and the narghile, so abused, has an abominable taste and odor. The right way to use the narghile is first to dip your tobacco in water, squeeze the water out and place the soaked, damp mass in the pipe bowl. Then you take a lump of burning charcoal and set it on the top of the wet tobacco and begin to smoke. The tobacco itself, you see, is not really alight; it's the charcoal that's alight; it is the burning charcoal that eats the tobacco up. This is the secret of narghile smoking. And a narghile, smoked properly, is delicious—makes, in fact, the very best smoke in the world."—Philadelphia Record.

The Woburn Journal
Telephone 55.
FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1908

THE LEGISLATURE.

The Massachusetts Great and General Court, commonly called the Legislature, was prorogued last Saturday after a session of about the usual length. Both branches were composed of members of more than ordinary ability and intelligence.

A large amount of important business was disposed of. The heaviest job they had to deal with was the "Merger," which, after months of study and debate, was left just where it was found—no bill was passed.

Messrs. Andrew R. Linscott and James W. Killam from this Representative District, and Herbert S. Riley from this Senatorial District, were workers, influential members, and a credit to their constituency. They took the right side on all matters of importance, and it is a pity that the District classification does not admit of their reelection.

BUNKER HILL DAY.

No finer weather for the great Bunker Hill celebration at Charlestown could have been asked for. Wednesday was an ideal June day, as sweet and balmy and beautiful as a poet's dream. How James Russell Lowell would have enjoyed it!

The Charlestown celebration was a magnificent success. Thousands on thousands of people enjoyed it to their heart's content.

Here at home Wednesday was observed as a whole holiday. Public buildings, banks, stores, etc., were closed, and business suspended from morn to eve. Flags floated in gentle breeze. Nearly everybody went to Charlestown; and those who didn't went to the beaches. Green peas and spring lamb graced many dinner tables. Penobscot salmon was on some of them.

TAFT NOMINATED.

Taft was nominated at 5.15 yesterday afternoon, receiving 702 votes. No choice for Vice President.

☞ The public records show that at a recent meeting of the City Council the petitioners who prayed that Jones Court might be accepted as a public highway were given leave to withdraw on an adverse report of the Highway Committee of the Board. The Court leads out of Lawrence street, and is practically a continuation of Porter street, both of which are public highways. It has been occupied by dwellings many years; the residents on and near it have frequently asked that it be accepted; it is in constant use; Mayor Blodgett has said it ought to be opened; and, yet, for seemingly insufficient reasons, the petition was denied. The Committee reported that the Court is not wide enough for a public highway; that land ought to be donated by the abutters to increase its width; that a certain ledge is almost an insurmountable obstacle to the accomplishment of such an end. Now, so far as that ledge is concerned, it is Porter street, which has been accepted by the city, and other reasons for the adverse report appear to be equally weak and fallacious.

☞ Just as we feared it would be, Governor Guild's Vice-Presidential boom flattened out at Chicago almost before it was fairly launched. Anybody with half an eye ought to have known that such would be its fate. Massachusetts stood no show for a place on the National ticket, and the wonder is that the Governor and his friends should not have realized that fact and kept out of the race.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. W. Johnson—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
Com. of Mass.—Land Court.
Five Cents Savings Bank—Notice.

— Slater is making the Public Library shine like a new silver dollar.

— Last Sunday was another hot one—three in succession, and pretty tough at that.

— Next Wednesday, June 24, is St. John's Day. The Masons always celebrate it.

— At what seaside or mountain resort are you going to spend your vacation?

— Charlie A. Jones and his Boston companions had a fine time fishing down in Maine lately.

— Yesterday the days reached their maximum length, and next Thursday they will begin to shorten.

— The Middlesex County Women's Christian Union are to hold a convention at Reading on June 30.

— Mrs. John Jameson and her daughter are to occupy their cottage at Westport, Maine, this summer.

— The children's entertainment on Independence Day is to be given in Lyceum Hall at 8.30 a. m. July 4.

— Last Tuesday there was another jumpup in the price of meat. Thank the Lord, fish are plenty and cheap.

— Allen Prior, Ralph Johnson, Clifford Parker and Earl West take their Harvard examinations next week.

— Dr. Harry G. Blake is on duty at the tuberculosis camp this week. Dr. J. P. Bixby was in attendance last week.

— Crovo had the first peaches of the season—great, fat, juicy ones—and we did not blame him for bragging a little over it.

— Mrs. J. W. Francis, widow of the late faithful janitor of the Public Library, lives in peace and plenty at Belmont.

— In anticipation of the long summer vacation the school children are happy. The current school year ends next Friday.

— The Ladies' Guild of Trinity Church gave a pleasant and successful lawn party on the parish glebe last Wednesday evening.

— Miss Josephine A. Randall, late of Worcester, formerly a valued teacher in the Woburn public schools, is now a resident of Boston.

— Intoxicated people are almost daily seen on our streets. Where do they get their liquor?

— Cards of invitation are out to the wedding of Mr. Edward Johnson, Cashier of the National Bank, to Miss Grace Tredwell of Brookline.

— The First Congregational Church School are to hold their annual picnic in Milligan's Grove, Wilmington, tomorrow. They go by special trolly.

— Dockham's green peas materialized in fine feather and great abundance on Bunker Hill Day, and his sweet peas decorated dinner tables that day.

— The Grammar Schools graduation exercises are to be held next Wednesday, June 24, and the High School one week from today, June 26

— H. B. Blye & Co. are to move into their new store on July 1. To make the job as light as possible they are selling goods at greatly reduced prices.

— A wheelbarrow load of gravel would do away with that mudhole between the Common and station grounds, which passengers justly complain of.

— Mr. Henry F. Bulfinch came down from Milford, N. H., last Saturday with the remains of his wife which were interred in Woodbrook cemetery, this city.

— Dr. Peter A Caulfield, the Woburn dentist, and Miss Catherine Leary were quietly united in the holy bonds of matrimony at Waltham last Monday afternoon.

— The summer timetable of the Boston & Maine Railroad will go into effect next Monday morning, June 22. There are to be but few changes, and small, at that.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The Redemptorist Fathers of Roxbury are holding a mission at St. Joseph's church in Montvale. It opened last Sunday, and was to continue two weeks.

— Mayor Blodgett has decided to have two band concerts on the 4th of July—one in the morning on the Public Library lawn; and one in the evening on the Common.

— Yesterday was another charming June day. The farmers say more rain is needed to insure full crops. The haying season has set in, and the yield is of fine quality and abundant.

— The Managers of the tuberculosis camp are calling on the people for a whole iot of necessaries for use at the institution. The responses, no doubt, will be numerous and liberal.

— Last Monday the High school Senior Class gave Miss Charlotte R. Lowell a fine bracelet as an acknowlment of her valuable aid in staging their late play "June Experiment."

— The local ball teams have asked for a part of the money appropriated by the city for band concerts, etc. on the 4th of July to offer as prizes in games to be played that day. By all means!

— The organ of the Woburn Democracy, the name of which we forbear to mention, suggests, with warmth and a fine flow of language, the election of Representative Linscott to the State Senate next fall.

— Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., Alternate Delegate to the Chicago convention, sent back a highly entertaining story of the trip of the Massachusetts Delegates to the Windy City. He wields a lively pen.

— About a dozen members of Mt. Horeb Lodge, A. F. and A. Masons, made a visit to Doric Lodge of Hudson last Monday evening. William Buchanan, W. M., headed the list. The visit was an enjoyable one.

— A drouth of considerable severity and duration broke with a copious rain that set in early Tuesday morning and continued long enough to moisten the earth in the very best of shape. The farmers were praying for it.

— Next Sunday, June 21, Crystal Fount Lodge, I O O F., with Rebekah Lodge are to hold memorial services in Odd Fellows Hall, to attend which members of other Lodges who are in this city are cordially invited.

— About the busiest spot in this city is Hern & Rosseler's Marble Works at Woodbrook Gate on Salem street. They are doing more work—fine work—than ever, and could give several more skilled artists employment.

— The Independence Day entertainment, for the children, provided by the city, is to be given at 8.30 o'clock 4th of July morning in Lyceum Hall. Mayor Blodgett has the say as to what the entertainment shall consist of.

— Our friend Berthrong of Arlington will have his hands full making big portraits of the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates as soon as they are all in the field. He stands at the head of the heap in this country for that kind of work.

— Last Saturday the Woburn H. S. A. A. gave the Saugus team a terrible thrashing at Saugus. The Woburn High had everything their own way, and scored 18 to Saugus 3. We look to see our H. S. team close the baseball season at the top of the interscholastic League.

—Greenough & Co's business man, who has been canvassing the last 7 weeks for advertisements for a new Directory of Woburn, which they will have ready for delivery shortly, finished his branch of the work here last Wednesday. The firm promise a complete and accurate Directory.

— About 3 30 p. m. last Wednesday an alarm was rung in for a fire in a barn at 74 Winn street which was speedily responded to. The damage to the barn was about $300, fully insured; but Harry W. Snow, the fish-dealer, lost $400 in the burning of his horse, which was uninsured.

— First Church of Christ Scientist of this City observed Flag Day Sunday it being the one hundred and thirty-first anniversary of the adoption of the American Flag. The hall was decorated with Flags and at the conclusion of the Lesson Sermon appropriate remarks were made by the First Reader.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,
367 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

THE JERSEY ICE CREAM

Watch out for half price advertising tickets next week. Our annual advertising days for Jersey Ice Cream will be

JUNE 23, 24, 25 and 26

We will distribute tickets from house to house, and these tickets entitle you to Ice Cream at half price. You already know what the Jersey Ice Cream is, or if you don't you are not getting the best. Regular price:

Quart Bricks 50c. Quarts in Bulk 40c.

McLaughlin & Dennison,

Woburn's Cut Price Druggists

417 Main Street, Woburn

☞ We Deliver Free by Messenger.

David Cummings Estd. 1852

WORTH CUSHION SOLE SHOES
FOR TENDER FEET

A REVELATION to those who are used to wearing the ordinary make of shoes. The CUSHION SOLE conforms naturally and perfectly to the shape of the foot, relieving you from the discomfort and nervous wear and tear incident to the wearing of a hard, stiff sole. You can't appreciate the difference until you try the Worth. Made for Men and Women in various styles, both high and low cut, to suit all tastes. **Men's, $4.00 to $5.00; Women's, $2.00 to $4.00.** Call or write for catalogue.

The Cushion Sole is a non-conductor of heat, cold or moisture.

THE CUMMINGS CO.
406 Washington St., Boston
Up One Flight Take Elevator

— Mr. D. Wilbur Brown left here last Wednesday for Alton, N. H., where he will remain a few weeks and then go to Squam Lake for the balance of the season. His wife will join him in the course of a month. "Phil," the son, sails to resume his duties at the American Embassy in Constantinople on June 27.

— The several hundred people who attended the lawn party given by the Sunny Corner Class of the M. E church last Monday at the residence of Mrs. E. S. Parker on Cleveland avenue, enjoyed it to the fullest extent. There was vocal and instrumental music, tableaux, and many other entertaining exercises.

— The First Congregational church had a field day last Sunday. What with celebrating the 90th anniversary of the organization of the Sunday School, Children's Day, and Flag Day, they had their hands full. The meetinghouse was beautifully decorated with flowers. Rev. Dr. March was at his best. Other churches celebrated in fine style.

— Mrs. Bertha Taylor goes to her cottage at Salisbury Beach on June 27 for a month, at the close of which period she, with her daughter Marion, repairs to Popham Beach, where her sister has a summer cottage. During the first week at the Salisbury seaside retreat Mrs. Taylor is to entertain "the Andrewses," with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Newcomb as guests on Sunday.

— Yesterday there came to the JOURNAL office an interesting communication from Mr. George C. Conn, a native and former resident of Woburn, now of Minneapolis, and one of the leading railroad men of the great and glorious Northwest, which tells, in glowing terms, of the growth of North Dakota, and particularly of the new town of Woburn in that State. Thanks.

— The next holiday on the carpet, a legal one, is the "Glorious Fourth," which comes in two weeks from tomorrow. There are to be some doings here, of a mild character, on that day, as is highly proper. A children's entertainment is to be given at Lyceum Hall quite early in the morning; band concerts; games of baseball; and a proper observance of the great anniversary.

— Last Wednesday Miss Angie S. Heartz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heartz of Bennett street, graduated from Mt. Holyoke College, with the degree of A. B. making three of their four daughters who are College graduates. Gertrude M. and Elsie, sisters of the "sweet girl graduate," attended the commencement exercises. The three returned to their homes here yesterday.

— Miss Mary E. Grimes, daughter of the Baseball Editor of a certain Woburn paper, returned to her home here from Indianapolis last Saturday for the vacation season. She was accompanied by Eleanor Wheeler, who will be a guest at the Grimes home for several weeks. Miss Grimes, who is a graduate of Radcliff College, occupies a prominent position in the Indianapolis High school, and is to return to it in the fall.

— The High School graduating exercises are to open in Lyceum Hall at 8 o'clock Friday evening, June 26. Master Low will please accept the JOURNAL'S thanks for complimentary tickets. Nothing pleases the JOURNAL more than to get "comps" to anything. Hon. Samuel J. Elder is to give the oration, and a fine one it will be, unless in delivering it he belies his reputation. He gives one of his best on June 25 at the Yale College commencement, his alma mater. There is to be music and other good things at the High School exercises in Lyceum Hall on June 26.

— A few days ago Mr. Griffin Place, Real Estate Agent, sold the Bowers homestead in the Highlands to Mr. Geo. A. Locke, who bought it for a residence. The price is not stated.

— Not much progress seems to be making in a general installation of watermeters in this city, and the spirits of the advocates for them are at rather a low ebb. The Council haven't voted that proposed appropriation of $5000 with which to begin the work, and, with a single exception, nobody has applied for a meter. The craze has about subsided, although it is probable Gilbert will be heard from again some time in the future.

— Dr. Irving R. Bancroft, son of Major and Mrs. Ambrose Bancroft of Woburn, is making professional and social progress at a smart pace. He is a resident, recently married, of Los Angeles, California, where he is President of the Massachusetts Society, popular, and enjoying a good medical practice. On June 8 the Society gave the Doctor and his fair bride a reception and a handsome present in token of their esteem for them.

— Bright and early, panting less than many a younger man, Col. W. T. Grammer came up on the JOURNAL elevator last Saturday morning to pay his annual visit to the Editor of the newspaper that he has perused every Friday afternoon since the autumn of 1851 with as much interest and pleasure as his weekly study of the Catechism, and, he thinks as profitably. Having a conscience free from guile the venerable Colonel eats well, sleeps well, and is happy.

— The matter of more or less "book learning," to acquire which, it used to be thought, schools were established, ought not to be seriously considered when the question of athletics in them is the topic under consideration. The acquisition of a knowledge of athletics, and the practice of them, should always take rank superior to other scholastic pursuits, and receive a larger share of attention than those of a purely classical character, because of the benefits the possessors of such knowledge are sure to derive therefrom in after years. We trust our School Board will duly consider this subject.

— It begins to look as if Woburn was not to get its circuit boulevard right away, after all. It may be some years before work is started, and in the meantime Woburn will pay its tax for parks and boulevards just the same as if the city was in the full enjoyment of them.—*Winchester Star.* It does squint that way, for a fact! But hold your horses, Mr. *Star.* Just you wait till you hear from the Woburn Progress League. Then, again, Woburn is a business city; not at all dependent on boulevards and purely ornamental trimmings, and such like vanities, for its happiness and prosperity.

— We cannot believe that our good Mayor is opposed to the ancient Grecian sport of wrestling, as some of our esteemed cotemporaries are disposed to make out. Wrestling is a time-honored athletic institution, descended to us from the most enlightened of nations; and for the Mayor of a Massachusetts city of the third class to set up and oppose it at this late day seems too absurd for anything. Not only was wrestling a Greek pastime of the noblest kind a couple of thousand years ago, but down in Penobscot county, Maine, it is to this day considered the very acme of manly sports, and to see it carried out in its most approved style, and true Grecian form, one has only to be in Bangor when the "river drivers" get there from the lumber camps in the spring and watch out. Oh no; it can't be possible that Mayor Blodgett is opposed to wrestling.

— Harry Blye is getting on quite comfortably keeping Bachelor's Hall this week.

— Company G, 5th Regiment cut a pretty wide swath in the grand parade at the Charlestown Bunker Hill Day celebration last Wednesday.

— Ella Eames, daughter of Mr. H. M. Eames of this city, a member of the Wellesley College Rowing Class, was in the bow of the Sophomore boat in the College Float last Tuesday evening. She graduated from the W. H. S. Class '06, and won the Tidd prize.

— It is suspected that there are people in this city today who were at the celebration of the completion and dedication of Bunker Hill Monument on June 17, 1843. That was a great day. President Tyler and some of his Cabinet were there; the immortal Webster delivered the oration of his life; the procession was miles long; there were many military bands; oh! yes, 65 years ago last Wednesday was a great day in Charlestown. Most likely, Col. Grammer, Capt. E. F. Wyer, and, perhaps, others living here now remember the grand holiday and celebration. It was a hot day, too, that called for oceans of lemonade.

— As illustrating the power of the press, it is with pride and satisfaction we here allude to the gratifying manner in which Flag Day was observed in this city. In its issue of June 12 the JOURNAL called attention to the importance of the anniversary, and, with the active cooperation of the old War Veterans, it was celebrated on last Saturday and Sunday as never before by our people. Flags waved on public and private buildings all over town, and a holiday appearance prevailed everywhere. Heretofore, Flag Day has been allowed to come and go without any particular notice being taken of it; but it was different this year, when Old Glory and the anniversary of its natal day were shown the respect due them from every patriotic citizen. It was gathered from the newspapers, too, that Flag Day is coming into greater prominence all over the Union, and that societies are being formed for the sole purpose of teaching Americans what the Flag is, what it is for, what it means, and how it should be honored.

— Quite properly, we think, and for which the public will be grateful, the City Council, at their last Friday's meeting, put a quietus to the scheme for mutilating the Common by giving the petitioners leave to withdraw. There is to be no chopping off of the west end of the Common, as proposed. But, while this is a matter for public rejoicing, it must be admitted that the advocates of the project adduced one argument, at least, in its support that was hard to get by, and that was, the improvement it would be to a view of the new Federal building from the Police station. This was their chief reason for appealing to the authorities to cut off a considerable piece of the Common and the trees that adorn it. There was no denying the strength of that argument. The comfort of the occupants of the Common street Headquarters is of paramount importance. By no means should they be deprived of an unobstructed view of the new building from their windows; and as this could not be secured but by taking off a slice of the Common, it, and the trees, the petitioners said, ought to go. The Police Force, their friends claim, are an overworked city department, and if anything could be done to sweeten their lives, no time should be lost in going about it, even at the sacrifice demanded by the petitioners.

THE FAIRMOUNT CLUB.

The Fairmount Club, one fine June day
To old Marblehead did joyfully stray;
In fine attire they all did rig
Some of the *Hims*, ought to have worn a wig.

Some went by trolly; others by steam
Many were fat, a few were lean
At last, Caterer Snow's table came in view,
The President began with a lobster stew.

The text for the dinner was, Come eat that which is good
Delight in your fatness, and do not be rude;
A veteran Reporter from Woburn was there
With his wife so amiable, gentle and fair
He later was heard from in poetry most rare.

The Treasurer ate heartily, and called for more
Which soon appeared through a wide open door
Soon after dinner, the Club took a stroll
To old Fort Sewell's living green knoll.

The President called a meeting, prepared to resign;
The Club would not allow him; He is in *it* for Time,
The Treasurer, also wanted to leave
Her emphatic protestations, none would receive.

The Sheriff was present, and walked on the land
His face was ruddy, and somewhat tanned
At the meeting he seemed to be partially blinded
For he called it illegal, and was contraminded.

At the approach of sunset
We concluded to get,
And all did agree,
That we could not live always down by the sea.

The Fairmount Club is the Club for me
A similar set you seldom shall see
May their families increase, in this land of the free,
To them we wish, good health and prosperity.
LEO.

Trolley Lines.

The new trolley trip folders issued by the Passenger Department of the Boston & Northern and Old Colony Street Railway Co.'s are out and are very attractive as well as containing a wonderfully large amount of information of value to those who in ever increasing numbers are finding the trolleys serve them not only for business but for pleasure.

This year the two folders formerly issued by the two companies are combined in one. Routes are given which show very plainly the distances, fares and running time on various trips, just where to take cars to start and where to change cars. On the part devoted to the Boston & Northern Company 162 points are given, not only on this company's lines but on connecting lines as well, while there are 117 points on the Old Colony system carrying out the same idea.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

For the first week of vacation the Management of the Boston Theatre has provided a play that will appeal to all who look forward to enjoyment in the country. "Lover's Lane," one of the prettiest of Clyde Fitch's plays, smacks of country air, and pictures, in the most realistic manner, life in a small village. The story is woven around a young minister whose ideas appear to be too far advanced for the community in which he lives. He has already caused some criticism by sheltering all sorts of people, when Mrs. Woodbridge, a divorced woman, arrives from New York under most unusual circumstances and he becomes interested. All sorts of complications arise until finally the climax is reached by the appearance of a man and a woman in the town, who come to the minister's house to be married.

The Change of a Comma.

"Whenever she asks me to do anything," soliloquized Mr. Meeker pensively, "I always go and do it, like a fool."

"Yes," said Mrs. Meeker, who happened along in time to overhear him. "Whenever I ask you to do anything you always go and do it like a fool."—Chicago Tribune.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. A. H. Herrick.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Worship.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Is the Universe, including Man, evolved by Atomic Force?"
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, June 16, by Rev. H. B Williams, Gilbert W. Granger and Annie C. Brown, both of Woburn.
In this city, June 17, by Rev. James J. Keegan, John J. Ryan and Louise E. Henchy, both of Woburn.
In this city, June 17, by Rev. Francis Russell, Cosmo M. Metrano and Catherine Keenan, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, June 13, Jane O'Doherty, aged 74 years.
In this city, June 16, Poladore Russell, aged 57 years, 2 months, 16 days.
In this city, June 16, Mrs. Susan A. Brown, aged 69 years.

FORECLOSURE.

38 Green Street corner East Street.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Henry Cutler to Jason E. Herrick, Jr., dated March 1, 1907, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, So. Dist., Book 3286, Page 509, for breach of the condition contained in said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on

TUESDAY, the 30th day of June, 1908,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:

A certain lot of land situated at the junction of East and Green streets in Woburn, Mass., containing about 11,000 square feet and bounded as follows: Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises at the junction of said streets; thence the line runs easterly on and by said Green street ninety-three and 3-10 feet to a stake and stones; thence northerly one hundred and ten feet to a corner; thence westerly ninety-three and one-half feet to a corner; thence southerly on and by said East street, one hundred and ten feet to the point of beginning.

Also, a certain lot of land situated on Green street in said Woburn, containing 8250 square feet, more or less, and bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on said Green street at land of Cyrus Cummings; thence the line runs northerly by his land about one hundred and ten feet to a stake, which stake is at the northeast corner of land of said Cyrus Cummings; thence easterly in a line with the northerly side line of said land of said Cyrus Cummings and a continuation of the same about seventy-five feet to a stake at the fence at land now or formerly of S. O. Pollard; thence southerly by land last named about one hundred and ten feet to said Green street; thence westerly on and by said Green street about seventy-five feet to the point of beginning. Subject to a mortgage of $3,000.00 held by Wildey Savings Bank.

$500 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

GRACE L. CLAPP, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.

June 2, 1908.

Persons interested will please see G' FRANKLIN NEAL, 101 Tremont Street, Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To the City of Woburn, a municipal corporation located in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, a duly existing corporation having its usual place of business in said Woburn; Lewis W. Thompson of said Woburn; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Charlie A. Jones and Luke W. Fowle of said Woburn, Trustees under a declaration of trust, dated April 14, 1900, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2815, Page 577, to register and confirm their title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows: Northwesterly by Main street ninety-three and 2-10 (93.2) feet; northeasterly by land of Lewis W. Thompson ninety-one and 33-100 (91.33) feet; southeasterly by land of said Thompson sixty-seven and 95-100 (67.95) feet; and southwesterly by Walnut street by three lines measuring respectively thirty-eight and 37-100 (38.37) feet, nineteen and 8-10 (19.8) feet, and forty-seven and 3-10 (47.3) feet; and containing about eight thousand two hundred and sixty-five (8,265) square feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

Petitioners allege they hold the above described real estate in trust under said declaration of trust for the benefit of the Mechanics Investment Company, a corporation duly organized under the laws of the State of Maine, but having a usual place of business in said Woburn; also that it may be claimed that they hold said real estate under a resulting trust for said Mechanics Investment Company by reason of the fact stated in said declaration of trust that said Company contributed all the funds for the purchase of the above mentioned real estate by the deed from the Trustees of the Woburn Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, dated May 31, 1890, and recorded as aforesaid, Book 1979, Page 562; and Petitioners desire to have determined the question whether they hold in any degree under such resulting trust, and if so, to what extent.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the thirteenth day of July, A.D., 1908, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of June, in the year nineteen hundred and eight.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL] CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

INCORPORATED 1854.

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in the City of Woburn, will be held in the Banking Rooms on

Friday, July 3d, 1908,

at 7.30 o'clock P. M., for the election of Officers and the transaction of such business as may legally come before the meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in the City of Woburn, will be held on FRIDAY, July 3d, 1908, at 7.45 P. M., for the transaction of such business as may legally come before them.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.

Woburn, Mass., June 19, 1908.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, July 4th, 1908, will draw interest from that date.

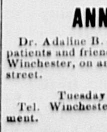
The July dividend of interest will be due and payable on and after Saturday, July 18th, 1908, in accordance with the provisions of the By-Laws.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adaline B. Church wishes to announce to her patients and friends that she will resume practice in Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church street.

Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.
Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appointment.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

All in a Nutshell

Have you used

Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread?

Best made. It furnishes abundant nutrition and makes glowing health.

C. F. Hathaway & Son,
Cambridge Waltham

THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON

Will Reopen Sept. 8th

Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Bookkeepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment when qualified, will find in the

BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON

Now Located in its New School Building, 334 Boylston Street

A most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of **Well Known and Experienced Teachers**

COURSES OF STUDY
GENERAL COMMERCIAL COURSE — STENOGRAPHIC COURSE
SECRETARIAL COURSE — CIVIL SERVICE COURSE
SPECIAL COURSE

Every possible requisite for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings, is afforded. ¶ Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions of admission by mail. Address, **H. E. HIBBARD, Principal,** 334 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON.

It Will Certainly Be To Your Advantage

to see our Sterling Silverware stock if you have need of any sort of table ware.

You may choose from the handsomest patterns and best quality that are made, and are priced reasonable.

Smith & Varney,
JEWELERS.
No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

High Pressure Steam

Is a tremendous force—too fearful to be tampered with.

Explosions or Crashing Engines mean either loss of property, interruption of business, loss of life—or perhaps all three.

Why not let us be your Engineer and Fireman—let us take the risks? We have machinery and experience—it's our specialty.

We will send the power—electric power—to your safe, little motor. No bother for you—power always ready, night or day, by the "twitch of a switch."

Just now you should know more about it.

Oxford 3300—Collect.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Co.,
33-39 Boylston Street BOSTON

Opening of Spring Goods

— AT —

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Fine Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

QUAKER

Wheat Berries

7c. Pkg.

Always sold for 10 cents.

These goods are made from the whole grain of the finest Northern Wheat puffed and baked to a delicious crispness in a temperature of 400 deg. Fahr. Very palatable and nutritious. Try them with maple syrup, cream or fruit juices.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-1.

Many People WHO TRIED

- Brooks's - Hypophosphites

for Spring Weariness last year, are using the same remedy this season. It is a great body builder tonic.

Price 85 Cents

MADE BY

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist, 361 Main Street, WOBURN

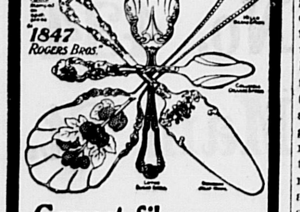
Lest U Forget: TAKE A KODAK WITH YOU.

Anybody can use 1

Anybody can buy at

Whitcher's PILL BOX

Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore



Correct Silverware

Correct in character, design and workmanship—is as necessary as dainty china or fine linen if you would have everything in good taste and harmony. Knives, forks, spoons and fancy pieces for table use will be correct if selected from goods stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Remember "1847," as there are imitation "Rogers." For Catalogue No. 6 address the makers

International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Cambridge, on the first Tuesday of June, A. D. 1908.

On the Petition of the Inhabitants of Wilmington for the relocation of the way known as Woburn street between the intersection of Lowell street and the junction of Park street, for the relocation of that portion of the way known as Lowell street, between West street and the Reading boundary line, and also for the relocation of that portion of the way known as Burlington Avenue between the junction of Boutwell street and the premises of Peter McGrane, all in said Wilmington, it was adjudged that said relocation is of common convenience and necessity:

Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at their office in the Court House in East Cambridge, on the eighteenth day of July, next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

ROGER H. HURD, Asst. Clerk.

June 9, 1908.

A true copy. Attest:

JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

Woburn Gas Light Co.

GAS STOVES

for cooking and heating. Welsbach lights, Welsbach and Humphry Arc lights, and for everything pertaining to gas lighting apply at office of Company.

314 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,

—DEALERS IN—

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street. Telephone connection

BAY STATE POLITICS

Lodge as Convention Chairman Honor to State

HIS RECORD AN EMINENT ONE

As Congressman and Senator Has Done Great Work For Massachusetts--Consular Reforms Due to His Efforts

The selection of United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts to act as permanent chairman of the Republican national convention at Chicago is not only a distinguished honor to our senior senator, but is also one of the highest honors which could be paid to the great commonwealth which he represents. It is the most important position in the proceedings of national convention, and it was bestowed upon him because of his great eminence and ability as a member of the upper house of congress.

Probably no man since the days of Sumner who has represented Massachusetts in the national senate has taken a higher rank in that body than Mr. Lodge, or been more persistently misjudged at home. If one were to make even a cursory examination of the record which Mr. Lodge has made during his career in congress he would find it one of great achievement and full of distinguished services, not only for his native commonwealth, but for the whole country. It is so easy to misinterpret the motives of public men, to impute to them purposes of which they never dreamed, and to charge them with characteristics and qualities wholly foreign to their natures, that it is perhaps not surprising in these days of newspaper exploitation that Mr. Lodge should be called upon to suffer the common fate.

One of the most important benefits which has been rendered to the business of the country in recent years was the reform of the consular service. Up to that time the consulships of this country were doled out as political patronage every time there was a political change in a national administration. Our consuls in foreign countries were a byword among the nations of the earth. Men wholly unfitted for extremely important positions as consuls in various parts of the world were appointed to those places almost wholly by reason of political pull. The fitness of the appointees for the duties which they were to perform, in many cases, hardly entered into the appointment.

Reformed the Consular Service

Senator Lodge introduced in five successive congresses a bill to reform the consular service, a bill designed to do away with the abuses then existing in order that the business interests of the country engaged in foreign commerce might have the advantages possessed by other countries of capable and experienced consuls at foreign ports or points who would among other duties aid in the introduction of American goods. For five successive congresses this bill got no farther than the calendar. It was, however, in this way kept prominently before the public, and a strong favorable sentiment was created among business men and Merchants' associations, and which finally became a distinct force behind it. Two years ago Secretary Root and Senator Lodge drafted a new bill which was introduced by Mr. Lodge in the senate, reported by committee and finally enacted. While some of the provisions for examination and promotion, which Mr. Lodge especially valued, were lost, the bill when it became law effected great improvements. It graded the consulates in classes; it abolished all fees, and equalized salaries, advancing uniformly those for underpaid posts. By department regulations, made since the passage of this law, regular promotions have taken the place of haphazard appointments to any grade, a larger degree of permanency has been secured, new appointments are made only to the lowest grade, and thorough examinations have taken the place of the old and merely formal ones. The bill also established a force of consular inspectors which is having a very great influence in improving the service, and in weeding out incompetent men.

Senator Lodge has also taken a deep interest in the question of immigration. His speech in the house before his election to the senate was one of the greatest efforts on that subject at the time, and he took a prominent part in the legislation then enacted. During all his service in the senate his labors on the subject have been continuous and important, and he has had a share in every item of legislation which has been passed.

The Dingley Tariff Schedules

The work of Senator Lodge in 1897, when the Dingley tariff bill was under consideration, was particularly brilliant and effective. In the conflict of interests of the different states the struggle for the advantage in tariff rates was tremendous. Each section of the country had its own diverse manufacturing and producing interests, each of which desired the greatest possible benefits from the tariff rates. The result could only be a prolonged struggle on the part of congressional representatives of each section to see that those looking to them for protection might be served as favorably as any other section. The industries of Massachusetts were so complex and important that Senators Hoar and Lodge were compelled for many weeks to give many hours a day and often many hours at night to the consideration and guarding of these interests. They carried the multifarious industries of the state through the tariff successfully and with general satisfaction to this entire section.

Senator Lodge has long been a member of the committee on foreign relations, and is now the oldest in service on the committee with the exception of Senator Frye and the chairman. This has always been one of the three great committees of the senate and at times has assumed an overshadowing importance. When Senator Lodge first became a member of the committee the country was confronted by a difficulty with England in Venezuela and he supported the position taken by President Cleveland at that time, and made one of the principal speeches on the Monroe doctrine. The annexation of Hawaii was another question which came before the committee and it was supported by Senator Lodge in one of the great speeches favoring that policy. The dominant question in our foreign affairs arose over the situation in Cuba and which finally culminated in war with Spain. Everything connected with this great question fell within the province of Senator Lodge's committee on foreign relations, whose resolution it was which finally passed both houses and was virtually a declaration of war.

Senator Lodge took the leading part in the senate in behalf of Cuba and in favor of the expulsion of Spain from this hemisphere. In company with Senator Davis, he framed the amendments to the first Hay-Pauncefote treaty which were rejected by England. When the second treaty embodying all the senate amendments was laid before the senate Mr. Lodge had charge of it and succeeded in passing it with only six opposing votes.

Mr. Lodge also drafted the amendment which enabled the senate to pass the Cuban reciprocity treaty, which is the only reciprocity treaty that has gone into operation and been successful.

Spanish Peace Treaty

Senator Lodge and Senator Aldrich had charge of the canvass, which, after a heated struggle, resulted in the ratification of the treaty of peace with Spain, with only two votes to spare. He also had charge of the treaty for the settlement of the Alaskan boundary, and was one of the American judges upon the tribunal constituted under that treaty. It is interesting to note that the decision of that tribunal, which was in part framed by Senator Lodge, was an almost complete victory for the United States, and gave us possession of the entire coast and all the inlets.

Ever since the war with Spain and the creation of a committee to take charge of Philippine affairs Senator Lodge has been chairman of this most important committee. At the time the committee was organized the committee on committees insisted that the chairmanship should be taken by Senator Lodge. It was a task which he neither sought nor desired, as the labors involved were at that time and are now extremely heavy. All the Philippine legislation since that date has been reported to the senate by Senator Lodge and its passage secured through his influence.

To Senator Lodge, Senator Spooner once said in regard to this work: "You have done splendid constructive work in the Philippines. You have, beyond even our 'expectations,' and they were great, (I was on the committee) vindicated the wisdom of the committee which chose you to be chairman of the committee on the Philippines. We realized how much statesmanship, in a conservative way, and patient toil it would involve and you have filled the measure to overflowing."

In the Fifty-Ninth congress Senator Lodge made two speeches on the rate bill which attracted the attention of the country, and he was the author of the amendment which became part of the law, bringing the pipe lines within the operation of the act.

What Massachusetts Has Received

From July 1, 1893, to July 1, 1906, at the close of the last session of the Fifty-Ninth congress, Massachusetts had actually had appropriated to her a total of $7,823,105.20 for river and harbor improvements. These include the improvements in Gloucester harbor, Fall River harbor, Lynn harbor, the Boston harbor channel, the Wood's Hole channel and the Harbor of Refuge at Sandy bay, Rockport. In all these appropriations the influence of Mr. Lodge was paramount.

In the second session of the Fifty-Ninth congress, which came to an end in 1897, a total of $2,225,733 was appropriated for rivers and harbors in Massachusetts, including the appropriations for the Nantucket Shoals light, the Buzzard's bay improvements and the Hedge Fence Shoals light, amounting in all to $245,000,000, and which Senator Lodge was chiefly responsible for securing. To Mr. Lodge also belongs the credit for securing the Boston lightship, and the establishment of the Graves light at the entrance of the harbor, for it was only through his persistence that these appropriations were granted. If we add the $2,225,733.00 appropriated for rivers and harbors in the second session of the Fifty-Ninth congress to the $7,823,105.20 appropriated from July 1, 1893, to the close of the first session of the Fifty-Ninth congress, we have a total of $10,048,838.20 to Massachusetts in the last fifteen years.

Such work as this can hardly be duplicated in the career of any other senator. If Massachusetts is not proud of her senior senator she shows a lacking in gratitude which is certainly not to her credit, but indications are not wanting that Mr. Lodge is today held in higher esteem by the people of this commonwealth than ever before in his career.

It Is a Good Umbrella.

It was a sound, substantial umbrella, with a cheery wood stick. We found it hanging on a peg in the corner of our room in the hotel at Bruges (writes "P."). Such an umbrella could belong to none but an Englishman, and it at once occurred to us that it had been left behind by some former passing visitant. The umbrella was particularly interesting to me because I had foolishly come away from England without one. I eyed that umbrella as a small boy eyes a forbidden orchard. The next morning threatened rain, and I could not resist taking the umbrella tentatively from its peg, unrolling it and displaying its comfortable tent-like proportions. I put it back on the peg with a sigh and nobly went out unprotected. During the stay in Bruges my eyes and thoughts returned to the umbrella with strong fascination, and on the morning of leaving the temptation was still more acute. The angels of light and darkness struggled within me, but the good one triumphed, and we went to the station without the umbrella. We left our luggage in the hotel to be brought to us at the station by the boots. The Brussels train came in, but our luggage was missing. We took our seats, and at the last moment the boots rushed up, compensating for want of English by a large smile, and dragged our bags—and the umbrella. He threw it in to us, and the train departed. It is a good umbrella.—Manchester Guardian.

A Quaint English Ceremony.

On the last day of each October the city solicitor of London, with an assistant, attends upon the royal remembrancer, when by proclamation "the tenants and occupiers of a piece of waste ground called the moors, in the county of Salop," are commanded to "come forth and do your service upon pain and peril that shall fall thereon." The solicitor chops in halves two fagots, one with a hatchet and the other with a billhook. Afterward comes the summons to the tenants, etc., of "a certain tenement with a forge" in the Strand and the payment of six horseshoes, with sixty-one shoe nails, by the solicitor. This forge has long ceased to be, and the same shoes and nails are presented year after year, being at least two centuries old.

MAKING A WILL.

If You Draw Up Your Own, Stick to the Most Simple Terms.

"If the people," said a lawyer, "who for whatever reason prefer to draw wills without resorting to legal advice would keep just one thing in mind a lot of trouble would be saved. It is nothing save insistence on simplicity. Simplicity is the main thing to make a will effective, and apparently it is the one thing that the will makers forget about. High sounding words and half remembered law phrases come to their minds, and into the documents these verbal extravagances go. There appears to be a popular impression that, for example, to say 'I give and bequeath' is a stronger way of saying 'I give.' Again, take the matter of directions. Here a desire to be explicit frequently results in contradictions, and the longer a sentence in a will is the more likelihood there is of its being open to mininterpretation.

"No will should be drawn without at least a couple of drafts having been made of it, each one being gone over carefully with the idea of simplifying and clarifying it. Give the time to it that the importance of the action demands. Know what you want to do and study out the best way of expressing yourself. Don't put off making a will. I'm superstitious enough to consider that tempting fate. And when a will is drawn remember that it has no legal binding unless the signature is witnessed by two persons, who must themselves witness the document in the presence of the testator and each other."—New York Press.

A BROKEN CUP.

The Way a Queen Saved an Old Servant From Dismissal.

A charming story is told of the former queen regent of Holland, the mother of Queen Wilhelmina. The old king had bought a fine service of Sevres porcelain for the use of the royal family, and he gave orders that any servant who should break any piece of it should be punished by being instantly dismissed. One day a man who had been many years in the royal household confessed to the young queen that he had broken one of these Sevres cups. Queen Emma spoke comfortingly to him and suggested that he should mend the cup. That, said the man, would be useless, for the king would surely notice the cracks. Nevertheless the queen told him to mend the cup as neatly as possible and to be sure to give it to her that afternoon at tea time, when the king would be present. Tea time came, and the queen, after drinking from the mended cup, suddenly rose and let it fall to the floor. It was smashed to atoms.

"Think of me as one of the most awkward of your majesty's servants," she said humbly. "I have broken one of your precious Sevres cups. You must dismiss me at once. I don't deserve to be retained in your service." The arbitrary old king was highly amused at her demure manner and considered the matter a good joke. He never knew the true story of the broken cup.

Chess and War.

The origin of chess is shrouded in mystery. There is little doubt, however, that its birthplace was in India and that it is an offspring of a game called chaturanga, which is mentioned in oriental literature as in use fully 200 years before the Christian era. From India chess spread into Persia and thence into Arabia, and ultimately the Arabs took it into Spain and the rest of western Europe. The game was in all probability invented for the purpose of illustrating the art of war. The Arab legend upon this point is that it was devised for the instruction of a young despot by his father, a learned Brahman, to teach him that a king notwithstanding his power was dependent for safety upon his subjects. The Greek historians credit the invention of the game to Palamedes, who, they claim, devised it to beguile the tedium of the siege of Troy during the Trojan war.

The Slippery Pronoun.

Many are the circumlocutions which have been devised by civilized races in order to avoid the bluntness of direct address. In fact, it may be said that at the moment when a nation standardizes its language it begins to have trouble with its pronouns.

"Thou" has of course become obsolete except in prayer, although it flourishes colloquially in the north of England. The second person plural is substituted. In parts of the south "you all" is heard, a further step toward refined elusiveness.

In France and Germany "thou" has been retained in familiar or semicontemptuous speech. In Spain and Italy, on the other hand, the third person is substituted habitually in place of it.—Harper's Weekly.

Touched.

Mrs. Homespun—The comic papers say you fellows never work. Weary Waffles—Y-yes'm; de comic papers also say dat mother-in-laws is a nuisance when everybody knows dat dey are de most sweetest an' angelic uv mortals, an'— Mrs. Homespun—You poor, dear man! Come right in this minute. I will broil a chicken for you.—Judge.

Sorry.

Mamma—Here comes your father. See how cross you've made him. Now go and tell him you're sorry. Tommy—Say, pop, I'm sorry you're so blamed cross.—Philadelphia Press.

An Unfortunate Misunderstanding.

"I had to leave my last situation because the missus said they were going to lead the sinful life, and they wouldn't want any servants about the place."—Punch.

Proving His Honesty.

"You say you have confidence in the plaintiff, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, sir."

"State to the court, if you please, what caused this confidence."

"Why, you see, sir, there's allers reports 'bout eatin' house men, and I used to think"—

"Never mind what you thought. Tell us what you know."

"Well, sir, one day I goes down to Cooken's shop and sez to the waiter, 'Waiter,' sez I, 'give's a weal pie.' Well, just then Mr. Cooken comes up, and sez he: 'How do Mr. Smith? What ye going to have?'

"'Weal pie,' says I. 'Good,' says he; 'I'll have one tu.' So he sets down an' eats one of his own weal pies right afore me."

"Did that cause your confidence in him?"

"Yes, indeed, sir; when an eatin' house keeper sets down afore his customers an' deliberately eats one of his own weal pies I feel confidence. It shows him to be an honest man."—London Scraps.

ORIGIN OF THE HORSE.

The Modern Animal a Cross Between Two Ancient Breeds.

In Wissen fur Alle Professor Koenig discusses in some detail the origin of the horse of today. He finds that the horse of neolithic times was not specifically distinct from the horse of the present. While there is no doubt that the horse of that period was used by man for food, there seems to be no conclusive evidence as to whether it was domesticated or not. His own opinion, however, is that it was probably domesticated.

The horse of that time was closely allied to the tarpan or semiwild horse that lived in southern Russia up to a century ago. This was a "hog maned," short legged, large headed beast. It seems probable that the domesticated horses of the Germans of Caesar's time were derived from this breed.

The Egyptians had horses as early as 1900 B. C. These were long maned, more like the Arab horses, and came from Assyria. Where the Assyrians obtained them is unknown, but it was probably from southern Asia, where this long maned breed has been developed in all probability as the result of long continued domestication. The modern horse is a cross between these two breeds, with a further mixture of the Arab horse. This Arab horse, too, was itself a descendant of the earlier long maned horse.

The origin of the long maned horse is a matter of doubt, but Professor Koenig thinks it may have been from an extinct Indian species.

Women Who Marry at Thirty-five.

A German doctor lays it down as a well established fact based on close observation that women who do not marry until thirty-five or thereabout invariably achieve matrimonial success. Why women of this particular age should make more successful marriages than those who fall victims to love's young dream is fairly obvious. When a young woman marries between thirty and forty she either does so for companionship, choosing her mate accordingly, or from need, in which case she also chooses with a certain amount of care. She has no wild dreams of unalloyed bliss.—London Lady's Pictorial.

Hear the Other Side.

Hear the other side. Don't believe too fully any man's version. His neighbor will come and search him out. Likewise, if people form a hasty judgment of you, wait patiently till they hear the other side. Probably they will not need to hear it from you. If so, it is a great saving to your self respect.

Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease,

A powder for swollen, tired, hot, smarting feet. Sample sent FREE. Also Free Sample of the FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

WINCHESTER.

The High School baseball team finished their season last week.

Bunker Hill Day was observed in the usual way—boating, ball, etc.

The Ladies' Western Missionary Society have hung up their fiddles for the season.

Our distinguished citizen Carter didn't have a very exalted opinion of the late Legislature.

Paucity of numbers at the late Town Meeting disgusted everybody who were interested in it.

On Saturday, June 20, the Congregational Sunday School are to have a picnic at Pinehurst Park, Billerica.

The Assessors Book, a highly valuable publication, will be issued in about a week. Wilson is the printer of it.

The Selectmen refuse to issue common victuallers licenses, which causes considerable uncomplimentary talk about the Board.

The 4th of July Committee are thinking it over. That is to say, they are supposed to be incubating an Order of Exercises for celebrating Independence Day.

Last Sunday was Children's Day at the Congregational church. A good program was well executed. Flowers, plants and music was prominently in evidence.

The High School graduating exercises went off in fine style. The execution of the programme was perfect from A to Izzard. There is a whole lot of mighty good scholars in our schools.

The Boat Club are increasing in numbers so rapidly that the managers don't hardly know what to do with them. There has got to be more room for lockers and boats. Winchester beats the world for boating facilities.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Angeline Buxton, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Carrie F. Ordway and John W. Johnson, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of July, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Joshua O. Jaquith, late of Wilmington in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate not already administered of said deceased, to Alfred T. Carter of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without requiring a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of July, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Let The "BLUE BELL" Sign REMIND YOU—

Of the errand you forgot to execute, and a ready way out of the difficulty.

Of the order you were asked to deliver for your firm or for your home.

Of the engagement for which you have been delayed and of the quickest way of explaining your inability to meet it.

Of the call you promised to make; but failed to make through forgetfulness.

Of a hundred ways in which, to use a quaint phrase, you may "Let your head save your heels."

REMEMBER:

The sign indicates the presence of a Pay Station.

FROM ANY PAY STATION you may talk, at a reasonable charge, TO ANY OF 290,000 TELEPHONES connected with the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company's system in the four northern New England States.

ALSO WITH TELEPHONES IN 30,000 CITIES AND TOWNS connected with the Long Distance lines of the great Bell system.

With such a convenience at hand is it fair to your friends to "borrow" their telephones? You are liable to impede their channels of communication by making their lines "busy" when others are trying to call them.

COMMISSIONER'S

Sale of Real Estate

IN WOBURN,

BY ORDER OF COURT.

Pursuant to a warrant issued by the SUPERIOR COURT for the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts on the 12th day of March A. D. 1908, to the undersigned, as Commissioner, to make sale and conveyance of all the lands hereinafter described and to distribute and pay over the proceeds of the sale in such manner as to make the partition just and equal, will be sold by public auction on the premises on

Tuesday, the twenty-third day of June, A. D., 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, the following described lots or parcels of land with the buildings thereon, situated in the city of Woburn in said County of Middlesex, namely:

FIRST. A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Court street 65 feet more or less; northerly by land of Alice M. Grammer, 97 feet more or less; westerly by land of Ellen F. Hayden 65 feet more or less; and southerly by land of the Webster heirs 90 feet more or less, containing 5900 square feet more or less.

SECOND. A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Pleasant street, 135 feet more or less; easterly by Reed street, 498 3-10 feet more or less; northerly by land of the estate of Ellen T. Ellis, 92 1-10 feet more or less; westerly by Ellis street, 513 7-10 feet more or less, containing according to the plan hereinafter mentioned 57,299 square feet more or less.

THIRD. A certain tract of land, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on the southerly side of Reed street, at land of Edward J. Gregory; from thence the line runs easterly by and with said Reed street one hundred feet to Monroe street; thence turning, the line runs southerly, by and with said Monroe street, eighty-nine and two-tenths feet to a corner; thence turning, the line runs easterly again, still by and with said Monroe street, four and seven-tenths feet to land of Peter Holland; thence turning, the line runs southerly again, on and by said land of said Peter Holland, one hundred thirteen and three-tenths feet to land of Grace B. S. Mead; thence turning, the line runs westerly, by said land of Mead and by land of the heirs of William H. Winn, one hundred twenty-two and five one-hundredths feet to land of Jeremiah Lynch; thence turning, the line runs northerly, on and by said land of Lynch and on and by said land of Edward J. Gregory, two hundred and twenty-three feet to the point of beginning, containing according to said plan 22,882 square feet more or less.

FOURTH. A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on the northerly side of Reed street, at land of the city of Woburn; from thence the line runs westerly, by and with said Reed street, one hundred and forty-two and two-tenths feet, more or less, to land of the estate of Ellen T. Ellis; thence turning, the line runs northerly, on and by said Ellis land, one hundred ninety-eight and thirty-five one-hundredths feet, more or less, to land of Bridget E. Quigley; thence turning, the line runs easterly, on and by said land of Bridget E. Quigley, ninety-eight and seven-tenths feet, more or less, to land of Julia A. Richardson; thence turning, the line runs southerly, by said land of Richardson and by land of Edia A. Wood, to a corner; thence turning, the line runs easterly again, by said land of Edia A. Wood, forty-six and nine-tenths feet to the land of the city of Woburn; thence turning, the line runs southerly, on and by said land of the city of Woburn, one hundred six and seven-tenths feet to the point of beginning, containing according to said plan, 24,724 square feet, more or less.

The second, third and fourth parcels, herein described, are shown on a plan recorded in the Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, being plan numbered one (1) in the Book of Plans numbered forty-seven (47).

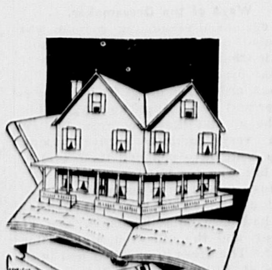
Terms: $300.00, to be paid by the purchaser of each parcel at time and place of sale, the remainder of the purchase money within ten days from date of sale; other terms made known at sale.

Sale will first be made of the second tract or parcel and on the same. The third parcel will then be sold, then the fourth and then the first.

WILLIAM H. H. TUTTLE, Commissioner,

73 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass., Rooms 939-940 Tremont Building.

May 25, 1908.



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WOBURN.

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

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INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

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1908 **Wall Papers** 1908

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The Best Man

By EMELINE BARR.

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For the first time in his life John Amidon found himself in New York. It was a warm spring day—much too warm and too glorious to spend in visiting a round of stuffy offices. He would make a holiday of it and let business wait until tomorrow.

An inspiration seized him, and after some search through the various compartments of his leather wallet he drew out a dingy visiting card.

"H'm," he mused. "That's funny. I was sure I had his address. 'Richard Malloney,' that's all it says, though, that's sure."

He put the card back thoughtfully.

"It was something about Washington," he reflected.

But the "something" had eluded him impishly. He drew a map out of his pocket and studied it carefully. With an air of triumph he at length pounced upon the words "Mount Vernon." He had it!

Should he consult a telephone directory? What was the use? It would be more fun to give Dick a surprise. Dick was just the kind of fellow to enjoy the unexpected. On the way out on the train Amidon indulged in pleasant reminiscences of college days when he and Dick had been such jolly good chums. Was it possible a whole ten years had gone since they had seen each other?

"But Dick's all right," he soliloquized. "It's a great thing to be sure of a welcome. He'll be just as glad to see me as I will"—

"Mount Vernon!" shouted the conductor, and Amidon got off hurriedly.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Richard Malloney lives?" he asked the first person he happened to run into at the station. Before the person addressed had time to reply a six-year-old boy piped up:

"I can."

"Is that so?" returned Amidon genially. "Well, suppose you show me then. Will you?"

For answer the knowing one turned to lead the way importantly. When he came to the end of the station platform he stopped beside a shining automobile.

"Get in," he said to Amidon hospitably.

Amidon hesitated.

"Why, thank you, young man," he replied. "You are very kind, but if you'll just be good enough to tell me where Mr. Malloney lives I'll walk there."

"But we're going right there," persisted Amidon's personal conductor. "Mr. Richard Malloney is my father. I'm Richard Malloney, Jr., you know."

In spite of his amazement Amidon was alert enough to be conscious of the chauffeur's silent chuckling. Richard Malloney, Jr., was proving a most unexpectedly sprightly pilot. It might be well before committing oneself irrevocably to his management to ask a few definite questions. So Amidon addressed the amused chauffeur.

"I arrived from town on this last train," he stated. "Can you tell me if Mr. Malloney is at home?"

"Very sorry, sir," returned the chauffeur civilly. "He's just started for town himself."

"And—Mrs. Malloney?"

"She went with him, sir."

Amidon reflected a moment.

"Barbara's home," volunteered Malloney junior.

Amidon's face lighted instantly. Barbara—that was Dick's sister, of course. He remembered, but this was no time for reminiscences.

"Is she, indeed?" he exclaimed jovially. "Then I will run out." And he jumped in beside Richard.

"Let's see," he mused, hardly conscious that he spoke, "how old must Barbara be now?"

"About thirty," Richard suggested.

Amidon glanced at the chauffeur. He was quite sure he was chuckling again.

"About thirty?" repeated Amidon. "It doesn't seem possible."

"She's grown up awful fast," Richard commented. "She was only just a girl when she went away to school, but now she does her hair up and stays up evenings. I wish I was thirty."

This yearning was accompanied by a very genuine sigh, but Amidon had quite forgotten to listen to the child's prattle. His own thoughts were more absorbing.

Had he or had he not met Dick's sister? So many fellows at college had sisters! If so, what had she looked like? She must have been very young—and to think of Dick's being married and never letting him know—more than that, to think of there being a Richard Malloney, Jr.!

"Here we are," exclaimed the boy, "and there's Barbara on the porch. Hoo-oo!"

Barbara came to the top of the steps, looking at Amidon curiously.

As for Amidon, he was seized with a panic of misgivings. Surely, if he had ever in his life seen that girl, no matter how many years ago, he would never have forgotten her.

But he must say something, for young Richard had already climbed out of the machine and announced, "Here's a man to see you, Barbara," an introduction that certainly needed elucidating.

Amidon braced himself.

"I am John Amidon," he stated simply, standing below her, with hat in hand. "Your brother and I were friends at college. I hoped to find him here."

To his astonishment Barbara burst out laughing, revealing two very beautiful dimples in her glowing cheeks. She recovered herself with evident effort.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Amidon. There must be some mistake. You see, this is my only brother," she said as she lifted Richard junior off his feet and then let him down again with a suddenness that evidently tickled that young man's fancy.

"Well, it couldn't have been your father!" ventured Amidon.

At the absurdity of this suggestion Barbara and John both laughed heartily. Then Barbara had an idea.

"Why, of course, you mean Cousin Dick. Are you a Harvard man?"

John nodded. "Ninety-eight," he informed her.

"How stupid of me not to have thought of that at once!" Barbara accused herself. "But, you see, '98 is a pretty long time ago, and Dick has been abroad nearly ever since he left college."

It was all such a ridiculously mixed up state of affairs—the idea that Cousin Dick was married and that Richard junior was his son; that Barbara was Dick's sister—when in reality, as it turned out, Dick had no sister; that, most comical of all, Barbara was "about thirty"—well, what was there to do but to laugh and laugh about it?

"But how," suddenly broke out Barbara, "did you happen to find us here in Mount Vernon? Dick's family lives in New York, you know."

"What part of New York?" asked John.

"Washington square."

And then followed more explanations and more laughter.

When Mrs. Malloney returned from town at luncheon time she found Barbara and John in the midst of an exciting tennis match.

"Who's playing with Barbara?" she questioned Richard junior after several futile attempts to recognize the young man.

"A man I brought from the station," Richard informed her boastingly.

"Richard, what are you talking about? What's his name?"

"Barbara will tell you. She likes him. They've been laughing lots."

The introduction, with its subsequent explanations, at last over with, Mrs. Malloney was all charming hospitality.

"Of course you'll come out and stay with us while you're here, Mr. Amidon. The city is so disagreeable in warm weather. It's a great privilege to be able to do anything for Dick's friends. We're all most fond of him, but he gives us very little chance to show it. You will make this your headquarters, won't you?"

John Amidon had to hold on to himself good and hard. He was so happy that he feared he would appear overzealous in accepting the invitation.

Of course John Amidon fell head over heels in love with Barbara. Of course he decided to spend the whole summer in the east, and, of course, at the end of the summer he wrote to his chum, Dick Malloney, commanding his congratulations.

"You're going to marry Barbara, aren't you?" asked Richard junior, bobbing abruptly out from under the hammock where the lovers were sitting one evening at twilight.

"You bet I am!" exclaimed John, catching him up affectionately.

"What will I be then," queried the puzzled Richard, "your cousin or your son?"

"You? Why," said John, laughing, "you'll be my best man, of course."

The Cruelty of Thoughtlessness.

Most of the cruelty of the world is thoughtless cruelty. Very few people would intentionally add to another's load or make his burden in life heavier or his path rougher. Most of the great heart wounds are inflicted by thoughtless thrusts, flung out often in a moment of anger, when perhaps we were too proud to apologize or to try to heal the grievous wounds we had made.

Can anything be more cruel than to discourage a soul who is struggling to do the best he can, to throw stumbling blocks in the path of those who are trying to get on in the world against great odds?

No life is just the same after you have once touched it. Will you leave a ray of hope or one of despair, a flash of light or a somber cloud across some dark life each day? Will you by thoughtless cruelty deepen the shadow which hangs over the life, or will you by kindness dispel it altogether? No matter how you feel or what is disturbing your peace of mind, never allow yourself to send out a discouraging, a cruel or an unkind word or thought.—Success Magazine.

A Lost Dime.

A man one day called upon the first John Jacob Astor with a business proposition which demanded an investment of $100,000 on his part. While listening to the plan he kept groping and feeling about on the floor for something he seemed to have dropped. When the plan had been explained he said readily: "All right. I'll furnish the money." At that instant a man entered to tell him that one of his buildings had burned down.

"That happens nearly every day," he said, with the utmost unconcern, and went on feeling about with great care for that something on the carpet. Finally the visitor was curious enough to inquire what he had dropped.

"I dropped a dime here a moment ago," he replied, "and I can't find it. If a man's buildings burn down they are gone, and he can't help it, but a man who deliberately throws away 10 cents because he won't take the trouble to look for it is not to be forgiven."

The more you think over it the more you will see the good sense in that piece of philosophy.

AN ISLAND OF QUIET.

Yet Going Downtown In Madeira Is an Exciting Event.

Madeira is populated, yet is one of the quietest as well as one of the most beautiful places in the world. Although the roads are paved with round beach stones, there is nothing to remind one of the fact, because, as David G. Fairchild, agricultural explorer of the department of agriculture, explains in the National Geographic Magazine, there are no horses or jolting wheels.

All vehicles in Madeira are on runners. If you go calling it is in a bullock sledge with canopy top and comfortable seats. If you move a bank safe or a steam boiler it is carried on a "stone boat," or sledge of poles, and you may have to get forty oxen to pull it. If you are in a villa on the hillside and want to get downtown you take a running car and slide down over the cobblestones.

Two strong men, each holding a guide rope, pull your car over a bag of grease to grease the runners and then give you a running shove and jump each on a runner behind as the car shoots down at a breakneck pace over the cobblestones.

The men yell, hens and dogs scamper, foot passengers cling close to the wall of the narrow street, the runners get hot and fill the air with odor of burning wood as you shoot round sharp corners, down the busy thoroughfare, past gorgeous masses of flowering creepers which hang over the walls of the private villas that border your road.

But, oh, the change when you get to the bottom! You are obliged either to walk or take a carro, drawn by slow moving bullocks, squeaking and slipping over the stones.

The Spoor.

"I'm gunning for railroads," announced the trust buster.

"Then come with me," whispered the near humorist. "I can show you some of their tracks."—Southwestern's Book.

Beware of the man who does not return your blow; he neither forgives you nor allows you to forgive yourself.—George Bernard Shaw.

A DISCARDED THRONE.

Louis Napoleon's State Chair, Which Was Not Used.

On the eve of the Franco-German war when the Emperor Louis Napoleon entered upon the conflict which ended so disastrously to himself and his countrymen a couple of strangers appeared at a German town. They brought with them a large packing case, which on their arrival was carried to a hotel. Here the unknown visitors remained some time and eventually disappeared without paying their bill, which amounted to a considerable sum.

The landlord, whose curiosity had often been aroused with reference to the possible contents of the case, at last determined to open it, and on doing so found a handsomely designed and richly upholstered state chair. This was adorned with the French imperial arms, eagle and Louis Napoleon's monogram, and beneath it was a musical box which played when the cushion was sat upon.

It is supposed that the throne—for such it is believed to have been—in the event of success attending the French army was to have been used by the emperor at Berlin after the capture of the German metropolis. Fate, however, spoiled the imperial plans; hence the sudden and precipitate flight of the custodians of the chair. The widow of the hotel keeper a few years later sent it to England, where it eventually found a purchaser.—Stray Stories.

SPIRIT LAND MESSAGES.

Do They All Really Come From Minds of the Living?

Perhaps all the so called messages from the dead come from living minds. I mean the minds of those about us. Dr. Reed, a friend of mine, once arranged to go with a patient to have a test sitting with a very celebrated psychic who claimed to be able to read sealed letters. Just before the appointed day Reed's patient died suddenly of heart disease, leaving a sealed letter on his desk.

The doctor, fully alive to the singular opportunity, put the letter in his pocket and hastened to the medium. The magician took it in his hand and pondered. At last he said: "This was written by a man now in the spirit world. I cannot read it. There isn't a medium in the world who can read it, but if you will send it to any person anywhere on the planet and have it read and resealed I will tell you what is in it. I cannot get the words unless some mind in the earth plane has absorbed them."

That would seem to prove a sort of universal mind reservoir, wouldn't it? Isn't that a staggering hypothesis?—Hamlin Garland in Everybody's Magazine.

Animal Life.

The whale leads all animals in point of longevity, his age being placed conservatively at 800 to 1,000 years. The tortoise comes next, with an age limit extending from 100 to 200 years. The elephant, the camel, the eagle and the crocodile are each credited with 100 years and upward. The carp is an elusive creature, its age having been figured at from seventy-five to 150 years. Tigers, leopards, jaguars and hyenas live some twenty-five years in confinement and probably much longer in the wilderness. Swans, parrots and ravens live 200 years, pelicans forty to fifty years, hawks thirty to forty, geese eighty years, monkeys and baboons sixteen to eighteen, squirrels and rabbits seven years, queen bees four years, working bees six months and drones four months.—Minneapolis Journal.

East African Highlands.

The young Englishman, be he officer or settler in the east African highlands, cuts a hardy figure. His clothes are few and far between. A sun hat, a brown flannel shirt with sleeves cut above the elbow and open to the chest, a pair of thin khaki knickerbockers cut short five inches at least above the knee, boots and a pair of putties comprise the whole attire. Nothing else is worn. The skin, exposed to sun, thorns and insects, becomes almost as dark as that of the natives, and so hardened that it is nothing to ride all day with bare knees on the saddle—a truly Spartan discipline from which at least the visitor may be excused.—Strand Magazine.

Whales.

The largest of all mammals are not the elephants, but the whales. A large elephant weighs about six tons, but the largest whale reaches the immense weight of 150 tons and would furnish four carloads of flesh and blubber. About forty different kinds of whales and dolphins are known, and, although they live in the open sea and look like fish, they are not fish at all, but are true mammals, breathing air and feeding their young on milk, like cows and horses.

Sometimes Worse.

A young lady was recently visiting an editorial office and being shown around by the editor. Approaching a case of drawers upon one of which was the label "MSS.," she said, "Now, how would you pronounce that?"

"Oh," said the editor, "sometimes we pronounce it muss and sometimes mess."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Contradiction.

"That young doctor is a queer contradiction."

"In what way?"

"He has an exceedingly good temper, and yet he is lacking in patients."—Baltimore American.

Courtesy is an asset, churlishness a liability.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Ways of the Dressmaker.

A curious dressmaking custom was revealed in a case tried in London, and it would be interesting to know if similar practices prevail elsewhere. A woman ordered a dress from a dressmaker and then refused to pay the bill on the ground that the dress did not fit—a very common excuse among those who have changed their minds. The bill was for $50 for material and making, and the dressmaker in defending her charges explained that she had two establishments, one at Putney and the other on Manchester street. The dress in question had been made at Putney, but if it had been made at the Manchester street establishment she would have charged about $75, although there would have been no difference whatever in material or workmanship. Prices, she said, were regulated by locality, and, although Putney is socially irreproachable, it is not quite equal to Manchester street. The price of a dress is therefore indicative of geographical location rather than of quality, and for this side light on feminine manners and customs we may be duly grateful.—Argonaut.

An Opium Farm.

Not far from Macao, at the mouth of the Canton river, China, is an opium "farm." Standing in a courtyard is the great wooden building devoted to opium manufactures, and in its vestibules are heaps of brown balls, not unlike cocoanuts. Two coolies, seated, cut them open and remove the black, jamlike substance they contain—the compressed poppy. The outer covering is a thick layer of dried leaves. Inside the building the whole place is full of smoke, arising from a hundred charcoal fires in open earthenware "chattis," placed in a row around the walls. Over each fire rests a shallow brass pan in which bubbles a mixture of poppy and water. This mixture is strained through paper and passes on to be more carefully boiled in the next room, where the process is exactly similar. From there it goes to another room, where the sirup is reduced to the consistency of treacle over slow fires. In another building the opium is packed in tiny cans and placed in cases and sealed with the government seal.

A Banker's Generosity.

One day Humboldt was dining with Mendelssohn, the banker, and, an unusual thing for him, was very silent. His host, remarking it, observed to Humboldt that he was sure he must be ill.

"No," said Humboldt, "but I am in great trouble. Only ten minutes before leaving my apartment to come here I received from my landlord a note informing me that he had sold the house in which I reside and that I must move. The very thought drives me to despair. I really cannot bear to move again."

Mendelssohn gradually led Humboldt into conversation, during which he found time to write a note and receive an answer to it. He then took Humboldt aside and said: "By this note I learn that I am now the owner of the house in which you reside. The condition, however, upon which I have become its possessor is that you continue to occupy your apartment in it as long as you live."

Wanted a Bargain.

One day a small Cincinnati boy came to a halt before a sign over a desk in the office of the express company. It gave the rate for money orders, and after studying it for a few minutes he walked up to the cashier and said boldly:

"I want a money order."

"How large a one, my boy?" the clerk inquired benignantly.

"Well, let's see," pondered the little fellow. "The rate for a ten dollar order is 8 cents, isn't it?"

"Yes; that's right."

"Well, I want a drum and pair of roller skates and a new straw hat and some candy. Ten dollars will be enough."

Then he fished through his pockets and triumphantly placed a nickel and three coppers before the astonished clerk. It took ten minutes to convince the youngster that nothing less than $10.08 could buy a money order for $10.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Didn't Give Him a Chance.

"Say, ma," piped up little Johnny after the minister had finished his call and taken his departure, "when Mr. Meeker was here every time you stopped talkin' a minute he would start in to say somethin' an' git as fur every time as 'I dare say,' an' then you would start goin' ag'in an' talk a lot more, an' that is the way it kept on right along, an' the only thing he said all the time he was here was 'I dare say,' 'I dare say,' every few minutes."

"Well, what of it? I am not to blame for Mr. Meeker's paucity of ideas, am I?" demanded Johnny's mother, somewhat impatiently.

"I dunno 'bout that," said Johnny doubtfully, as if not exactly sure what was meant by paucity of ideas, "but anyhow, ma, you orter give him a chanst. When he started in with 'I dare say,' why didn't you keep quiet jest once, ma, an' let him go ahead an' say what he was goin' to an' have it over with?"—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Chapel on a Bridge.

At St. Ives, the little old Huntingdonshire town in which Oliver Cromwell lived for several years, there is a bridge spanning the lazily flowing Ouse, and on this bridge is a quaint building which at one time did duty as a chapel. The structure has been in existence for something like 500 years and was, according to local historians, originally employed as a beacon lighthouse. After that it was turned for a time into a hostel and eventually became an ordinary dwelling house. Some of the rooms in this curious building are below the level of the water in the river.

His Sorrow.

"You know that box of cigars you gave me on my birthday, dear?" said a man to his wife.

"Yes."

"Well, I took them down to the office, and some one stole them."

"I'm awfully sorry."

"So am I—for the thief!" was the cruel remark.

An Outsider.

Suitor—Your daughter, sir—well, er—that is—she told me to come to you—she says you— Pater—Quite so—I understand. Let's see, are you Mr. Bronson or Mr. Wibbles? Suitor—Why, I'm Mr. Hotchkiss!—Cleveland Leader.

Her Odd Way.

Giles—My wife is a queer woman. Miles—Indeed! Giles—Yes. Why, when she has occasion to drive a tack she uses a hammer instead of a hairbrush.—Chicago News.

Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.—Tennyson.

The Message on His Watch.

In "Memories of Eight Parliaments" Mr. Lucy, the author, tells a story about Mr. Pyne, member for West Waterford, who, when under the crimes act a warrant was issued for his arrest in 1887, shut himself up in his Irish home, Lisfarney castle, had the trenches filled with water, the drawbridge up, took in supplies by a window in the battlements and thus lived for months, while he poked fun at the policemen who were wandering about below with the warrant in their pockets.

"The originality of Mr. Pyne's mind," continues Mr. Lucy, "was further indicated upon his watch. On its dial he had roughly engraved 'Pay no rent.' Whenever in troubled times any of his neighbors came to him for advice as to what they should do in the presence of a demand for rent, Mr. Pyne solemnly shook his head. 'I cannot,' he said, 'express my views on the subject, for Mr. Balfour says they are illegal. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll show you what time of day it is,' and, holding out his watch, the perturbed tenant read upon it the admonitory legend, 'Pay no rent.'"

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XII.—Second Quarter, For June 21, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, A Comprehensive Quarterly Review—Golden Text, John xx, 31—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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LESSON I.—Jesus, the Good Shepherd, John x, 1-18. Golden Text, John x, ii, "The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." He is the shepherd who owns the sheep, having bought them with His precious blood; He cares for them, leads them to green pastures, seeks them when they go astray. They have nothing they can call their own but Himself, and all they are and have is His—their wool, their skin, their whole being. He is also the fold, wherein they are absolutely safe from all evil, and He is the door, the only way to God, and He is God.

LESSON II.—The raising of Lazarus, John xi, 1-57. Golden Text, John xi, 25, "I am the resurrection and the life." Here at Bethany were a few sheep He dearly loved, for those who keep nearest to the shepherd are apt to have choice pasture. We must hold fast (verse 5) and read all the events in that light. "God is love" (I John iv, 8-16) and "Love is kind" (I Cor. xiii, 4) are foundation truths, and in the light of the kingdom and the glory and the best interests of each member of that family divine love and wisdom were seeking their highest good.

LESSON III.—Jesus anointed at Bethany, John xii, 1-11. Golden Text, I John iv, 19, "We love Him because He first loved us." The joy of resurrection had come to that home, as it will in due time come to all His redeemed, and then shall we understand the significance of His words, "That ye may eat and drink at My table in My kingdom" (Luke xxii, 30). As truly as He fulfilled Zech. ix, 9, by His entry to Jerusalem after this supper at Bethany so shall He fulfill the whole of Zech. xiv in all literalness of detail.

LESSON IV.—Jesus teaches humility, John xiii, 1-20. Golden Text, John xiii, 34, "A new commandment I give unto you—that ye love one another as I have loved you." The lamb is suggestive of meekness and humility. He said of Himself, "I am meek and lowly in heart" (Matt. xi, 29), and here He says, "I have given you an example." It may be that the reason why none of them offered to do the foot washing was that they had not love enough one for the other to do this lowly service; therefore His new commandment.

LESSON V.—Our heavenly home, John xiv, 1-14. Golden Text, John xiv, 2, "In My Father's house are many mansions." The home from which He came down to earth was very real to Him, and He would have it real to them and to us, that we might not be troubled by the tribulations here (verse 27 and xvi, 33), but have confidence in Him and in His Father, and let them make our bodies their home temples in which the Father, Son and Spirit may dwell (17, 23).

LESSON VI.—The mission of the Holy Spirit, John xvi, 4-15. Golden Text, John xiv, 16, "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever." In His absence He has sent us the very one who lived in Himself, that He may live His life and work His works in us to the glory of God and through us as witnesses convince the world of sin and righteousness and judgment.

LESSON VII.—Jesus betrayed and denied, John xviii, 1-27. Golden Text, Matt. xvii, 22, "Jesus said unto them, the Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of men." The Son of God became the Son of Man that men might become sons of God, yet see their treatment of Him when they get Him in their power by His consent, for without His consent they could not have touched Him.

LESSON VIII.—Jesus' death and burial, John xix, 17-42. Golden Text, I Cor. xv, 3, "Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures." Gather up the many words of Scripture concerning this greatest and most awful event in history, such as "He was made sin," "He bare our sins," "He was made a curse for us," "He was delivered for our offenses," and many more, and let your heart say always "For me." "He loved me and gave Himself for me."

LESSON IX.—Jesus risen from the dead, John xx, 1-18. Golden Text, Rev. i, 18, "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore." He showed Himself alive after His passion by many infallible proofs (Acts i, 3), and, He being risen and ascended, for God raised Him from the dead and gave Him glory (I Pet. i, 21), we who receive Him are crucified with Him, risen with Him, and our affections are on things above, where He is.

LESSON X.—Jesus appears to the apostles, John xx, 19-31. Golden Text, John xx, 28, "Thomas answered and said unto Him, My Lord and my God." At his birth the angels sang "Peace on earth," and among his last words are these: "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you" (xiv, 27), while His oft repeated resurrection word is, "Peace be unto you" (verses 19, 21, 26).

LESSON XI.—The risen Christ by the sea of Galilee, John xxi, 1-25. Golden Text, Matt. xxviii, 20, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Although now unseen by mortal eyes, He is ever with us, and His Spirit is in us, and we must rely upon Him in everything lest we be unfruitful and accomplish only "nothings."

A Freak of the Lightning.

A curious case of lightning destruction took place some years ago at Gatchina, an imperial summer residence not far from St. Petersburg, where stood a stone column fifty feet high, held together by iron angles. When rain fell more or less water penetrated the stones in the interior of the monument. One day it was struck by lightning, and instantly the column disappeared from view, killing a lone sentry on guard. The only explanation is that the heat of the lightning instantly generated steam on coming in contact with some of the water and the terrific explosion followed.

Crazy.

Wigwag—I believe there's a tinge of insanity in all religious enthusiasts. Henpeckke—Yes; take the Mormons, for instance. Any man that wants more than one wife is plumb crazy.—Philadelphia Record.

In the philosophy of some men heaven is nothing but a place where everybody will be able to buy cheap and sell high.—Chicago Record-Herald.

EBONY WOOD.

All of the Several Varieties Are Heavier Than Water.

Ebony was known and highly esteemed by the ancients as an article of luxury and was used by them for a variety of purposes.

In India it is said that it was employed by kings for scepters and also for images. On account of its supposed antagonism to poisons it was used largely for drinking cups.

The name ebony is given to the wood of several varieties of trees. All kinds of ebony are distinguished for their great density and dark color. The wood in all varieties is heavier than water. The heaviest varieties are the darkest. The other grades require a considerable amount of staining to make them black.

Ebony is of a uniform color throughout and will not show any deterioration even from long continued use.

There are three varieties of ebony well known in commerce. The ebony from the Gaboon coast of Africa is the darkest. The Madagascar ebony is the densest. The Macassar ebony furnishes the largest pieces. It is sold by weight.

Imitations of ebony can always be distinguished by their lighter weight, and the cheaper imitations can be detected by merely scratching the surface.

SPECTRAL WARNINGS.

The Bloody Mark That Appeared on Cardan's Finger.

Who shall say that spectral warnings are entirely chimerical? History has many instances to the contrary. Thus the once well known tragedian John Palmer died on the stage at Liverpool. At the same hour and minute a shopman in London, sleeping under a counter, saw distinctly his shade glide through the shop, open the door and pop into the street. This an hour or two later he mentioned very coolly, as if Mr. Palmer himself had been there.

Cardan, the noted Italian philosopher, saw on the ring finger of his right hand the mark of a bloody sword and heard at the same time a voice which bade him go to Milan. The redness progressively increased until midnight. The mark then faded gradually and disappeared. At that midnight hour his son was beheaded at Milan.

The father of Dr. Blombey was captain in an army serving in America. We are told by Dr. Rudge that six officers 300 miles from his position were visited after dinner by this modern Banquo, who sat down in a vacant chair. One said to him, "Blombey, are you mad?" He rose in silence and slowly glided out at the door. He was slain on that day and hour.—St. James' Gazette.

The Wooing of the Woodcock.

The wooing of the woodcock is one of those sights to witness which a lover of nature in all its moods will make a journey of miles. The scene is enacted at twilight, and the setting is of willow or alder bushes whose branches are just beginning to show the tender green of early spring. Suddenly from the damp ground a bird form shoots upward like some swamp spirit until it is outlined against the gray of the evening sky. Then it circles above the branches, and the song of the wooing begins. Hidden in the darkness of the thick lower growth is the object to which this love song is directed. The bird above circles perhaps a score of times, then drops back to the damp thicket, making a sound which can be likened only to the dropping of water into a woodland pool. Again the bird soars and circles, singing still the love song. This is repeated time after time until the last gleam of light has faded and night's darkness comes down.

The Life Saving Service.

The first stations of a life saving service in this country were established by the Massachusetts Humane society at Lovell island and Cohasset. All efforts for saving life and property in cases of shipwreck were made by this society till 1837, when the president of the United States was authorized to employ ships to cruise along the shores and render assistance to distressed navigators. In 1848 congress passed a law creating a few life saving stations between Sandy Hook and Little Egg harbor, New Jersey. From this has grown the splendid system which now takes in all the coasts of the country.—New York American.

A Watch Tip.

"So you lost your watch in the crowd, eh?" Lecoq, the detective, sneered. "Well, I'm ashamed of you.

"You ought to know after your long friendship with me that there's only one safe way for a man to carry a costly watch—in the right hand vest pocket, with the chain running into the right and left pockets.

"The thief always snatches at the left pocket, and of course by my system he gets only a key or a cheap compass."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Quite Unexpected.

The Mistress—What, Suzanne, going to leave me? Going to get married? This is most unexpected. The French Maid—Oui, madame, but eet ees not my fault. Eet was only last night zat your son proposed to me.—Harper's Bazar.

Why They Doubted Him.

Hewitt—Figures won't lie. Jewett—That's what I tell the people I meet in business, but they won't believe me. Hewitt—What is your business? Jewett—I'm collector for a gas company.—Town and Country.

A landlord can always raise the rent. That is more than many of his tenants can do.

The Bottle at Ship Launches.

Down to Charles II.'s time it was customary to name and baptize a ship after she was launched, sometimes a week or two after. The old Tudor method used for men-of-war was still in use. Pepys' "Diary" shows that the ship was safely got afloat, after which some high personage went on board with a special silver "standing cup" or "flaggon" of wine, out of which he drank, naming the ship, and poured a libation on the quarter deck. The cup was then generally given to the dockyard master shipwright as a memento. When did the present usage of naming and baptizing a ship before she is sent afloat come in? I trace the last explicit mention of the old method to 1664, when the Royal Katherine was launched (see Pepys). The first mention of smashing a bottle of wine on the bows of a British man-of-war that I have found is in a contemporary newspaper cutting of May, 1780, describing the christening of H. M. S. Magnanime at Deptford, but nothing is hinted that it was then a new custom.—London Notes and Queries.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect December 16, 1907.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m., 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9 32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Sunday, January 5, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6 52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

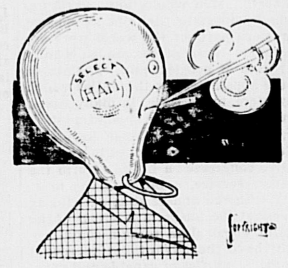
Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn January 3, 1908.



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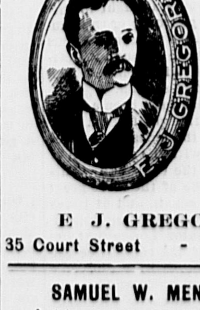

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Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 1.15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6 45, 7.15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9.30, †10.00, †10.30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 55, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11·15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb 15, 1906.

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington rof No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect June, 1908

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55, †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23, †10.21, †10.53, §11.01, †11.38 a. m., §12.05, †12.59, H1.54, †2.04, §2.00, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.22, †5.02, †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †|10.26, p. m.

LOWELL— †6.24, †8.20, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, †4.42 §5.28, †6.42, §9.27, §11.02, †10.59, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D6.24, †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2-26 †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H.— †D6.24, †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42, p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell. H Saturdays only.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, Pas. Traf. Mgr. C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Agt.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

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21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
321	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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A Proxy Father-in-law

By C. B. LEWIS.

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It was reported of the Hon. John Sharpe that he had but two fads where other schemers and speculators and owners of railroad lines had a dozen. One of his fads was the P. and G. railroad, in which he owned a controlling interest. He knew every foot of its roadbed and kept himself posted on all details.

His other fad was that his daughter Edith, having finished her school days, should interest herself in the P. and G. even as he had. If she had been cut out for an old maid or a business woman she might have obeyed orders literally, but as it was she had to assume an interest she did not feel.

The Hon. John lived in Chicago, and his pet line was farther west. When tired of making money and fighting other lines on the Stock Exchange or by some sly coup, he would order the general superintendent or other official into Chicago to report details and plan improvements.

If it wasn't the general superintendent, then it was one off a division or a civil engineer and bridge builder. He had them at his house that his daughter might hear and secure experience, and when they had departed he would go over the matter again with her to make sure that she understood.

When the civil engineer engaged in building the bridge over Centiped creek was called in he and Miss Edith met. The Hon. John was in high feather that day. He had secured a mail contract over a rival line and had been told that the bridge could be built for $25,000 less than the estimated expense. He stretched his courtesy to invite the engineer to dinner and to ask Miss Edith to play the piano afterward.

Then two or three things happened that he didn't take cognizance of, although he was rated a keen and observant man.

From that night Miss Edith began to take more interest in railroad matters, especially in the department of bridge building, and Mr. Havens, the engineer, sent in reports that seemed to necessitate his visiting Chicago much oftener than before.

As punctually as the clock the Hon. John Sharpe took a trip over his line in his own private car every three months. Miss Edith had accompanied him twice before her sudden great interest had come to the surface, and her enthusiasm over the third approaching trip so pleased him that he patted her golden hair and feelingly observed:

"You are your own father's daughter, after all. You will come back better posted on the railroad business than any other girl in America."

"It must take a very brainy man to construct such a bridge as I have heard you and Mr. Havens talking about," she demurely suggested.

"It does, my dear—a very brainy man."

"And one pretty certain to rise in the world?"

"Um—y-e-s."

The Hon. John had risen in the world, and he took care to let the world know it. But he was rather opposed to any one else rising, especially anybody employed on the P. and G. road.

"Yes, Mr. Havens may rise in his profession," he reluctantly admitted, "but you must remember the social gulf now existing between us. I or you and I are the owners of the P. and G. road. Mr. Havens is an employee."

Ten days previous to the start on the third trip the Hon. John discovered something that threw him into a fervid flutter. It was not that his daughter in her enthusiasm to learn more about railroad bridge building was writing to the engineer for further information about the cantalever principle or that he in reply was telling about the tensile strength of steel and the strain put upon it under certain conditions.

It was that a feeder to his line was about to pass into other hands unless he could secure enough proxies to prevent this at the election to be held in Denver. He took off his coat and started in, and he came home one night with beaming face to say to the daughter:

"My dear girl, always remember that the first principle of railroading is to get possession of the road."

"But if you can't get enough of the stock?" she asked.

"Then get the proxies. Buy, borrow or beg, but get them. It is with proxies that I shall get control of the M. and W. I need only a thousand more votes, and they are in Denver waiting for me."

The Hon. John was rubbing his hands when his car left Chicago. He enjoyed coups, and he was on his way to make one. He felt just a little sympathy for the already routed enemy. Defeat would come with a dull thud, whereas he rather preferred something of a battle first.

"Proxies, my dear," he said to his daughter as he took a bundle of them from his pocket and thumbed them over—"proxies are the powder and ball to desolate the ranks of the enemy. Blessed be proxies!"

At Santa Fe business detained him half a day. He had scarcely left the car when Mr. Havens made his appearance and was received with a smile and a blush.

The talk between him and Miss Edith began about the bridge over the Centiped, but gradually came down to less scientific and more interesting things.

He referred to a hint she had given him in her last letter and assured her that he had acted on it, and he solicited her permission to ask her father a certain momentous question before the day had expired. That afternoon when the train had pulled out Miss Edith fluttered around for a bit and then timidly asked:

"Father, what will happen if you fail to get that thousand proxies you are counting on?"

"Why—why, I'd be knocked into a cocked hat, daughter. But I can't fail. I know just where they are. I shall receive a wire at the next stop. I am glad to see you so interested in the matter. Proxies are the powder and ball, and I'm sure of the proxies."

Half an hour later the Hon. John was stamping up and down the car and roaring at the top of his voice. He had received the expected wire and had been informed that the party on whom he depended had sold the stock at a sharp advance. This was the biggest setback he had received in five years. It meant a staggering blow to the P. and G. While he stamped and roared his daughter kept very quiet.

When he had got through smashing the English language he sat down hard and wiped his forehead and looked at the young lady with despairing eyes.

"Father, I don't think we are beaten yet," she said in reply.

"But we are, daughter. Those proxies are certainly in the hands of that infernal M. and W. gang, and they have got me tight. To think that I left it in the hands of Chilvers to betray me! Why, I deserve to be sent to an idiot asylum!"

"But the game may not be lost after all. You know you have been trying to make a railroad woman of me for a year past."

"But that miserable Chilvers sold out his stock on me!" shouted the father as he brought his fist down with a great bang.

"Yes, dear, but that's a part of the railroad business. If Chilvers sold his stock some one bought it, and some one has the right to vote it in the meeting tomorrow."

"But the M. and W. gang have got it, of course!"

"Perhaps. It's a part of the railroad business to find out. You didn't want me to stop at grades, sidetracks, switchbacks and bridge building, did you? My dear father, remember that the first principle of railroading is to get possession of the road, the next to keep track of stock and proxies."

"Girl, you know something," he said after a long look into her face.

"Well, suppose the M. and W. gang didn't get that stock?"

He gasped for breath and turned pale.

"Suppose that a gentleman interested in our road got it?"

The Hon. John sat with his mouth open.

"Suppose that a gentleman, a real nice gentleman, a gentleman interested in—in—you, got the stock with the idea of helping us out?"

"By thunder, but I'd break his ribs hugging him! Out with it, girl! Don't keep your old dad on the hooks this way."

"Well, then, Mr. Havens is in the Pullman ahead. He had to come up to Senta Fe to hurry the last of the bridge stuff down. As he knew how much you wanted control of that feeder and as he knew how interested I was in the railroad business he—he"—

But the Hon. John had sent the porter for Mr. Havens, and Edith skipped away to her stateroom. An hour later there was a knock on her door.

"Say, young lady, you think you're smart, don't you?" said the father as she appeared.

"I'm your daughter, you know."

"Um—y-e-s! Well, I've told Havens that that bridge over the Centiped has got to be finished before there is any further nonsense. After that he will be superintendent of the P. and G., and if you learn any more about the railroad business it will be from him. You are a little too apt for me."

A Persian Romance.

A Persian plaque in the South Kensington museum, London, bears by means of clever relief and brilliant color a romantic tale, part legend and part history. Nobody knows the proportion of each.

At all events it is declared to be an incident in the life of Baharam V. of the Sassanian dynasty. Baharam, according to legend and plaque, was a wonderful archer. During one of his hunting expeditions, on which his favorite wife had accompanied him, he shot a sleeping antelope with such precision as to graze the animal's ear. The antelope awoke and, believing himself annoyed by a fly, put his hind hoof to his ear to strike off the fly. A second arrow sent by the royal hand fixed the antelope's hoof to his horn.

The king's wife merely said, "Practice makes perfect," which touched the pride of her royal spouse.

Indeed, as the penalty for her plain speaking she was sent out into the mountains to perish, but instead found shelter in a village. Here she lodged in an upper room ascended by twenty steps and, having bought a calf, carried it up and down every day. The king, passing by four years later, was amazed at seeing a young woman carrying a cow up a flight of twenty steps. The lady again took occasion to remark, "Practice makes perfect," whereupon she unveiled, was recognized and restored to favor.

Enough to Keep Him Waiting.

"I hate to have my husband find a horseshoe."

"Why?"

"He always brings it home, nails it up and then waits around for luck to strike him."

"Well?"

"And there never was such a man for finding horseshoes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nan and the Bucket.

There is one particular fever of nonsense which the Princeton Tiger claims the credit of having originated, for in the November issue, 1902, appeared the following verse:

There once was a man from Nantucket
Who kept all his cash in a bucket,
But his daughter, named Nan,
Ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket—Nantucket.

For the next few months Nan, her father and her newly acquired husband encountered a series of the most astonishing adventures in every known hamlet in the country which could be converted into limerick form by the brains of newspaper and magazine writers from sea to sea. By the time Nan came back with a dozen or so additional verses tacked on to her there is reason to wonder in the face of the ordeals to which she had been subjected whether the pecuniary advantage gained by absconding with that bucket repaid her for all that she had been through.—Roy S. Durstine in Bohemian Magazine.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Oven For Books.

The disinfection of books is a difficult task which cannot be performed thoroughly or without injury by simply heating the closed volumes in an ordinary oven. M. Berlioz has invented an oven provided with a device for the evaporation of aldehydes, in which closed volumes of any size can be completely sterilized at atmospheric pressure and a temperature below the boiling point without the slightest injury to covers, paper or binding. The only precaution required for delicate bindings consists in wrapping the volumes in paper. A severe test of the apparatus, says the Scientific American, was made in the case of a volume of 1,300 pages, a page of which had been contaminated to the inner margin with pus and fecal matter. The book was completely sterilized in two hours at a temperature below 200 degrees F. On the other hand, very delicate bindings showed no ill effects from a two hours' sterilization in the oven.

A Grotesque Army.

According to the correspondent of the London Times both the rival sultans of Morocco are depending for troops upon each other's deserters and are otherwise interesting. "I was unable to visit Mulai Hafid's camp," he says, "but Mulai Abdul Aziz's army presented certain anomalies. The noncommissioned officers in uniform who sold sweatmeats to the soldiers during the march past at a great review seem useful accessories, and doubtless the naked lunatic who stood on his head and turned somersaults directly in front of the war minister at the saluting point served some utilitarian, if rather occult, purpose. Not to offend the modesty of certain Europeans who were present, one of the sultan's bandsmen was divested of his clothing, and the madman continued his eccentricities in uniform, while the bandsman, arrayed in a short white shirt, played a trombone."

Took No Chances.

Edward McIntyre, a Minnesota young man, has set an example of combined patience, endurance and foxiness that it would be hard to match. An abandoned homestead near Estevan, Saskatchewan, was thrown open to entry, and animated was the scramble therefor. McIntyre took pains to be the last inquirer at the land office on the day previous to that set for the filing. Then he stationed himself on a chair in the corridor, with his hand on the knob of the land office door. And there he stayed till the office opened in the morning, a vigil of seventeen hours. Many others had gathered from all directions to get a chance at the homestead, but McIntyre was the winner. Whenever western Canadians want to be shown a trick or two let them apply to Gopher genius.—St. Paul Dispatch.

A Military Record.

Probably the world's record for continuous service as a soldier is held by a Russian noncommissioned officer named Budnikoff, 128 years old. He entered the army in 1797, at the age of fifteen, as a private in the hussar life guards and served as a soldier for more than eighty years. He fought in many wars, including the campaign of 1812, won all four classes of the St. George's order for valor, besides about forty other crosses and medals, and now receives an annual pension of $600. He is still hale and hearty. He was married ninety years ago and had a son and two daughters. The son was killed in the Russo-Turkish war.

Paris Motor Police.

Men in uniform, something like those of the cyclist police, have just appeared in the Champs Elysees and on the principal boulevards of Paris. They carry tubes, looking like white batons, each tube containing three little white standards in the form of a fan. On one of these fans is the word "fumee," on the second "trop vite" and on the third "odeur." Each of these signals is intended to warn the automobilists that they are either going too fast or are contravening the laws against smoke and smell. These useful officials are paid by the Automobile club and have the authorization of the prefect of police.

Rules For Life In Flats.

A remarkable clause is contained in the will of a wealthy landlord named Boernitz, who died last week in Berlin. The testator bequeaths a large number of flats to his heirs on the condition that they do not let them to persons keeping servants or having children, dogs, cats or birds. Tenants may not be engaged in night work which will cause them to return home while the other occupants are sleeping.

One musical instrument is permitted in each flat, but no flowers may be placed on the window sills, and the tenants must sign an agreement to wear silent slippers indoors.—London Mail.

Malta's Goats.

Malta's celebrated goats are likely soon to be only a memory on the historic island, for it has been found that banishing goats' milk means an end to the ravages of Malta fever. The commission appointed in 1907 to trace the origin of the fever in the garrisons and crews of warships made the discovery that the germ of the fever was present in the milk of the goat. Wherever the use of this milk has been prohibited the fever has disappeared.

A Hero.

"He had a play produced by an amateur company the other night, I believe. Who was the hero of it, do you know?"

"I was one. I sat through it."

Anxious to Do Right.

The children had quarreled, and Willie had struck Tommie. Instead of returning the blow Tommie turned and ran down the hall.

"Where are you going, Tommie?" asked his mother.

"Kitchen," answered Tommie tersely.

"What for?"

"You said if anybody was mean to me to heap coals of fire on his head, and I'm goin' for the coals."—Chicago Post.

Why We Are All Mimics.

"If we did not cough in church, the human race would not exist." And the professor, twiddling a piece of chalk in his hand, regarded the sophomores with a quizzical smile.

"What I mean," he continued, "is that the cause of coughing is the cause of our survival. That cause is mimicry. Mimicry is a better life preserver than fleetness or strength. For by mimicry we manage not to attract attention, and in prehistoric times they who attracted attention were hunted down by the tribe and roasted for dinner or hunted down by the saber tooth tiger and taken raw.

"Since those dark days mimicry has been instinctive with us. Mimicry is what causes us to follow the fashions. It causes us, when in England, to say 'cawn't' and 'lawf.' If your friend yawns, you yawn—that's mimicry. If he laughs, you laugh—mimicry again. If he snuffles, you snuffle—mimicry. And if he coughs in church, straightway you and all the rest of the congregation cough, the reason being the same one which saved our forefathers from extermination."—New York Press.

Famous Floggers.

Among English schoolmasters whose names have come down to posterity with the dubious reputation of great floggers Dr. Busby of Westminster school is the generally acknowledged chief.

Of him it is recorded that, one of his head boys having insulted a young French viscount who came to the school to demand satisfaction, he flogged the viscount first for the bloodthirsty intentions and next his friend, who was the bearer of his challenge.

Dr. Valpy, too, who edited an edition of the classics, was a potent wielder of the rod. Archdeacon Groom, who was a pupil of his, tells a story in illustration of his prowess. One of the boys had been flogged by the redoubtable dominie, and the lad's father came to complain.

"Sir," said Valpy to him, "I flogged your son because he richly deserved it. If he again deserves it, I shall flog him again, and," rising, "if you come here, sir, interfering with my duty I shall flog you."

The parent fled.

A Famous Architect's Trick.

When Sir Christopher Wren was building the town hall of Windsor, a fidgety member of the corporation, so the story goes, insisted that the roof required further support and desired the architect to add more pillars. In vain did Sir Christopher assure him that the danger was imaginary. He knew better. The alarm spread, and the great architect was worried into adding the desired columns.

Years passed, and in later times, when architect and patrons were dead, cleaning operations in the roof revealed the fact that the supposed additional supports did not touch the roof by two inches, though this was not perceptible to the gazers below.

By this ingenious expedient did Wren pacify his critics, while vindicating his own architectural skill to future generations.

I'm Telling You.

Pat Murphy, who was in lodgings, was greatly annoyed by the landlady helping herself to his provisions. She began by taking a piece of his butter, and when Pat came home she said:

"Pat, I'm taking a little of your butter, but I'm not like other landladies—I'm telling you."

Next day it was an egg, and so on. Every day there was something taken and put off with the remark, "I'm not like other landladies—I'm telling you."

Of course there was never any reduction in Pat's bill. One Saturday his bill came to a larger amount than usual. Pat looked at it, bundled up a few things in his handkerchief, walked to the door and said:

"Landlady, I'm sloping. I'm not like other lodgers—I'm telling you."—London Answers.

Beautifully Arranged.

Brown—Well, you've got the quarter. Is your sister coming down?

"I've arranged it beautifully, old chap. I told her it was you first, and she said to tell you she was out, and then I said I was fooling and that it was Charley Jones, and you ought to have seen her hustle to get into a clean shirt waist! She'll be right down!"

Not Surprised.

Skipper—I am inordinately sensitive to uncongenial surroundings, so much so that the very sight of some people will give me a nervous shudder. Chipper—Oh, well, there are very few of us that do not shrink from meeting our creditors.

No Hitch.

"How did the wedding come off today?"

"Without a hitch."

"Glad to hear it."

"I said without a hitch. The bride backed out at the last minute."

Our New Hair Vigor

Ayer's Hair Vigor was good, the best that was made. But Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is better. It is the one great specific for falling hair. A new preparation in every way. New bottle. New contents. Ask your druggist to show it to you, "the new kind."

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says

As we now make our new Hair Vigor it does not have the slightest effect upon the color of the hair. You may use it freely and for any length of time without fear of changing the color. Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

Changing Places With Jimmie.

By W. F. BRYAN.

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Jack Morewood stood upon the piazza tapping the floor with the tip of her daintily booted foot and slapping at her habit skirt with a silver mounted crop.

It was a perfect day for a ride. The sun kissed the peaks of the low chain of hills to the west, and in between was the bright green of early summer Nature was in her kindliest mood, but Jacqueline did not share it.

The groom was slow about bringing her mount around, and while she waited a dozen couples had cantered past, waving their hands gayly to Jack But no cavalier waited to assist her, and no smart cob whinnied impatiently over the delay in the appearance of her own horse.

Presently the groom would lead her horse to the block, he would assist her in the saddle with the perfunctory care of a hireling, and she would go cantering off alone to her ride.

It was this fact and not the slowness of the stable hands that brought the frown to Jacqueline's face. For the first time in her life she was tired of being the boy of the family.

When stalwart John Morewood had leaned over the cradle to look down into the blinking eyes of his fireborn the baby had seized the proffered finger in sturdy clasp and her father had chuckled with delight.

"She's shaking hands like the little gentleman she is," he declared. Then and there he had named her Jacqueline that he might call her Jack He seemed to find comfort for his disappointment in her sex by making his little daughter as boyish as possible.

In her youth, thanks to his training, she had been given over to tomboy tricks. When she was thirteen and a baby brother came to share her reign she regarded the newcomer's appearance with contempt.

"I'm the best boy," she declared with emphasis, and she took pride in her father's assurance that she was indeed. Jimmie became his mother's pet, while Jack still chummed with her father, and as the boy grew up delicate and pallid Jack seemed to gain mannishness by contrast.

She was the golf champion of the country club, not in the ladies' class, but by virtue of having beaten all the men. She could ride wherever a man went, could shoot straight and handle a cue. She was voted a "good fellow," but now, on the eve of her twenty-second birthday, Jack turned rebellious.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of the groom with her horse, and presently she was cantering down the drive to the highway. Once on the road she eased the horse into a trot. The cliff road was accounted one of the most beautiful in the state, but Jack gave no heed to the beauty of the scene.

Phil Minturn had cantered past with Bess Farley just before she had started out, and his careless greeting had wounded her.

She had been good chums with Phil ever since she was a little girl, and he had always given her the same careless greeting of fellowship, but this morning it had jarred. She knew that he did not really care for Bess.

He had said so more than once, but Mrs. Farley would not let Bess ride unless there was some one with her who could keep a watchful eye on her mount, so Phil, being a neighbor, had come to the girl's relief.

As with Phil, so it was with the other men. They were all good chums, but they were only chums. Jack could not recall a tender speech ever made to her, and, carrying her introspection further, she did not blame the boys for regarding her as one of themselves. Even in the evening her thick dark hair was severely done and her dress was in keeping.

It came upon her with all the suddenness of a revelation that she had missed the pretty speeches which she had pretended to despise and that her heart clamored for the rights of young womanhood.

With lips that pressed hard together she turned her horse's head toward home. She scarcely recognized the people she passed, and it was not until she had almost reached the house that her attention was attracted. She heard her brother's voice raised in appeal, and through sheer force of habit she prepared to come to his rescue.

The boy never had been permitted to fight his own battles, and in younger days Jack had sometimes come to his assistance with her own sturdy fists. Now she reined in her horse and drew near the hedge which separated her from the little boys.

There were a dozen of them, sturdy, tanned youngsters with dirt on clothes and countenances, and in their midst stood Jimmy, immaculate in blue velvet, with long golden curls.

"It's not my fault," he said in aggrieved tones. "I'm not old enough to buy my own clothes yet. You fellows might let me play with you."

"G'wan!" was the unfeeling response. "We don't play with girls."

"I'm not a girl," asserted Jimmie. "I tell you it's not my fault."

"Boys don't wear velvet dresses," reminded his tormentor. "Come on, fellers. Lady Jane's going to cry."

With a burst of derisive laughter the boys ran off. For a moment Jimmie made as though to follow them, but he knew as well as the others that pursuit was impossible.

Jimmie had never had a chance to toughen his legs in exercise. With quivering lip the boy turned toward the house, and Jack urged her horse closer to the hedge.

"Jimmie," she called warningly, "if you dare to cry I shall spank you. Go get your pony and come back to me."

"What are you going to do?" demanded Jimmie.

"Never mind," she said. "You do what I tell you. Do you want really and truly to be a boy?"

"Do I?" repeated Jimmie, sniffing at the folly of the question. "I ain't either a boy or a girl."

"Neither am I," said Jack. "Hurry up, dear."

She waited beside the road until her brother joined her on his pony, and together they headed for the town. It was long after luncheon hour before the two returned, and Mrs. Morewood was pacing the veranda in an agony of apprehension.

She had no fears for Jack, but she lamented that at times Jimmie's pony had shown signs of wildness, and the two grooms were already scouring the country, while the mother was promising herself that the boy should be attended on future rides.

Mr. Morewood said nothing, but there was a white line about his lips where they were pressed firmly together to hold back the words of apprehension.

He was afraid for Jacqueline, and when the children were seen turning into the drive, followed by a groom on whose usually impassive face there appeared a broad grin, Morewood gave a sigh of relief.

Mrs. Morewood shrieked with horror when they came closer and she was able to see that Jimmie's hair had been cropped close to his head, while the velvet suit had been replaced by a stout corduroy. But as they slipped to the ground Jack took the boy's hand and led him to his father.

"Dad," she said simply, "here is your son. I am your daughter. It has been all wrong until now. I've never had a sweetheart, and Jimmie's never had a fight. We've come to the conclusion that we have both been cheated out of what belongs to us, and we've changed places."

She stooped to kiss her father's bearded face and whispered, "And your daughter loves you more than ever, dad." Morewood clasped her to his heart, for he understood the transformation even while his wife bewailed her darling's lost curls.

That evening at the Country club Jacqueline was the sensation of the dance as she entered with her hair loosely waved instead of tightly knotted. In her dress, too, there was a subtle suggestion of femininity which caused the men to gasp and tell themselves that they had never before realized what a stunning girl Jacqueline Morewood was.

"You are radiant tonight," murmured Minturn as he held out his hand for her dance programme.

"I'm tired of being father's boy," she explained. "I've changed places with Jimmie," and as Minturn calmly appropriated three waltzes and returned the programme she read in his eyes approval of the change.

Fever and Wet Clothes.

General Baden-Powell in his book, "Scouting For Boys," writes of the dangers that come from wet garments and of the best way to dry one's clothes: "You will often get wet through on service, and you will see recruits remaining in their wet clothes until they get dry again. No old scout would do so, as that is the way to catch fever and get ill. When you are wet take the first opportunity of getting your wet clothes off and drying them, even though you may not have other clothes to put on, as happened to me many a time.

"I have sat naked under a wagon while my one suit of clothes was drying over a fire. The way to dry clothes over a fire is to make one of hot ashes and then build a small beehive shaped cage of sticks over the fire and hang your clothes over the cage, and they will very quickly dry; also in hot weather it is dangerous to sit in your clothes when they have got wet from perspiration.

"On the west coast of Africa I always carried a spare shirt hanging down my back, with the sleeves tied around my neck. So soon as I halted I would take off the wet shirt I was wearing and put on the dry, which had been hanging out in the sun on my back. By this means I never got fever when almost every one else went down with it."

Sacred Birds of the Aztecs.

Imagine a bird the size of a pigeon, its back, head, wings and breast dazzling metallic green with golden sheen, its entire lower parts vivid scarlet, a soft, recurved crest curling over the bill and ferny, curved plumes, lapping over the wings, while two or three slender green feathers a yard or more in length extend over and beyond the glossy black and white tail. Such is the Quetzal, or resplendent Trogon, sacred bird of the Montezumas, national emblem of Guatemala and the handsomest and most striking of all the gorgeous Trogon family. Although found in nearly every republic of Central America, this superb creature is confined entirely to the heavy oak forests of the higher mountains. In these localities his shrill scream may be heard at any time, yet it is a difficult matter to even catch a glimpse of his brilliant form as he flits from tree to tree, and far more difficult is the task of securing specimens. Apparently fully aware of their beauty and value, these royal birds are exceedingly shy and suspicious, keeping entirely to the topmost branches of the tallest trees, frequently far out of shotgun range. This statement is no exaggeration, for the trees often attain a height of 300 feet.—Outing Magazine.

His Solicitude.

"Is it a fact that your mother-in-law threw herself out of the third story window and you did nothing to restrain her?"

"Excuse me, I went to the first story to catch her, but she had already passed."—Diavolo Rosa.

Riches.

It is not what we have, but what we can do without, that makes us rich. Socrates, seeing a large loaf of valuables pass one day, exclaimed, "I am most happy, for there are so many things that I do not want!"

The Maroon Monster.

Friend—I suppose you run down a great many people? Motorist—Well, sometimes I run them up. Friend—Run them up? Motorist—Yes; last night I ran two men up a tree.—Chicago News.

The Woburn Journal
Telephone 55.
FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1908

TAFT AND SHERMAN.

The Republicans did a good job at their National convention in Chicago last week. They were at it about four days, because they would do nothing in haste to be repented of at leisure, and the result of their labors fully justified the moderate pace at which they went along.

U. S. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of this State, as presiding officer, scored a 10 strike. On accepting the gavel he made the greatest political speech of modern times. As leader of the badly defeated "Allie," or the faction opposed to Taft, U. S. Senator Murray Crane of Massachusetts did not capture any honors.

On the first ballot for a Presidential candidate Secretary of War, Hon. William H. Taft of Ohio received 702 votes, or over 200 more than were necessary for a choice. This was expected, for President Roosevelt had said Taft would be nominated on the first ballot. It was so decided months before by the people. Of his fitness for the high office of President of the United States a leading Democratic paper has this to say:

"Of the nominee for President only words of commendation can be spoken His life, both public and private, has been above reproach, his ability proved, his executive capacity put to the test. In every place in which he has been tried he has not been found wanting, and his long experience in and familiarity with affairs of State has prepared him for the performance of the larger duties which will devolve upon him, if his nomination shall be ratified at the polls next November. Probably no man in the Republican party is worthier than he of the honor that has been conferred upon him."

Hon. James S. Sherman of New York was nominated for the office of Vice-President on the first ballot by even a larger vote than that cast for Taft. The New York delegation were a unit for him, and all the other candidates had to yield to the demands of the Empire State. This, no doubt, secures N. Y. for the Republican ticket next November. Gov. Guild of this State received about 75 votes for Vice-President, the Massachusetts delegation voting solid for him.

Mr. Sherman, the nominee for Vice-President, is a leading New Yorker, a resident of Utica, now in the prime of life. He has represented the Utica District in Congress for the last 20 years, and is still a member of the National House of Representatives. He is a man of high standing, so they tell us, and of wide influence in his State, and is greatly respected for his ability and honesty, at home and in Congress.

Taft and Sherman make a strong team.

"THE GLORIOUS FOURTH."

One week from tomorrow occurs the 132d anniversary of American Independence.

There is to be no special celebration of it in this city.

At 8.30 in the morning of the Fourth there is to be a children's entertainment in Lyceum Hall, generously furnished by the City Council.

Baseball games, Band concerts, for which the city provides, picknicking, etc. will constitute the extent of the celebrating here.

GROVER CLEVELAND DEAD.

At 8 30 o'clock Wednesday morning, June 24, Ex-President Grover Cleveland died at his home at Princeton, N. J. He had been failing in health for some months, but his passing was sudden and unexpected.

Mr. Cleveland served 8 years as President, having been elected in 1884 and 1892. He was the last of the Ex-Presidents.

☞ According to the arrangement made by 20th Republican District Committee Burlington and Reading are entitled to the two Representatives this coming fall. The Woburn members of the Committee, or some of them, at least, opposed the proposed classification, but the Reading members refused to yield and adopt what the former claimed was a fairer distribution of the plums. Woburn insisted on an arrangement which would insure a third term for Representative Linscott, but were defeated by the demands of Reading members, who were backed by the small towns. The good work of Mr. Linscott in the sessions of 1907 and 1908 entitled him to another election, and the Woburn Republicans were unanimous in their desire to give it to him; but on a vote being taken they were outnumbered, and Burlington and Reading get the Representatives for 1909. Woburn, by the compact, loses but one member in the 10 years, but, really, ought not to have been subjected to the loss. The arrangement, however, insures another term for Representative James W. Killam, which will be entirely satisfactory to the Republicans of the District. In the Legislature of the present year he represented this District in a manner highly creditable to himself and his constituents. He is a business man of ability, honest and upright, and during the session just ended was invariably found voting on the right side of all important questions.

☞ Hon. Samuel J. Elder, who delivers the address at the High school graduating exercises this evening, was honored with the degree of L. L. D. by Yale College last Wednesday, and deserved it. He is one of the most eminent Lawyers in the State.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. G. Maguire—Citation.
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.

— Miss Elva A. Caldwell graduated from Wellesley College last Tuesday.

— Mayor and Mayoress Blodgett will attend the Somerville horseshow on the 4th.

— Dr. Thomas E. Caulfield is in charge of the tuberculosis camp this week. Some half dozen patients are taking treatment there.

— Several ball clubs have been practicing this week for the 4th of July games.

— Mr. and Mrs. Charlie A. Jones are enjoying a trip to Niagara Falls and Montreal.

— Electric lines were thrown out of commission here by the lightning last Wednesday evening.

— Several Woburn horses took first and second prizes on the Reading racing course last Saturday.

— Royal P. Carter graduated from Dartmouth College last Wednesday taking the degree of A. B.

— The Congregational Sunday School had fine weather and a fine time at their picnic last Saturday.

— Note carefully the changes in the Boston & Maine Railroad timetable. It may save you some vexation.

— Charles Trull, Robert Portal and Byron Grimes have taken examinations for the Mass. In. of Technology.

— Mayor Blodgett handed out a whole lot of diplomas to Grammar school graduates last Wednesday.

— A good delegation from Burbank W. R. C. 84, visited Charles Beck W. R. C. 2, of Cambridge last Monday.

— Mr. George Crawford, the confectioner, now a gentleman of leisure, goes to New Hampshire after the 4th.

— Mary Ethel Cardaleen and Wm. Edward Cail won the Marshall Tidd prizes at the Rumford school last Wednesday.

— Miss May Ann Maguire, daughter of City Almoner Terrence J. Maguire, graduated from the Lowell Normal School last Tuesday.

— Miss Gertrude M. Heartz has been chosen Instructor of Music in the Burlington public schools. She is an accomplished teacher of the art.

— Copeland & Bowser are showing full stocks of fine summer goods at their store. Ladies will not fail to find what they want at Copeland & Bowser's.

— Miss Marion Taylor was given a big bouquet of roses at the Miss Littlefield rehearsal by her admirers. Organist Hood praised her piano work.

— Class '08 of the W. H. S., which graduate in Lyceum Hall this evening, are to hold their reception on next Monday evening, to conclude with a dance.

— C. Guy Lane, son of Dr. A. C. Lane, has received the degree of M D. from Harvard, and been appointed house physician at the Worcester City Hospital.

— An excellent program was carried out in the best shape at the graduating exercises of the Burlington schools last week. Diplomas were presented to the graduates.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Crovo's "Rocky Ford" melons are the best yet. Cut in four parts; strew powdered sugar; eat; and if you don't say the "Rocky Ford" is the boss then will give up.

— At the fire in the Fowle Arlington drug mill last Tuesday evening the leather factory of F. C. Parker & Son of Woburn, in the same building, luckily escaped injury.

— On account of the illness of her mother Miss Ada T. Carter of Bennett street, this city, has resigned from the Milford, N. H., school, where she has taught for several years past.

— The drouth, which has been worrying the farmers lately, was broken, or seriously wrenched, by a thunderstorm and the rain that followed here last Wednesday evening.

— Luther R. Fowle, son of Rev. James W. Fowle, First church's Missionary in Turkey, and nephew of Mr. Luke Warren Fowle, is a graduate from Williams College this week.

— School Supt. Clapp's office is a busy spot in these closing days of the public schools. But, in Miss Bryant, he has an efficient and excellent assistant, and their playday is close at hand.

— Their last whist party of the season by Burbank W R C 84, was held in G. A. R. Hall last week, and closed with refreshments and some music numbers. Their series of games has been successful and pleasant.

— Smith & Varney carry in stock as many kinds of gold and silver goods —rings, chains, bracelets, brooches—clocks, watches, etc., as can be shown in any firstclass jeweler's establishment within a day's travel of the State House.

— Agnes Scanlon was Valedictorian; Helen Stockholm, Salutatorian; Elizabeth Quigley, Prophet; Mary Boyle, Historian; at the Goodyear school graduating exercises last Wednesday. Mr. Henry A. Henshaw is Principal of the school.

— FIRES—The alarm from box 39 at 1.05 Saturday afternoon was for a fire in the house occupied by Geo. Hicks on Sturgis street. The alarm from box 56 at 7.40 Sunday morning was for a fire in the home of Mrs. Mary Graney on lower Main street.

— There will be a Children's Service (Sunday School concert) at the Unitarian church at 4 p. m. Sunday, June 28. In addition to songs, recitations, etc., by the Sunday School, there will be music by the church quartet choir and organist, and Miss Burt, violinist.

— With the close of tonight's graduating exercises the school vacation begins. On last Wednesday the Grammar schools graduated, and this evening the High school graduates receive their diplomas from the hand of Mayor Blodgett. This closes the school year.

— Mrs. Henry M. Aldrich, Treasurer, has received a letter from Mr. G. Loring Beggs, Manager of the Floating Hospital charity, in which he says Friday, July 3, has been set apart as "Woburn Day." The Society here have, in years past, done splendidly in the way of contributions to the Hospital Fund, and their work is highly appreciated by those having the charity in charge. Doubtless many people of this city will be present on "Woburn Day."

HARDWARE
Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.
H. B. BLYE & CO.,
367 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

THE JERSEY ICE CREAM

Watch out for half price advertising tickets next week. Our annual advertising days for Jersey Ice Cream will be

JUNE 23, 24, 25 and 26

We will distribute tickets from house to house, and these tickets entitle you to Ice Cream at half price. You already know what the Jersey Ice Cream is, or if you don't you are not getting the best. Regular price:

Quart Bricks 50c. Quarts in Bulk 40c.

McLaughlin & Dennison,
Woburn's Cut Price Druggists
417 Main Street, Woburn
☞ We Deliver Free by Messenger.

— The Unitarian Sunday School will have a picnic at Silver Lake, Wilmington, Saturday, June 27. If the weather is favorable, the church bell will ring at nine o'clock, and a special car will leave the church at 9.30. If stormy Saturday, picnic will be held Monday.

— The Burlington voters would do themselves credit by bringing out Mr. Walter A. Hanson as a candidate for Representative to the next Legislature. It will be Burlington's turn this fall to elect one of the two Representatives, and Mr. Hanson would fill the bill in good shape.

— At 2.30 o'clock Saturday afternoon, July 4, Mr. James H. Callahan, the faithful gateman at Church avenue B & M. R. crossing, is to sail from Boston for his old home in Ireland. He expects to be away about 4 months. Friends are planning to go down to the wharf and give the veteran railroader a hearty sendoff.

— The Woburn High School A. A. have elected the following officers: John H. Finn, President; Frank Hickey, Vice-President; Oliver Sevrens, Secretary; undergraduate, Directors Eugene Place, Charles Lund, Chester Caldwell. Graduate Directors, Carl Jaquith, John H. Bates, Jr., and Dr. P. A. Caulfield.

— Rev. James F. Doherty, for several years a curate at St. Charles church in this city, where his labors were highly appreciated, has been transferred to St. Patrick's church in Cambridge, of which Rev. Lawrence Slattery, formerly curate at St. Charles church, is rector. He has left here and taken up his work in the new field.

— The Overlook" is the name of the bungalo that Mr. Fred H. Burdett is building at Intervale, N. H., for a summer home for himself and family, and, of course, a lot of guests. He and his brother Charles are at the head of the Burdett Business College in Boston, the largest and most flourishing institution of the kind in New England.

— Mrs. Elizabeth V. Bridgham writes to a friend in this city under date of June 20, that there has been so much wet weather in the part of Iowa where she is living that the farmers there had not yet got through with their spring planting. Woburn farmers would like to swap a part of the drouth they are suffering from for some of the Iowa water.

— The power of the press is again exemplified by the improvement of the sidewalk on Pleasant street from Winn street to the Bank block. Commissioner Kennedy of the Highways, and his faithful Superintendent, Hugh Martin, deserve the hearty thanks of the small army of pedestrians who use that sidewalk every day, and will receive them.

— Wilford D. Gray, Esq, has a business office in the Hemmenway Building, 10 Tremont street, Boston, where litigants will find him on hand to attend to their wants. Mr. Gray has but recently become a member of the Massachusetts Bar, at which, however, he is already finding recognition as a smart, thoroughly educated, and reliable young Lawyer.

— It is said that the prospect is bright for a High school football team this season. Principal Low favors the plan and will do all he can towards the organization of one. We are informed that there is a plenty of good material in our High school for a winning team, and the Principal's desire for one ought to be cordially and practically seconded by the community.

— The wedding of Edward Johnson, Esq., Cashier of the Woburn National Bank, and Miss Grace Tredwell is to take place on June 30 at Brookline, the home of the bride. The ceremonies are to be held in church, to be followed by a reception, bridal tour, etc. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will reside on upper Main street in this city. Advance congratulations extended from the JOURNAL.

— A goodly number of ladies, members of the Woburn Woman's Club, are attending the convention of the general Federation of Women's Clubs which opened informally in Symphony Hall, Boston, last Monday evening, this week, some of whom are occupying official positions. The regular session began on Tuesday, and was to continue a week. Clubs from all over the country are represented by distinguished women of the Order, and the meeting is of more than usual importance.

— Dr. and Mrs. P. A. Caulfield have returned from their bridal tour.

— Yesterday was another hot one, but absence of humidity and refreshing breezes rendered it bearable.

— Several W. H. S. graduates are to enter Harvard next fall. Clifford Parker, Ralph Johnson, Allen Prior, Earl West have been taking examinations this week.

— Marian Hosmer of the JOURNAL Reportorial Staff has full charge of the doors at Symphony Hall, Boston, where the National Federation of Women's Clubs are in session this week.

— To perpetuate the memory of the late Principal Owen, who they loved and admired, the Senior Class of the High school, contemplate purchasing an expensive clock, to be set up in the school library. A considerable sum is now in the hands of the committee for that very commendable purpose, and the clock will be ready for use at the opening of the next school year. Master Owen was proud of '08 Class, and was often heard in praise of it.

— The following Woburn Veterans of the Civil War attended the reunion of the 5th Regiment of M. V. I. at Newton last Saturday. Several others, among them Col. W. T. Grammer, were unable to attend: James Knowlton, Joseph Field, William Kendall, J. H. Parker, Milton Moore, Clarence Littlefield, Joseph Linnell, E. F. Warren, Capt. E. F. Wyer, Bernard Fletcher, George F. Eaton, W. F. Taylor, C. C. Colgate, and Richard Carton.

— Scores of mothers and ladies who are not mothers, all dressed in their best visiting suits, attended the Grammar schools graduating exercises last Wednesday afternoon, at each one of which a capital program was carried out. There were a host of graduates. They were as proud of their achievements and held their heads as loftily, as the Highs, who graduate tonight, and well they may be, for they have earned their honors. For many of them school days are ended.

— Conductor "Dick" Carton reported to the JOURNAL establishment at 8 45 a. m. yesterday, that on his first trip down to Boston that morning, at 5.55, the Station Agent at Wedgemere told him that, just before his train reached there, two handsome deer were seen by the Agent quietly taking their breakfast near the shore of Mystic Lake. The presence of people and trains did not seem to trouble the deer very much, for they kept on feeding until the noise of Engineer Chase's locomotive warned them to skedaddle. A pair of wild deer browsing and feeding, without fear or favor, within half a dozen miles of the State House in Boston is a circumstance worthy of being made a note of. So thought Conductor Carton, and "so say we, all of us."

— The present month of June has furnished a considerable variety of weather, but, on the whole, it has been lovely. There have occurred many spells of uncommon heat, but they were of brief duration—not more than a few days; and almost every sunset has been a signal for an evening visit from the "Boston East Wind," which, continuing, has rendered the nights comfortable. For example: last Sunday and Monday were exceedingly hot days; but as the sun sank behind Rag Rock the wind, right from the Atlantic Ocean, made its gracious appearance, and people slept soundly through both nights. A modification of temperature followed on Tuesday, which seemed to justify the prediction of the Weather Bureau that the heated term had ended.

— In a 12 inning game, hotly contested, on the Library field, this city, last Saturday, the Stoneham team beat the Woburn High school team 3 to 1, and won the pennant in the Middlesex League. An immense crowd of people —estimated at 3,000—witnessed the contest, in which the Woburn boys exhibited grit, science, and staying qualities of a high order. Had the home team won there would have been a tie for the pennant. Competent baseball judges said our nine showed up and played as well as their opponents; but there is luck in this game, as well as in almost everything else. Of course, the result of the play was somewhat of a disappointment to Woburn people; but, considering the excellent work of their favorites, they were not greatly cast down over it. On the return home of the Stoneham team great demonstrations of joy over their victory were indulged in.

— Yesterday, June 25, Mrs. Mary C. Drew of Dover, N. H., celebrated her 85th birthday, entertaining a few of her neighbors in the afternoon, with Mrs. Harriet C. Blake of Woburn and Mrs. J. B Parker of Nashua, who are visiting her. White roses from a bush over one hundred years old were used for decoration.

— Maud Littlefield's second rehearsal of her classes, held in Music Hall last week, was a fine one. The pupils acquitted themselves handsomely and afforded the large audience much pleasure by their performances. She is a teacher of the pianoforte and violin with few, if any, equals. During the entire season she has had large classes, and no criticisms are heard of her mode or success in imparting instruction.

— The other day we received from Hon. Joshua Bennett Holden of Boston a copy of the 50th annual report of the Washington Home in that city, of which he is one of the Directors, and have since read it carefully. Sixty medical practitioners have been inmates of the Home for treatment during the year just closed, and a large number of Lawyers. In going over the financial part of the report our eye fell on an item that contained a surprise, and that was "The Joshua Seward" legacy which, at the present time, amounts to $3,650.40, the income from which, during the year, was $197 30 Joshua Seward was a resident of Woburn many years before his death here quite a long spell ago, and one of the wits of the town. His home was on the fine farm now owned and occupied by Mr. E. C. Colman

— No loyal citizen of Woburn will begrudge the happiness that the Woburn Progress League feel over the passage of a law, for the paternity of which they are solely entitled, which compels steam railroad companies to issue 12-ride tickets within 15 miles of the State House. To accomplish this was a feat for which the League is richly entitled to credit and the thanks of everybody. Mr. Elmore A. Pierce, one of the most public spirited men in this city, as Secretary of the League, was chiefly instrumental in securing the inestimable blessing of a 12 ride ticket, an honor which he modestly acknowledges in a communication to the press. He worked long and earnestly for the passage of the law, and was ably assisted by S. W. Mendum Esq., President of the League, and Ald. Highley.

— Thanks to Mrs. Annie B. Phillips for a colored picture of the "Sturtevant Home," a girls' dormitory of Hebron Academy built and presented by the late Mrs. B. T. Sturtevant of Boston who was an aunt of Mrs. Phillips and mother of the wife of Hon. Eugene N. Foss of Boston. Hebron Academy is an old and famous institution of learning from which many young men and women have graduated and, in after years, became famous in different walks of life. It was founded by the Baptist denomination as a fitting school for Waterville College, and it still continues as such for the College under the name of Colby—a poor change of cognomen. Mrs. Phillips, who was at the Mansion House, Poland Springs, when she wrote, said of her late visit to Hebron Academy: "Have been there for a week attending commencement. I had the honor of receiving with ex-Governor Long of Massachusetts at the reception tendered the guests by the Senior Class. I am proud of this Maine school. Mr. Frank Partridge of Woburn has a son who graduated from there in Class '07. Gov. Long, Senator Hale, and other distinguished men are among the Alumni of old Hebron Academy seated among the Oxford Hills."

Auctions in Woburn.

The Auction Department of Henry W. Savage's office yesterday, June 23, conducted sucessfully for Wm. H. H Tuttle, Commishioner, the sale of four parcels of real estate in Wobnrn belonging to the Oliver Bacon Heirs. John W. Johnson, of Woburn, bought the house No 115 Pleasant street, with 27,296 sq. feet of land, also a lot comprising 22.882 sq. feet of land on Reed street, on bids aggregating $2125. A parcel of 24,724 sq faet of land also on Reed st, went to William O'Reilly of Woburn, for $230 The house No. 19 Court street and 5.900 sq. feet of land was knocked down at $1200 to Edgar A. Shepardson of Baldwinville, Mass.

City Council.

The Board held a regular meeting last Monday evening.

For the 4th of July ball game $25 was appropriated. An additional $25 is to be raised by popular subscription. * * The $5,500 loan for repair of schoolhouses was laid over.

A letter was read from Mayor Blodgett concerning taxation. Its perusal will make taxpayers wince. The meat of it is contained in this paragraph:

"The Assessors have received the schedule of State and Metropolitan charges for this year. Compared with last year Park charges and County charges are both slightly increased. Our State tax is much larger, about $5,000 more, as is also our Metropolitan Sewer tax, some $4,500 more. Our own fixed charges will be about $6,000 more. This makes about $16,000 more money to be raised for these purposes than last year, and are items over which this present City Government has absolutely no control whatever. They simply must be paid, and represent over $1.50 additional in the tax rate."

However, under the economical management of the present City Council, and its immediate predecessor, the city is in a sound and prosperous financial condition.

Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease,

A powder for swollen, tired, hot, smarting feet. Sample sent FREE. Also Free Sample of the FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

For the week of June 29th, Manager Morison of the Boston Theatre, announces an attraction of unusual interest. It is the first production in Boston of a play that has been one of the greatest New York successes in recent years—or more properly a farce by Frank Wyatt. This farce ran for a year and a half in New York at the Madison Square Theatre and at once took its place with such famous plays as "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," "All the Comforts of Home," "Niobe," and "Charlie's Aunt." Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is one of the latest and very best in its class. Its success in London was also one of the sensations of the season and it was only through a special arrangement that it was secured for its first presentation in Boston.

Reduction in Price of Electricity

PRELIMINARY NOTICE

In accordance with the recommendation of the Board of Gas and Electric Light Commissioners, this Company announces that, commencing July 1st, 1908, it will reduce its price for electricity from 15 cents to 12 cents per kilowatt hour.

This reduction in price will favorably affect more than 18,000 of the Company's customers.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Co.
OF BOSTON
By CHARLES EDGAR, President

June 6, 1908

Butter Nut

MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT SUN

The World Despises a Cheat.

It ought to.
A man who cheats trades on the reputation of something or someone better than himself.
BUTTERNUT BREAD has many imitators.
This fact in itself proves its superiority. If it didn't excel it wouldn't be imitated.
What's the moral?
This—that worth, like truth, cannot be hidden. Quality will find its way to the top and stay there. BUTTERNUT BREAD is an exemple.
Don't be cheated.
Be kind to your stomach—buy BUTTERNUT Five cents.

Geo. G. Fox Co., Boston

EVERY DAY
You Need Our Knead

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5 45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. A. H. Herrick.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Worship.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Christian Science."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4 30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, June 20, by Rev. Wm. H. Ismond, Millard F. Wentworth of Woburn and Edna J. Benson of North Grafton.

In this city, June 20, by Rev. A. H. Herrick, Frank D. Newcomb and Mabel E. West, both of Woburn.

In Somerville, June 24, by Rev. John J. Sherman, Francis E. Connolly of Woburn and Mary E. Lucas of Somerville.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, June 18, Susan F. Parker, aged 64 years, 11 months, 16 days.

In this city, June 22, Dorinda Hadley, aged 66 years, 3 months, 28 days.

A Good Thing.

At the electric show held last year in Madison Square Garden, many married couples were interested in the new instrument which takes a record of the speech and retains it for future use. The husband who wishes to complain of the coffee can do so while he is putting on his coat, and the wife who has been called to the kitchen may hear it after he has gone downtown; a saving of vital energy which cannot be too highly recommended but if madam uses an electric percolator, hubby will never have reason to kick about his morning beverage.—L. D. G.

Mind Us and You Will WEAR DIAMONDS.

Diamonds greatly improve a person's appearance.
Diamonds always retain the value.
Diamonds always increase in price.
Diamonds are always negotiable.

WE SELL DIAMONDS.

Smith & Varney,
JEWELERS.
No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

☞ Special attention given to repairs on diamond jewelry.

Opening of Spring Goods
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Fine Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

QUAKER

Wheat Berries

7c. Pkg.

Always sold for 10 cents.

These goods are made from the whole grain of the finest Northern Wheat puffed and baked to a delicious crispness in a temperature of 400 deg. Fahr. Very palatable and nutritious. Try them with maple syrup, cream or fruit juices.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-1.

Lest U Forget:
TAKE A
KODAK
WITH YOU.
Anybody can use 1
Anybody can buy at
Whitcher's PILL BOX
Woburn's Lowest Price Drugstore

Knife Fork and Spoon Experience"

Over half a century of it is one of the reasons why goods stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

the product of this long experience are best. They are sold by leading dealers. For catalogue No. 6, explaining points of interest to buyers, address the makers

International Silver Company. Meriden, Conn.

Take no substitute
Remember 1847

Woburna Lotion
Woburna Lotion Soap.

Two Toilet Necessities for a Vacation Trip that add much to Summer Comfort.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Cambridge, on the first Tuesday of June, A. D. 1908.

On the Petition of the Inhabitants of Wilmington for the relocation of the way known as Woburn street between the intersection of Lowell street and the junction of Park street, for the relocation of that portion of the way known as Lowell street, between West street and the Reading boundary line, and also for the relocation of that portion of the way known as Burlington Avenue between the junction of Boutwell street and the premises of Peter McGrane, all in said Wilmington, it was adjudged that said relocation is of common convenience and necessity:

Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at their office in the Court House in East Cambridge, on the eighteenth day of July, next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

ROGER H. HURD, Asst. Clerk.

June 9, 1908.

A true copy. Attest:

JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

Woburn Gas Light Co.

GAS STOVES

for cooking and heating. Welsbach lights, Welsbach and Humphry Arc lights, and for everything pertaining to gas lighting apply at office of Company.

314 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
—DEALERS IN—
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street. Telephone connection.

All in a Nutshell

Have you used

Hathaway's
Celebrated
Cream Bread?

Best made. It furnishes abundant nutrition and makes glowing health.

C. F. Hathaway & Son,
Cambridge Waltham

THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON
Will Reopen Sept. 8th

Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Bookkeepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment when qualified, will find in the

BRYANT & STRATTON
COMMERCIAL SCHOOL
BOSTON

Now Located in its New School Building, 334 Boylston Street

A most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of Well Known and Experienced Teachers

COURSES OF STUDY
GENERAL COMMERCIAL COURSE — STENOGRAPHIC COURSE
SECRETARIAL COURSE — CIVIL SERVICE COURSE
SPECIAL COURSE

Every possible requisite for personal safety, rapid progress, with cheerful and healthful surroundings, is afforded. ¶ Persons who cannot call for personal interview may have printed information of terms and conditions of admission by mail. Address, H. E. HIBBARD, Principal,
334 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON.

Electric Light Everywhere.

Electricity for House Lighting will be universally used after July 1, in Woburn.

Our new rate of 12 cents a thousand (Reduced from 15 cents) begins then.

Get in your Application Early.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Co.,
33-39 Boylston Street BOSTON

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To the City of Woburn, a municipal corporation located in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, a duly existing corporation having its usual place of business in said Woburn; Lewis W. Thompson of said Woburn; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Charlie A. Jones and Luke W. Fowle of said Woburn, Trustees under a declaration of trust, dated April 14, 1900, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2815, Page 577, to register and confirm their title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows: Northwesterly by Main street ninety-three and 2-10 (93.2) feet; northeasterly by land of Lewis W. Thompson ninety-one and 33-100 (91.33) feet; southeasterly by land of said Thompson sixty-seven and 95-100 (67.95) feet; and southwesterly by Walnut street by three lines measuring respectively thirty-eight and 37-100 (38.37) feet, nineteen and 8-10 (19.8) feet, and forty-seven and 3-10 (47.3) feet; and containing about eight thousand two hundred and sixty-five (8,265) square feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

Petitioners allege they hold the above described real estate in trust under said declaration of trust for the benefit of the Mechanics Investment Company, a corporation duly organized under the laws of the State of Maine, but having a usual place of business in said Woburn; also that it may be claimed that they hold said real estate under a resulting trust for said Mechanics Investment Company by reason of the fact stated in said declaration of trust that said Company contributed all the funds for the purchase of the above mentioned real estate by the deed from the Trustees of the Woburn Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, dated May 31, 1890, and recorded as aforesaid, Book 1979, Page 562; and Petitioners desire to have determined the question whether they hold in any degree under such resulting trust, and if so, to what extent.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the thirteenth day of July, A.D., 1908, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of June, in the year nineteen hundred and eight.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL] CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adaline B. Church wishes to announce to her patients and friends that she will resume practice in Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church street.

Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.

Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appointment.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Edward Callahan of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to John Ellard, dated April 4th, 1874, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1302, Page 30, which mortgage has been duly assigned to Mary A. Callahan (now Mary A. McCabe) by assignment dated September 17th, 1879, recorded with said Deeds, Book 1522, Page 101, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction in said Woburn, upon the premises hereinafter described on

MONDAY, the twentieth day of July, 1908,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—

A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon standing, containing about twenty-five thousand seven hundred and ninety square feet, situated in Rag Rock Village, so-called, in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at a stake at the southwesterly corner of the premises; from thence the line runs northerly on and by Grove street, so-called, about two hundred eighty-six and eight-tenths feet to a stake; thence a little south of east by land of Mary Eaton about one hundred and fifteen feet to a stake; thence southerly by land of Larkin McDermott two hundred and twenty-nine feet to a post; thence westerly by land of said McDermott one hundred feet to the point of beginning. Said premises are the same conveyed to Edward Callahan by John Bacon and Donald Kennedy by deed dated January 12th, 1872, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds.

Said premises will be sold subject to all tax titles and tax sales, and to all unpaid taxes and assessments, if any.

$100.00 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

MARY A. McCABE, Assignee and present owner of said mortgage.

Woburn, June 24, 1908.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

INCORPORATED 1854.

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in the City of Woburn, will be held in the Banking Rooms on

Friday, July 3d, 1908,

at 7.30 o'clock P. M., for the election of Officers and the transaction of such business as may legally come before the meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in the City of Woburn, will be held on FRIDAY, July 3d, 1908, at 7.45 P. M., for the transaction of such business as may legally come before them.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.

Woburn, Mass., June 19, 1908.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, July 4th, 1908, will draw interest from that date.

The July dividend of interest will be due and payable on and after Saturday, July 18th, 1908, in accordance with the provisions of the By-Laws.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

High School Graduation Exercises.

Class 1908 of the Woburn High School is to graduate this evening, June 26, in Lyceum Hall. For scholarship and deportment it is one of the best that the School has turned out in many years. Its motto is: "Labore et Honore"—a good one. There are rising 50 members in the Class.

Of course, a full account of the exercises cannot be given in this issue of the JOURNAL.

The following is the program and list of graduates:

Salutatory, Clifford S. Parker
Cantata. Part 1. "Sorrow."
Address. Hon. Samuel J. Elder
Cantata. Part 2. "Joy."
Valedictory. Gertrude Place
Presentation of Diplomas. Hon. William E. Blodgett
Chorus: "Rejoyce for Blessings Round us Fall.

CLASSICAL COURSE

Carl Francis Dunbury
Harold Lloyd Fraser
Ralph Johnson
Ruth Johnson
Clifford Stetson Parker
Gertrude Place
Allen Ames Prior
Thomas Wm. Salmon

GENERAL COURSE

Roland Albert Blaisdell
Edna Florence Brauer
Emma Elizabeth Brauer
William Lawrence Burke
Martin Joseph Connolly
Elizabeth May Corduck
Gertrude Elizabeth Corry
James Doherty
John Francis Dolan
Mechtilda Veronica Donovan
Adelaide Wingate Emery
Grace Darling Fisher
Carl Alvah Cooper Foster
John Richard Garrity
Thomas Patrick Garvey
Ethel Vaughn Given
Harriett Graham
May Belle Greenleaf
James Edward Henchey
Mary Agnes Kenney
Thomas Alphonsus Kerrigan
Charles Estabrook Lawrence
Muriel Evelyn Lewis
William Payne Lewis
Owen Joseph Logue
Katherine Elizabeth Maguire
John Joseph Maguire
Alfred Joseph Marion
Agnes Ilene McDevitt
William Andrew McLaughlin
Christopher Mulkeen
Charles Harris Munroe
Robert Temple Portal
Josephine Park Ray
Catherine Adelaide Reil
Catherine Laura Roche
John Stevens Sanborn
May Jeanette Smith
Mary Helouise Sorenson
Harold Matthew Stevenson
Katherine Cecilia Walsh
Earle Thompson West
Mary Catherine Wood
Sarah Yates.

L. T. L. Convention.

A largely attended and interesting convention of the South Middlesex Loyal Temperance Legion met in the Congregational church on Saturday, June 20.

Members were present from Arlington, Auburndale, Cambridge, West Somerville, Winter Hill, Reading, Everett, West Newton and Woburn. The County Superintendent, Mrs. Norton of Auburndale, presided.

There were reports from the various Legions. After these Rev. Dr. March was introduced and addressed the children in his usual felicitous manner. The Senior Legion sang the hymn written by the veteran pastor for their use. A new banner bearing his name was conspicuously displayed. An address from Mrs. Helen G. Rice, State Superintendent followed.

At the noon hour the children enjoyed their lunch on the lawn and played games. The ladies present were well entertained in the vestry.

The afternoon opened with singing followed by remarks from Mrs. Clark, former County Secretary of Suffolk county also spoke. Officers were chosen, and this was followed by a delightful solo rendered by Miss Sprague, who accompanied herself on the auto-harp. There was then an oratorical contest, in which four Legions participated. Miss Annie Bond of Woburn won the medal. Some items of business were despatched and Mrs. J. W. Hammond was elected a delegate to our State convention to be held in Lowell.

The afternoon was interspersed with excellent solos, noticeable among which were two by Grace Mooney, a wonderful little singer from Winter Hill.

After hearty thanks to the Woburn hostesses, the meeting closed with prayer.

PRESS SUPT.

Susan Parker.

After an illness of three years, patiently endured, Miss Susan F. Parker passed peacefully away at her home on Pleasant street, this city, last Thursday week, June 18. She left to mourn her death three brothers, Mr. John L. Parker, Editor of the Lynn *Item*; Charles S. Parker, Editor of the Arlington *Advocate*, and Gordon Parker, a Boston business man.

The deceased was an amiable woman, a consistant Christian, and enjoyed the love and esteem of a wide circle of friends.

The funeral was held at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, June 21, in charge of undertakers Tripp, the religious services being conducted by Daniel March, D. D., her pastor. It was attended by many friends and neighbors.

WINCHESTER.

Chief McIntosh is after illicit rum sellers with a picked stick. Good for him!

The graduating exercises of the Wadleigh Grammar School are to take place this, Friday, evening.

The *Star* says the people take but slight interest in the Metropolitan Park concerts, and I guess neighbor Wilson is about right.

We are to have a series of band concerts on Manchester Field this summer beginning on July 11 and closing on Sept. 5. They are to be given at 3.30 p. m., which is not a good arrangement. They ought to come off in the evening.

The final hearing on the grade crossing matter is to be held next September. The one last week did not amount to much. It looks as though the vexed question is to be settled right at last. Delay has resulted from a great diversity of plans, but no harm has resulted from it.

The *Star's* correspondent "M. L. R." is away off in his account of the opening of the Boston & Lowell Railroad. The first passenger train on that road was run from Boston to Lowell on June 25, 1835, and had for passengers officers and stockholders of the Company. The Woburn Branch was opened in July 1845. This is recorded history.

Henry F. Johnson died last Monday afternoon at a sanitarium in Arlington, where he had been for several weeks. For months he had been a sufferer from diabetes, and this, complicated with other ailments, resulted in his death. He was born in the part of Woburn which is now Winchester, Jan. 16, 1850, a few months before the town was incorporated. He never married.

A capital program for the 4th of July celebration has been laid out, and a firstclass patriotic time may be counted on. It is expected that a great many people will be here from out of town. The program: Band Concert and Base Ball matches on Manchester Field morning and afternoon. Children's entertainment in the Town Hall in the afternoon. Band concert and fireworks on Manchester Field in the evening.

Do You Remember?

And the other fishing days when you got up before dawn and stole down stairs to the dim kitchen—a drink of milk, a doughnut and a triangle of pie, then you stole out quietly to the barn and got the spading fork; then the search, armed with fork and tomato can, under the broad leaves of the rhubarb bed, back of the henhouse and down by the cow barn until you had enough worms for the day's sport. Then of course you left the fork sticking in the ground—you never would learn to put things away—and started off; through the garden and orchard, stopping long enough for a handful of currants and a pocketful of sopsavines—over the pasture bars, eating a handful of huckleberries or low bush blackberries here and there; into the wood road—very dark and still in the dawn—where you stepped along very quietly so as not to disturb the bears (you knew perfectly well there were no bears, but you rather enjoyed the creepy sensation); then out through the deep wet meadow grass to the river, where the sun was now beginning to burn away the wisps of mist and the red winged blackbirds were making a tremendous fuss over their housekeeping. You reached the river bank at the pout hole or the big rock or the old willow (of course you know the exact place), and then you started fishing.—Atlantic.

Suction.

People often speak of chimneys "drawing." We also speak of the suction of a pump. There is not so much harm in these expressions, except that they are liable to lead us away from the true state affairs. But in truth there is no such thing as suction. Suction is merely partial or entire absence of pressure in one place which enables the greater pressure of air or fluid in another place to rush in. In the case of the chimney the heated air in it does not weigh so much as an equal volume of cold air, and if the air in the chimney, the air in the room and the outside air were all the same temperature there would be no tendency to any motion. But when the air in the chimney is hot it does not press downword so much as the colder surrounding air presses upward. Consequently an upward current is started and will continue if the air in the chimney is kept hot.—A. S. S. Ackerman in London Express.

Changed the Name.

He had given up town life, with its cares and dissipation, and was living in the country.

"What a charming cottage!" exclaimed a dainty lady visitor from London. "What have you called it?"

"I have called it the Nutshell," he told her, and she exclaimed:

"Oh, how delightful!"

After tea and cakes she took the train back to London, where she remained for six months. Then she "ran down" to see him again.

"As sweet as ever!" she told him. "But you have changed the name! Why is it now Chez Nous?"

"Why?" he responded, with some warmth. "Because I was tired of being jollied! Because I was tired of being kidded! There isn't a boy for a mile round who hasn't stopped and rung the doorbell every time he passed to ask if the colonel was in!"—London Telegraph.

A Surprise Coming.

A horse was standing along Chestnut street the other day anchored by an iron weight. The horse, not knowing what else to do to pass away the time, was industriously chewing the strap. A newsboy happened along, and after watching the animal for awhile he grinned a cluster of grins and turned to a man who was standing near.

"Don't say a word," he gleefully remarked. "Old Umpire here is going to have the surprise of his life in a few minutes."

"What is the matter with him?" asked the man, glancing first at the kid and then at the horse.

"Nothin' is the matter with him," was the happy rejoinder of the newsboy. "He may eat the strap all right, but when he gets down to that weight he will think he has struck a boardin' house."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Dream Troubles.

"Once when I was blue," said a business man, "a friend told me I was worrying over imaginary troubles. He cheered me up with a yarn about his little nephew. This little fellow's sister said one morning:

"'Oh, Gussie, I had such a lovely dream last night! I dreamed I was at a cake shop, and I had such loads of good things—ice cream, pie, strawberry shortcake, chocolates, jelly macaroons, kisses and lots of other things besides.'

"The little boy's eyes glistened. He smiled with delight.

"'And what was I eating?' he asked eagerly.

"'Oh, you wasn't there, Gussie.'

"Then, overwhelmed with sorrow, little Gussie hid his face in his hands and wept bitterly."

Hercules' Labors.

The twelve labors of Hercules were: To slay the Nemean lion; to kill the Lernean hydra; to catch and hold the Arcadian stag; to destroy the Erymanthian boar; to cleanse the stables of King Augeas; to destroy the cannibal birds of Lake Stymphalus; to capture the Cretan bull; to catch the horses of Diomedes; to get possession of the girdle of Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons; to capture the oxen of the monster Geryon; to get possession of the apples of the Hesperides and to bring up from the infernal regions the three headed dog Cerberus.

The Irresponsible Child.

Small Boy (noticing the Phi Beta Kappa key hanging from the minister's watch chain)—Did you find it again, or is this another?

Minister—Why, my little man, what do you mean? I never lost it.

Small Boy—Oh, mother said you had lost the charm you had when you were young.—Judge.

Saw Things.

Oculist (trying various glasses)—How do they look now? See them any better? Mr. Wunmore—Well, the green giraffe I can shee firsh rate, but that red el'phant an' the purple 'potamus still look kinder—kinder blurred.—Puck.

Sympathy.

"What made you kick Jimpson?"

"He called me an ass."

"Oh, well, kicking is a characteristic of asses, but I shouldn't think you'd want to confirm Jimpson's statement so quickly."—London Telegraph.

Why It Was There.

Aunty—Tommy, I put three pies in here yesterday, and now there is only one. How is that? Tommy—Please, it was so dark, aunty, I didn't see that one!—Punch.

Let The "BLUE BELL" Sign
REMIND YOU—

Of the errand you forgot to execute, and a ready way out of the difficuliy.

Of the order you were asked to deliver for your firm or for your home.

Of the engagement for which you have been delayed and of the quickest way of explaining your inability to meet it.

Of the call you promised to make; but failed to make through forgetfulness.

Of a hundred ways in which, to use a quaint phrase, you may "Let your head save your heels."

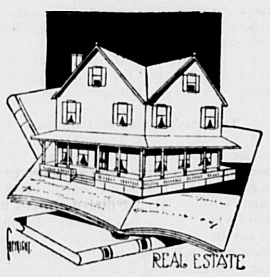
REMEMBER:

The sign indicates the presence of a Pay Station.

FROM ANY PAY STATION you may talk, at a reasonable charge, TO ANY OF 290,000 TELEPHONES connected with the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company's system in the four northern New England States.

ALSO WITH TELEPHONES IN 30,000 CITIES AND TOWNS connected with the Long Distance lines of the great Bell system.

With such a convenience at hand is it fair to your friends to "borrow" their telephones? You are liable to impede their channels of communication by making their lines "busy" when others are trying to call them.



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To Mary Kenney and Annie Kenney of Queenstown, Ireland, minors.

WHEREAS Lawrence J. Purtell, of Winthrop, in the County of Suffolk has presented to said Court a petition, representing that he holds as tenant-in-common thirty-four one hundred and fifth parts or shares of certain real estate lying in Woburn in said County of Middlesex, and described in said petition; and, as said real estate cannot be advantageously divided, praying that partition may be made among the tenants-in-common according to law; and that the commissioners who may be appointed to make said partition be ordered to make sale and conveyance of said real estate and to distribute the net proceeds thereof.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-seventh day of July A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested, who can be found within the Commonwealth, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, and, if any one cannot be so found, by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Angeline Buxton, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Carrie F. Ordway and John W. Johnson, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of July, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Joshua O. Jaquith, late of Wilmington in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate not already administered of said deceased, to Alfred T. Carter of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without requiring a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of July, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

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1908 Wall Papers 1908

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Established in 1879.

C. E. SMITH. 439 Main St.

Sanderson's ...Strategy.

By CECILY ALLEN.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"Well, of all the unpropitious and inconsiderate times to ask such a question!" cried Judith Brainard. "No one but you, Dick Sanderson, would have chosen it."

Her tones were almost wrathful, and Sanderson shifted his gaze from her mobile face to the top of his stick, which he twirled idly.

"The idea of asking me for the 'steenth time to marry you just as I was trying to decide whether to borrow a lemonade bowl and glasses from Mrs. Drake or from the Bennington girls!"

Judith pursued her troubled way, with romance pushed far into the background.

"I guess it had better be from Mrs. Drake, because she's right next door, though the Bennington bowl is much handsomer."

Dick Sanderson rose abruptly and towered above the girl of his heart.

"I think that it is all nonsense, and I wish that you'd let your career go to pot. As my wife you can sing for charity, you can run a church choir, you can teach the little daughters of the poor, you can"—

"And all on your money! If you really loved me all these years as you say you did why did you wait to tell me until—until—all our money was gone and I was poor as a church mouse?" demanded Judith, forgetting her more present vexations in the old grievance.

Dick turned suddenly grave.

"I wanted you to have your fling. I think every girl should. It's wrong to marry the first man who keeps you supplied in violets and things. You may find out that American Beauties and another man are preferable after you've been out a year or two. And I wanted my wife for keeps, not for a brief honeymoon. I wanted"—

Judith rose abruptly.

"I know it all by heart, and so I'm going over to see Mrs. Drake about the bowl and glasses."

"Really, from what I've heard of critics and writers and other bohemians, I should certainly advise a strong dash of rum in the bowl."

His tone was light, but behind it lay conviction, and Judith flushed vividly.

"I might have expected you'd say something nasty. Of course all the big people in music and art are not branded 'drawing room,' but they do things. And, oh, Dick, I want to do something. I want to show the world that my education was not all veneer—that it is practical."

Dick's eyes softened as they always did at an appeal from Judith.

"May I come? I've never seen the lions of the musical menagerie, and I promise solemnly that I will not propose to you until it is all over."

"That sounds like my old Dick. You may come and see the menagerie and—well, I won't scold if you propose after it is all over."

• • • • • • • •

Judith's world had gasped when she had fled the prosperous New England city after her father's death and established herself in New York as a teacher of music. It was all entirely unnecessary. There were relatives—and Dick Sanderson.

The relatives on the whole were relieved. Dick Sanderson spent most of his time in New York for the purpose, as he expressed it to himself, of counteracting the influences of studio life.

Judith and her mother had a cunning little apartment in an eminently respectable neighborhood, and Judith had a few very prompt pupils. And now she was giving the first of a series of evenings at home. She had met many clever men and women at other "at homes" the season before and had scattered her invitations broadcast.

"You'd better not come too early, Dick," she called after the persistent one as he went down the narrow hall. "I do love some 'homey' people to talk it over with on the finish."

"All right. I'll hold back as long as I can."

But when Mrs. Drake came in with the bowl and glasses the rooms were a mass of ferns and flowers—from Dick.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed. "Flowers do give a room such an air. It makes me feel worse than ever that we cannot come tonight. But every other Tuesday, have you not?"

Judith nodded her head absently. She was trying to decide between a plain or lace centerpiece under the bowl. And not for worlds would she admit that she was disappointed. Mr. Drake was the critic on a prominent paper, and she wanted to cultivate critics.

"So sorry," she murmured perfunctorily. "I hope Mr. Drake is not ill."

"No, but some out of town relatives are coming, and they are not the sort to understand our slipping away. But we'll surely come next time. I understand that Miss Morton, the new English violinist, is to receive with you?"

"Yes; we studied together in Paris."

At 8:30 they were all in line, Mrs Brainard in pearly silk and real lace Miss Morton oddly English as to costume, delightfully alive as to the pleasure of the evening, and Judith a dream in black net and violets, her eyes a-gleam with anticipation. Everything was typical of New England and most unbohemian, even the little white capped maid engaged for the occasion.

Nine o'clock, and the trio found it impossible to keep up conversation. Not once had the doorbell rung. Nine-thirty, and the odor of cut flowers was positively oppressive.

"Do you suppose that any one is coming," said Judith in a very faint voice, "at 9:45?"

And just then the electric bell buzzed joyfully. Enter upon the scene Dick Sanderson and at his heels Hal Darnton, the critic of the Social Whirl.

"Thought I'd give the crush a chance to subside," exclaimed Dick as Judith came forward, and then at sight of her face his tongue failed him, and he reached forth his hand impulsively. She gave it a trembling clasp, then went on to greet Darnton.

No one could tell afterward just how it did happen, but Hal Darnton certainly laughed first and at something Dick said.

"Oh, my dear Miss Brainard," he exclaimed between gales of laughter, "you don't know your New York yet! Nothing starts so early in the season. You are about a month too early—and, well, you've got to show 'em."

And no one knew just why, but Judith told him all her little successes and failures, and he proved such a sympathetic person that she finally wailed: "I would not mind at all, only that caustic Mr. Drake lives next door, and of course he'll know. It is so deathly quiet here"—

Hal Darnton did not laugh this time. How often had he watched the struggle of other Judiths! But Dick Sanderson sprang to his feet and remarked with decision: "This is where we make a noise like success. Judith, I'm going out into the hall and give that bell another ring. Mrs. Drake will hear that, and then we will rattle glasses, and Miss Morton will fiddle, and you will play the piano, and we will applaud and—well, I know that Darnton here will like your brand of lemonade."

The audacity of the plan swept all objections aside. Sometimes Sanderson rang the bell and sometimes Darnton. The little maid ran up and down the hall, and the glasses clicked, and Miss Morton played, and Darnton sang rollicking German student songs that none had ever dreamed he knew, and Mrs. Brainard laughed until the tears threatened to fall on her fine old laces.

And when it was all over and not another soul had put in appearance Darnton carried Miss Morton off in a cab and Mrs. Brainard retired to lay away the dear old pearl silk gown. The little maid went downstairs to where her young man was waiting to take her home, and Judith and Dick stood alone in the flower banked room. Then upon the sudden quiet fell a sound of muffled tapping. Judith ran to the door. There was a whispered conversation, and very soon Dick saw her hand out something on a tray. She came back with eyes shining.

"It was Mrs. Drake. She said she heard us having such a good time, and though she and Mr. Drake did not dare leave their guests now that every one had gone she just simply had to beg some of the lemonade. She had heard those glasses clicking and the music through the wall."

Dick's eyes were dancing, but Judith's were dewy with a new and tender light.

"Oh, Dick, you are simply wonderful. She thinks it was a huge success—and—and—well, you know what I promised this afternoon. You can"—

Dick gripped her hands.

"Will you, Judith—will you, dear?"

"Yes, Dick, and we'll announce it at my next evening 'at home.'"

Plated Tin Spoons.

Here is one way of making spoons, the process described being used in the manufacture of one variety of tin plated spoons.

In its original form the material from which these spoons are made comes in long thin strips of steel rolled to a uniform thickness. The strips are twelve or fifteen feet in length and of a width sufficient for the length of the spoon to be made. These strips are fed into a cutting machine, which cuts off pieces, each of sufficient size for making a spoon, these being simply so many small, flat pieces of sheet steel.

Then these blanks are put through a grader, a machine with powerful rolls, which so works the metal as to make it thinner in those parts of the blank that are to form the bowl and the handle of the spoon and thicker in the middle of the length of the blank from which the shank of the spoon will be made, so that it will be the better able to bear the bending strain that will be put upon the spoon in use.

From the grader the blank goes into a drop press, which cuts it into the outline form of a spoon, though from this press it comes out still flat.

Then in another press the bowl of the spoon is formed, and then in still another the handle, and so at last you have the spoon in its complete spoon shape in steel, ready now to be plated by dipping it in molten tin.—New York Sun.

For Family Use.

"Harold," Mrs. Thomson began very thoughtfully, "I've been thinking a lot about you lately."

"Something nice?" questioned Mr. Thomson, with hopeful inflection.

"Do you know," Mrs. Thomson went on, quite ignoring her husband's bid for flattery, "that since we have lived here in the country and you have gone back and forth to the city every day you have seen absolutely nothing of the children?"

"I don't see how that can be helped," replied Mr. Thomson. "When I leave in the morning they are not up, and when I come back in the evening they are in bed."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Thomson, "that is so, but you might at least send them a souvenir post card now and then."—Youth's Companion.

An Eccentric Genius.

Among the geniuses none perhaps was stranger than the poet Baudelaire, who dyed his hair green, tried to strangle his father-in-law, used opium, tobacco and wine to excess and enjoyed perverted olfactory sensations. "My soul soars upon perfumes as the souls of other men soar upon music," he wrote. But what pleased him, strangely, were odors of putrefaction, vile smells which other men abhorred and the stenches of disease which made others sick. And yet his poetry is among the most passionately musical of the literature of France. He was exceedingly superstitious, believing he would not succeed in an undertaking unless he left a house first with the left foot, and would count the number of gas jets along the streets, the numbers of cabs and numbers of doors. Adding these figures in his mind, he would consider the result an omen—multiples of three good, multiples of seven reassuring, while his bad number was seventeen. Curiously, once he was thrown out of a cab, the figures of which he added and found amounted to seventeen.

A Sharp Swindler.

A fashionable young lady once drove up in a handsome carriage to a private lunatic asylum situated a few miles from Paris and requested to see the proprietor. Her wish being acceded to, she informed the doctor that she desired to place her husband under his care to see if a cruel mania under which he labored—viz, "that he had lost a large quantity of jewels"—could not be removed. After some hesitation the doctor consented, and the lady drove away directly to a jeweler's in Paris and selected jewels to the value of several thousand francs and requested one of the shopmen to go with her in her carriage to procure the money for the goods she had taken. She drove with him to the asylum, and, arriving there, he was shown into a room. The lady then sought the doctor, told him of the arrival of her husband, and, getting into her carriage, again drove away. The rest may be imagined, but the poor fellow was confined several days before it was found they both had been "sold." The lady was never heard of after.

She Lost Her Shoe.

While in Samoa Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife in a great measure did as the Romans did—that is to say, as the Samoans did. It was Louis' custom to lie abed late of a morning and spend the remainder of the time under a tree on the hill clad in light pajamas, the dress of the native Kavaka. With his wife it was the same. Stays were unknown to her and a curling iron a dim recollection of a shady past. It was while Stevenson and his wife were living at Apia, in Samoa, that Mr. Heywood was appointed consul there for this country. Shortly after his arrival in the country he arranged for a reception to the English, German and American residents of the country that they might meet him in his official capacity and he them as "citizens of Samoa." Of course an invitation was sent Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife. Two days before the date of the function Mr. Heywood was surprised to receive a note from Mr. Stevenson sent by courier. The note read as follows:

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and Robert Louis Stevenson accept Consul Heywood's invitation with pleasure and assure him that they will be present on the evening of the 23d if by that time Mrs. Stevenson finds her other shoe. Ever thine, ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Ancient Fashion Jargon.

The language of the fashion plate and the woman's paper is sufficiently appalling to the mere man even in these days of emancipated and, we may presume, more grammatical womanhood; but, according to an extract from a fashion journal of 1787, the jargon of those days was even more astounding. This is how the paper described the dress of a certain Mlle. D. at the opera:

"She appeared in a dress of 'stifled sighs,' ornamented with 'superfluous regrets,' the bodice cut in a 'perfect candor' point and trimmed with 'indiscreet complaints.' Her hair was dressed in 'sustained sentiments,' with a headdress of 'sustained conquest,' ornamented with several 'flyaways' and 'downcast eye' ribbons, and her collar was 'beggar on horseback' color.'

No doubt all these marvelous terms conveyed some meaning to the fashionable woman of the days when French society danced on the edge of the volcano of 1789, but to their descendants of today they have absolutely no meaning.

The First Hello Girl.

They were seated around a table in a well known cafe, and the conversation had turned upon the development of the flying machine and other fruits of the inventive genius of the day.

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed a solemn faced, lantern jawed member of the party. "What of it? The old folks were not so slow. Look at the telephone, claimed as a modern invention. Why, say, it's the oldest on record."

"You better see your doctor. What's the matter with you?" asked another.

"Oh, I mean it," said the solemn faced man. "Telephone service dates back to the garden of Eden—that's where it originated. The garden's call was 2-8-1 Apple."

Then he dodged the remnant of a sandwich, reached for his hat and was gone.—New York Globe.

The Insufferable Anticipation.

A young Scotch emigrant was brought before the magistrate of a Nova Scotia court, charged with having deserted his work on a certain farm without giving due notice to his employer. When asked what he had to say in his defense, he replied, "Weel, they gied me nout but brakeshaw to eat." Brakeshaw, it may be explained, is the flesh of animals which have died a natural death. "How was that?" asked the magistrate. "Weel, it was this way. Ye ken, the auld coo deed an' we ate it, the auld steg (gander) deed an' we ate it, the auld soo (sow) deed an' we ate it, the auld bubblejock deed an' we ate it. Then the old woman deed—an' I left."—Bellman.

Hindoo Confectionery.

Like the American girls, Hindoo girls are passionately fond of sweet things. One of their candies, sadu, is very much like our plain sugar candy. It is made of sugar and milk and flavored with attar of roses. Buddhikabal, or hair of Buddha, is one of their most popular sweetmeats. It is so called because it is in fine, long strings like vermicelli. This is made of sugar and cream from buffalo's milk, which is exceedingly rich.

A Queer Twist.

The late Bishop T. U. Dudley of Kentucky declared that he was indebted to a mountaineer of that state for the most ungrammatical sentence he ever heard. This is it:

"Them three Miss Blake are three of as pretty a gal as I ever see."

Beau Brummel Reprimanded.

Beau Brummel once insolently replied to an invitation to take tea by remarking that he never "took" anything but physic.

"Yes, you do," frowned his hostess; "you take liberties."

Playful Otters.

Otters are the most playful of all the animals, romping, wrestling, playing tug of war with a stick instead of a rope and sliding downhill on a slippery incline of mud which they make themselves.

Why, Indeed?

Robert Lowe once watched a deaf friend listening to a most tremendous bore with his ear trumpet. "Why," Lowe wondered aloud—"why contend against natural advantages?"

Silver is of less value than gold, gold than virtue.—Horace.

How to Eat German Carp.

The Clifton Hill (Mo.) Rustler gives the following directions for eating German carp: When fishing, if you catch a German carp clean it and hang it out in the sun six weeks to dry, then nail it to a pine board and cover it thoroughly with salt or mud. Let it stand for two months longer, and then bake it two days. Remove the nails, throw the carp over the back fence and eat the board, but never eat the carp.

The Artist's Industry.

Bacon—You say your artist friend is industrious? Egbert—Very. Why, I've known him to work over four years on one picture. Bacon—Is that possible? Egbert—It is. He was a month painting it and four years trying to sell it!—Yonkers Statesman.

More Appropriate.

Rita—Did you say "This is so sudden!" when Jack proposed?

"No. I intended to, you know, but I was so flustered that I forgot and cried, 'At last!' instead."

An Unsought Pardon.

Among the stories of that former governor of Texas familiarly known as Sam Houston is more than one amusing tale.

There was a financial agent of the penitentiary who had warmly opposed the election of Governor Houston, but was particularly anxious to retain his own pleasantly lucrative position. Consequently the new governor was soon in receipt of a petition in which the man's years of faithful service and special qualifications for the place were set forth in glowing terms by himself.

The governor sent for him and said gravely, "It appears from this petition that you have been in the penitentiary eight years."

"I have," was the reply.

"And during that time you have performed faithfully every duty that has come in your way to the best of your ability?"

"I have," answered the agent, his courage swiftly rising.

"Then, sir," said the governor, with the air of one conferring a priceless favor, "I pardon you out."

Put Out of Commission.

Abernethy was supposed to influence people by a brusqueness amounting to absolute rudeness. It is related that one day a very voluble lady took her daughter, who was ill, to see him.

"Which of you two wants to consult me?" said Abernethy.

"My daughter," replied the elder woman.

Abernethy then put a question to the girl. Before she had a chance to reply her mother began a long story. Abernethy told her to be quiet and repeated his question to the girl. A second time the woman began a story, and a second time he told her to be quiet. Then she interrupted him a third time.

"Put your tongue out," he said to the mother.

"But there's nothing the matter with me," she exclaimed.

"Never mind, put your tongue out," he commanded.

Thoroughly overawed, the woman obeyed.

"Now, keep it out," said Abernethy, and he proceeded to examine the girl.—Grand Magazine.

A Queer Complication.

In Sydney, a town of 500,000 inhabitants, one can get nothing to eat on a Sunday. Certain restaurants supply food surreptitiously, but the whole time the guests are in danger of being arrested. Once an Italian was in such a restaurant on Sunday when suddenly the police entered. The Italian was promptly pushed by the proprietor into a room where a waitress happened to be standing in negligee. Even this room the police invaded, but the waitress saved the situation by declaring that the young man was her fiance. The young man, by the way, had been married some time. He thought that he had deceived the policeman; but, as a matter of fact, he had got out of the frying pan into the fire. One fine day the waitress called him before the courts and claimed $2,500 for breach of promise. The Italian had to pay. And then came the worst of all. His wife sued for a divorce and shortly after married another man.

Tackle This One.

The following paragraph of a hundred words is an excellent test in pronunciation. Try it first, and then go over it again, every word, in company with a good dictionary:

"Cleopatra, isolated in the oasis, soon became acclimated and had ample leisure to contemplate all the economic details of her inextricable sword. The wound resisted the allopathic misogynist, who gave a courteous diagnosis and humbly craved precedence for a tiny idyl in the form of a vase with an aesthetic acousting apparatus. This told the news like a book, but it might have been a dog living in squalor from the look she launched at him when he wrote down his address. She ate her breakfast and then fraternized with a national expert in appendicitis, who attended the obsequies."

A Plot That Failed.

A story of a plot to kidnap Queen Victoria and turn England into a republic is told in Peter Latouche's book, "Anarchy; Its Methods and Exponents." This coup d'etat was planned to take place in 1888, the year of the great dock strike in London, but was frustrated by the success of the strikers and the unexpected sympathy and help shown them by the moneyed classes. This did much to conciliate the masses, on whose help the revolutionists relied.

Capital Punishment.

Bride (throwing her arms about the bridegroom's neck)—You are my prisoner for life! Bridegroom—It's not imprisonment for life, love; it's capital punishment.—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

The Villain.

Critic—The villain in your story is a perfect masterpiece. Where did you get the character? Novelist—I imagined a man possessed of all the forms of wickedness which my wife attributes to me when she is angry.

His Limit.

Operator—What do you think of the new foreman, Jimmie? Printer's Devil—Say, dat feller could print all he knows in display type on a postage stamp without canceling the stamp.—Exchange.

Uncomplimentary.

Howell—I'm a man of parts. Powell—Most of them seem to be missing.—Exchange.

Next to acquiring good friends the best acquisition is that of good books.—Colton.

Crossing the Ocean.

The following bits of conversation may be heard several thousand times each day:

"I think those people down in the steerage have a much better time than we do. But don't they look just like so many animals?"

"Don't those clouds over there look just like land?"

"Somebody said we aren't far from an iceberg, but I don't know whether it's so or not. You hear so many false reports on shipboard."

"Have you met the captain yet? I hope you didn't ask him any foolish questions, poor man!"

"No; I haven't seen a whale yet, but there were lots of porpoises around the ship today."

"Who is that man? I haven't seen him before. He must have come on board during the night." (Always funny.)

"Did the postman bring you anything this morning?" (Sure of a howl.)

"Is this your first trip to Europe? My, but you have a treat in store!"—Princeton Tiger.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XIII.—Second Quarter, For June 28, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Eph. v, 6-20—Memory Verses, 15, 16—Golden Text, Eph. v, 18—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Self is a great master and a monster with which we have to deal and which in many is never fully subdued. It may be drunken or sober, moral or immoral, religious or irreligious, righteous or unrighteous, but if it is self it is not only not of God, but it is against God. It is incorrigibly corrupt and must be delivered to death. It is darkness and therefore opposed to light, and whoever says otherwise is talking vain words which tend toward the wrath of God (verse 6). This self life or old man or carnal mind or natural man must be put off, kept under, denied, reckoned dead that the new man, Christ in us, may have full control.

There is a glory which wins us, a love which constraineth us and so occupies the heart and the affections that if we rightly see Jesus in His life and death and resurrection and ascension and coming kingdom we are made gladly willing—yes, earnestly desirous—to have done with the unfruitful works of darkness and walk as children of light (verses 8-12). The Lord does not seek to drive us to this, but to draw us by "His great love, wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins" (Eph. ii, 4, 5). In the opening chapters of this epistle He tells us of the riches, the unsearchable riches of His grace and glory, the redemption which is ours through His blood, the eternal purpose into which we have come in Christ to be consummated only in the ages to come, and then He beseeches us because of all this to walk worthy of this calling, to walk in love and in the light circumspectly, kind to and forgiving one another, looking onward to the time when the church shall be a glorious church without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. Therefore He would have us arise from the sleep of death which seems to have overcome so many and redeem the time or buy up the opportunities which are slipping by so fast (verses 14-16).

That word in verse 14 takes us back to Isa. lx, 1-3, and on to the time when Israel as a nation shall welcome her Messiah and then so shine that the nations shall come to her light and kings to the brightness of her rising. If believers now would let the beauty of the Lord be seen upon them and let His spirit fill them, the whole being yielded to the Lord, then those who know not the Lord might be drawn to Him and the church hastened to completion. The complaint of Paul by the Spirit in Phil. ii, 21, "All seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's," is sadly true today of the professing church as a whole, but He is not discouraged (Isa. xlii, 4), and there is no reason for His followers to be. In spite of all the power of the great adversary He will complete His church and bring His kingdom.

Where does the lesson on so called intemperance come in in this study? In verses 11 and 18 we read, "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness" and "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess." The woes and abominations of the drunkard are more fully set forth in some other lessons we have had, such as Isa. v and xxviii, but we must not forget that drunkenness is only one phase of the self life and there is a drunkenness wholly apart from wine or strong drink (Isa. xxix, 9). A man might be a ruler in the church or a preacher, temperate in all things, an upright, honorable man in the eyes of his fellows, and yet on his way to the same hell as the drunkard, for even such as Nicodemus must be born from above if he would see the kingdom of God. The greatest question is not one of temperance or intemperance, but what have I done with Jesus Christ? God has at infinite cost, even the sacrifice of His own Son to bear the sins of the world, provided eternal redemption for all mankind, and the great and only important question for every sinner (for all have sinned) is, Have I accepted the Son of God as my Saviour—am I under that precious blood which alone can save me from eternal death? Then to all such come the exhortations of this epistle, for these epistles were written to the saints (chapter i, 1)—that is, to saved sinners.

Sinners are saved not merely to deliver them from hell and get them to heaven, but that others may be saved through them, and therefore, among other exhortations, this one, not to be filled with wine, but to be filled with the Spirit. Wine tends to self exaltation, but if filled with the Spirit we loathe and abhor self and exalt the Lord alone, whose love is better than wine (Song. i, 2, 4). Instead of the song of the drunkard it will then be spiritual songs and melody in the heart to the Lord (verse 19). It will be the new song of the new creature in Christ, full of thanksgiving for the great redemption and for the all things included in it (verse 20 and Rom. viii, 32). We will then see in all things pleasant or unpleasant something to be thankful for, the good and acceptable and perfect will of God, the perfect submission which was seen in Christ manifest also in us by the same Spirit. The devil hates a life like that and will put up the strongest possible fight against it; hence see chapter vi, 10-18. God is able to make us to stand and withstand, and He will if we let Him.

Proved.

"Do fishes grow fast, Jimmie?"

"Some of them do. My father caught one last year that grows an inch every time he tells about it."—Cassell's.

The understanding is more relieved by change of study than by total inactivity.—Clulon.

The ink of the Greeks and Romans was merely lampblack mingled with gum in the proportion of three parts of the former to one of the latter.

Like a Bicycle.

"What does the doctor say is the matter with Mirandy?"

"He says she has pneumatic tendencies and that she is threatened with spiral trouble."—Baltimore American.

The man who saves when he has little is called stingy. He that saves when he has much is said to be judicious.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Ambition is like love—impatient both of delays and rivals.—Denham.

HOLDING THE BABY.

Introducing a Nice Point In Baby Carriage Etiquette.

"That fellow doesn't know the first thing about the etiquette of the baby carriage," remarked one of a group of men at Thirty-first and Main streets.

The comment was made to all in a general way. One of the group, the man with a frayed collar and a look of patient resignation, gazed anxiously at a couple about to board a car. The mother was sparring in a desperate sort of way with one of those baby carriages which shop salesmen can open and close in a minute and the users in from five to thirty minutes.

"Don't see anything wrong with that," said the man with the frayed collar. "He's got to hold the baby even if she does have to wrestle with the carriage. You don't think he ought to hold the baby and take care of the carriage, too, do you?"

"Well, there's one thing sure," rejoined the objector—"the man doesn't know a thing about baby carriage etiquette. What you want to do it this: If the baby weighs more than the carriage, it's the man's place to hold the baby. If the carriage weighs more, he should hand the baby to his wife."

"Oh, piffle!" interpolated the man with the big black cigar. "You're way off. What he ought to do is to hand the baby to his wife and the carriage to the conductor."—Kansas City Star.

POINTING THE BONE.

Queer Superstition of the Native Blacks of Australia.

The native blacks of Australia are steeped in superstition. A black fellow will on no account go near the spot where another black has been buried. He has a deep rooted aversion to one particular bird—the wagtail—because, he says, "him all day talk, talk along a white feller, tellum all about black feller," and no opportunity is lost of killing these little birds.

Many tribes "bury" their dead by sticking them up into the forks of trees and there leaving them till the flesh has either dropped or been taken, leaving the bones clean. These bones are then taken down, the larger ones buried and the smallest handed round as keepsakes to those nearly related to the deceased. Should one black fellow wish the death of a rival or enemy he points the bone at him. This means that he takes one of his late relation's bones from his dilly bag and points it, in the presence of witnesses, at the man he wishes to get rid of, all the time pouring forth threats and curses.

Strange as it may seem, the one pointed at will often languish and eventually die, perhaps in a month, perhaps in a year, for no sooner is the bone pointed than he makes up his mind to die, and there is no saving him.—London Standard.

Tennyson's Cure For Shyness.

It is recorded in "Tennyson's Life" that he used to recommend to a younger brother the thought of the stellar spaces, swarming with constellations and traversed by planets at ineffable distances, as a cure for shyness, and a lady of my acquaintance used to endeavor as a girl to stay her failing heart on the thought of eternity at such moments. It is all in vain. At the urgent moment one cares very little about the stellar motions or the dim vistas of futurity and very much indeed about the cut of one's coat and the glances of one's enemies, and the doctrines of the church and the prospects of ultimate salvation are things very light in the scales in comparison with the pressing necessities of the crisis and the desperate need to appear wholly unconcerned!—Arthur C. Benson in Putnam's and Reader.

A Terrific Tumble.

Most marvelous of all the stories of great falls is the account of Charles Woolcot's terrific tumble from a height of no less than 3,000 feet. It was in Venezuela, and he was making a parachute descent. The parachute refused to open till within 100 or 200 feet from the ground. Then it spread out suddenly and split. The unfortunate man crushed both ankles and both knees, broke his right thigh and hip, dislocated his spinal column and suffered other injuries. Yet after a year in a hospital he recovered sufficiently to write an account of what was probably the most fearful accident mortal man ever survived.

Spilled Mercury.

Mercury spilled on a table or floor is somewhat hard to collect unless special precautions are taken, owing to its tendency to divide into small globules, which roll away at the slightest touch. If a wet ring is made around the spilled mercury by the aid of a wash bottle or other similar means, it will be found that the globules of mercury cannot cross the ring. The mercury can then be collected in a small shovel made from a piece of thin card or even an ordinary envelope.

Race of Life.

There wouldn't be so very much fun in living if there were not a hurdle or two to jump over in this race of life. There always have been obstacles, and there always will be, and it is of no use to repine over them.—Manchester Union.

Our Neighbors.

Sunday School Teacher—Why did the Lord command us to love our neighbors? Little Lola—Oh, I guess it was another way of telling us to love our enemies.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

No man is nobler born than another unless he is born with better abilities and more amiable disposition.—Seneca.

Waifs Who Became Famous.

The list of waifs who have become famous, says the Delineator, is a long one. It includes Sir Henry Stanley, Queen Catherine the Good, Alexander Hamilton, Rosa Bonheur, Edgar Allan Poe, Rachel, Leonardo da Vinci and dates back as far as Moses. All these were homeless children—children who if left to their fate would undoubtedly have drifted into evil ways. Instead they have lived to add glory to their names and have contributed to the knowledge of the world at large through the fruits of their genius.

Smartness.

Do not be "smart." Whenever you see any of your mates showing signs of "smartness" in his work, his talk or his play take him by the hand, or both hands, or by the back of the neck, if necessary, and lovingly, playfully, but firmly, lead him to a knowledge of higher and more interesting things. In these words of Mr. Kipling is presented the gospel of real life, of common sense and of universal experience.—New York Outlook.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect December 16, 1907.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m., 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Sunday, January 5, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

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Woburn January 3, 1908.

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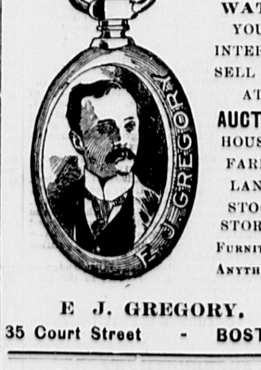

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Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Square at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M., 12.15, 1.15, then every 30 minutes until 10 15, †11.15, P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then hourly until 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10.45, *11.15 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8.30, §9.00, §9.30, †10.00, †10.30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 55, †11.15 P. M.

Returning leave Malden Sq. for Stoneham and Woburn at 9.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.15, *10 45, *11.15 P.M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30, 9.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9 00, 9 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only.
†To Melrose Highlands only.
§To Lynn only.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 15, 1906.

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